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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-Brise to the National Library of Scotland, in memory of her brother, Major Lord George Stewart Murray, Black Watch, killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

Glen 159

×

CALLIOPE:

OR, THE

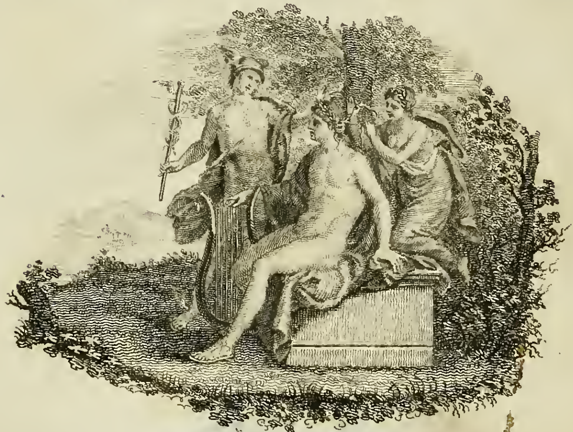
MUSICAL MISCELLANY.

A SELECT COLLECTION

OF THE MOST APPROVED

ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISH SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC.



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M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

Jr

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publiſher of the following compilation having come by accident into the poſſeſſion of the firſt 192 pages, which were printed off under the inſpection of the Editor of the Muſical Miſcellany, (a collection publiſhed at Perth in 1786, and very favourably received by the Public), he immediately reſolved to finiſh the volume on a more enlarged plan than that of the Muſical Miſcellany; of which, however, this may properly be conſidered as a new edition, although under a different title. Accordingly, no pains have been ſpared to render it as complete as poſſible. Every popular and faſhionable ſong, whether Engliſh, Scots, or Iriſh, has been inſerted; at leaſt the Publiſher hopes that very few, if any, have been omitted. How far the preſent Editor has ſucceeded muſt be determined by a candid Public.

It is preſumed that no Collection of Songs with the Muſic, hitherto publiſhed in *Great Britain or Ireland*, of the ſame ſize and extent, has been afforded at ſo low a price as the preſent.

EDINBURGH,
April 1788.

I N D E X.

Page.
A COBLER there was and he liv'd in a ſtall 248
Adieu ye groves 150
Ah, why muſt words my flame reveal 72
Ah, Chloris! cou'd I now but ſit 438
Ah, ma chere! my pretty dear 398
A fig for all your whining ſtuff 344
A laſs that was laden with care 270
A maſter I have, and I am his man 359
Alas, my heart! alas, my heart 396
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd 408
All ye who wou'd wiſh to ſucceed with a laſs 228
And gin ye meet a bonny laſſie 404
Aſſiſt me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile 154
As you mean to ſet ſail for the land of delight 216
As Jamie Gay ga'd blithe his way 232
As down on Banna's banks I ſtray'd 259
As Dermot toil'd one ſummer's day 334
At the ſign of the horſe old Spintext 60
Away to the field 78

B.

Believe my ſighs, my tears, my dear 442
Beneath a green ſhade a lovely young ſwain 178
Blow high, blow low 464
Blyth, blyth, blyth was ſhe 410
Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day 348
Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride 134
By Pinkie houſe oft let me walk 174
By the gaily circling glaſs 204

C.

Ceaſe, rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer 30
Club your firelocks, my lads 64
Come gi's a ſang, the lady cry'd 20
Come rouſe, brother ſportſmen 74
Come on, my brave tars 142
Come, come, my jolly lads 196
Come, now, all ye ſocial pow'rs 278
Come, come, my good ſhepherds 296
Contented I am, and contented I'll be 346
Curtis was old Hodge's wife 430

D. Page.
Dear Kathleen, you no doubt - - - 211
Dear Tom, this brown jug - - - 282
Dear Roger, if your Jenny geck - - 405
De'il tak' the war - - - 460
Diogenes ſurly and proud - - - 137
Do you hear, brother ſportſman - - 104
Dumbarton's drums beat bonny, O - - 164
E.
Ev'ry man take his glaſs in his hand - - 86
F.
Farewell to the park and the play - - 314
Farewell to Lochaber - - - 434
Fill your glaſſes, baniſh grief - - - 240
Fine ſongſters apologies too often uſe - - 220
For me my fair a wreath has wove - - 194
Four and twenty fidlers all on a row - - 148
Free from the buſtle, care, and ſtrife - - 56
From the eaſt breaks the morn - - - 230
From Roſlin caſtle's echoing walls - - 426
From the court to the cottage convey me away - 471
G.
Gallant ſailor, oft you've told me - - 130
Gay Bacchus, liking Eſtcourt's wine - - 468
H.
Had I a heart for falſehood fram'd - - 417
Had Neptune, when firſt he took charge of the ſea 18
Hark, the horn from the valley - - 70
Hark! hark! the joy-inſpiring horn - - 198
Hark! hark! jolly ſportſmen a while to my tale - 302
Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry ſwain - - 423
Here awa, there awa - - - 136
Hey for a laſs and a bottle to cheer - - 360
How ſweetly ſmiles the ſimmer green - - 162
How little do the landmen know - - - 210
How imperfect is expreſſion - - 268
How happy a ſtate does the miller poſſeſs - 294
How ſtands the glaſs around - - - 93
How happy the ſoldier who lives on his pay - 350
I.
Ianthe the lovely, the joy of her ſwain - - 205
If I live to grow old, as I find I go down - 456
If to force me to ſing it be your intention - 88
I ſigh and lament me in vain - - - 110

Page.
I'll ſing you a ſong, faith I'm ſinging it now here - 332
I'm in love with twenty - - - 447
I'm told by the wiſe ones a maid I ſhall die - 316
In April, when primroſes paint the ſweet plain - 156
In good king Charles's golden days - - 284
In the merry month of May - - 309
In vain the ills of life aſſail - - - 339
In the foreſt here hard by - - - 354
In London my life is a ring of delight - - 380
In winter when the rain rain'd cauld - - 412
In the garb of old Gaul - - 418, 420
In love ſhou'd there meet a fond pair - - 33
Its open the door ſome pity to ſhow - - 23
J.
Jack Ratlin was the ableſt ſeaman - - 390
Jove in his chair - - - - 8
K.
Kilkenny is a handſome place - - 384
L.
Leave, neighbours, your work - - - 66
Let a ſet of ſober aſſes - - - 160
Let gay ones and great - - - 427
Let the Sultan's wanton care - - 374
Let's be jovial, fill our glaſſes - - 274
Let's ſeek the bow'r of Robin Hood - - 326
Life is checquer'd, toil and pleaſure - - 206
Like my dear ſwain no youth you'd ſee - - 362
Lock'd in my cheſt I've fifty pound - - 373
London town is juſt like a barber's ſhop - 392
Lord! Lord! without victuals and drink - 336
Lord! what care I for mam or dad - 440
Lovely goddeſs, ſprightly May - - 34
Love's goddeſs in a myrtle grove - - 172
M.
Ma chere amie, my charming fair - - 400
Man may eſcape from rope or gun - - 53
Margaritta firſt poſſeſt - - - 328
My Patie is a lover gay - - - 4
My temples with cluſters of grapes I'll entwine - 12
My love was once a bonny lad - - 28
My laddie is gone far away o'er the plain - 186
My bonny ſailor won my mind - - 262
My name's honeſt Harry, O - - - 324

Page.
My daddy is a canker'd carle - - 345
My mind to me a kingdom is - - 457
My ſheep I've forſaken - - - 462
N.
Nanſy's to the greenwood gane - - 2
Now Phœbus gilds the orient ſkies - - 54
No more my ſong ſhall be, ye ſwains - - 108
No glory I covet, no riches I want - - 299
No hurry I'm in to be marry'd - - - 382
O.
O Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray - - - 46
O ſweet Sir, for your courteſy - - - 14
O thou lov'd country - - - 112
O ſee that form that faintly gleams - - 113
O ſaw ye my father - - - 121
O greedy Midas I've been told - - 124
O I ha'e loſt a ſilken ſnood - - - 129
O Sandy why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn - 182
O what pleaſures will abound - - 212
O what had I ado for to marry - - 414
O ſend Lewis Gordon hame - - 416
Old women we are, and as wiſe in the chair - 218
Once more I'll tune the vocal ſhell - - 166
One morning very early - - - 261
One day I heard Mary ſay - - - 42
On Ettrick banks in a ſummer's night - - 50
On a bank of flow'rs in a ſummer day - - 254
P.
Pho! pox of this nonſenſe, I prithee give o'er - 276
R.
Rail no more, ye learned aſſes - - 236
S.
Says Plato, why ſhould man be vain - - 238
Says Colin to me, I've a thought in my head - 298
See the courſe throng'd with gazers - - 388
Shall I, waſting in deſpair - - - 394
Shepherds, I have loſt my love - - 11
Since there's ſo ſmall difference - - 103
Since you mean to hire for ſervice - - 202
Some talk of Alexander - - - 184
Some ſay women are like the ſeas - - 306
Songs of ſhepherds in ruſtical roundelays - 101
Such beauties in view - - - - 444

Page.
Sweet Annie frae the ſea-beach came 38
Sweet engager of my heart 63
T.
The charge is prepar'd 9
The moon had climb'd the higheſt hill 16
The topſails ſhiver in the wind 40
The laſt time I came o'er the muir 44
The wealthy fool, with gold in ſtore 52
The laſs of Patie's mill 76
The bluſh of Aurora now tinges the morn 80
The ſun juſt glancing thro' the trees 84
The meal was dear ſhort ſyne 118
The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee 126
The lawland lads think they are fine 144
The ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring 152
The man that's contented is void of all care 168
The ſweet roſy morning peeps over the hills 171
The morn was fair 190
The fields were green, the hills were gay 222
The whiſtling plowman hails the bluſhing dawn 234
The echoing horn calls the ſportſmen abroad 246
The duſky night rides down the ſky 250
The moment Aurora peep'd into my room 262
The women all tell me I'm falſe to my laſs 287
The ſilver moon's enamour'd beams 312
The laſſes are mad, the archers are mad 325
The prado I reſorted 356
The ſummer was ſmiling, all nature round look'd gay 370
The Britiſh lion is my ſign 378
The night her ſilent ſable wore 432
The ſilver moon that ſhines ſo bright 439
The wand'ring ſailor ploughs the main 448
The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit 450
Then farewell, my trim-built wherry 264
There lived a man in Balenocrazy 158
There was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river Dee 245
Tho' late I was plump, round, and jolly 200
Tho' the fate of battle on to-morrow wait 350
Tho' Leixlip is proud of its cloſe ſhady bowers, 366
Tho' Bacchus may boaſt of his care-killing bowl 320
Thou ſoft flowing Avon 300
Thurſday in the morn 24
To ſpeer my love, wi' glances fair 376

Page.
To fair Fidele's graſſy tomb 94
To Anacreon in Heaven, where he ſat in full glee 5
Tol, lol, de rol lol, my tolly, my tol 386
'Twas in that ſeaſon of the year 425
'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town 26
'Twas ſummer and ſoftly the breezes were blowing 98
'Twas I learnt a pretty ſong in France 106
Two goſſips they merrily met 289

U.

Up amang yon cliffy rocks 352

W.

Well met, pretty nymph, ſays a jolly young ſwain 310
We're gaily yet 466
Welcome, welcome, brother debtor 441
What woman can do I have try'd to be free 406
What is't to us who guides the ſtate 421
What Cato adviſes moſt certainly wiſe is 280
What man in his wits had not rather be poor 305
What beauties does Flora diſcloſe 180
When the men a-courting came 322
When ruddy Aurora awakens the day 330
When firſt I began, Sir, to ogle the ladies 338
When up to London firſt I came 342
When brother Bobby came firſt to town 364
When the ſheep are in the fauld 368
When firſt I ken'd young Sandy's face 402
When I have a ſaxpence under my thumb 428
When Britain firſt, at Heav'n's command 436
When the chill Sirocco blows 452
When daiſies pied, and violets blue 454
When Orpheus went down to the regions below 292
When war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me 244
When I was a young one, what girl was like me 242
When I was in my ſe'enteen years 226
When abſent from the nymph I love 176
When trees did bud and fields were green 10
When innocent paſtime our pleaſures did crown 140
When my locks are grown hoary 58
When morn her ſweets ſhall firſt unfold 68
When I think on this warld's pelf 83
When merry hearts were gay 96
When firſt I came to be a man 114
When once the gods, like us below 122

Page.
Whence comes it, neighbour Dick - - 90
Wherever I'm going, and all the day long - 258
Where's my ſwain ſo blithe and clever - 214
While miſers all night - - - 36
While grave divines preach up dull rules - 446
Why heaves my fond boſom - - - 213
Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow - - 188
Will ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion - - 48
Willy was a wanton wag - - - 132
With women and wine I defy ev'ry care - 308
With an honeſt old friend and a merry old ſong - 275
Y.
Ye belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things - 252
Ye lads of true ſpirit pay courtſhip to claret - 272
Ye ſportſmen draw near - - 146
Ye ſylvan pow'rs that rule the plain - - 192
You the point may carry - - - 208
You know I'm your prieſt, and your conſcience is mine 256
Young Damon was whiſtling briſk and gay - 318
Young Roger the ploughman, who wanted a mate 340

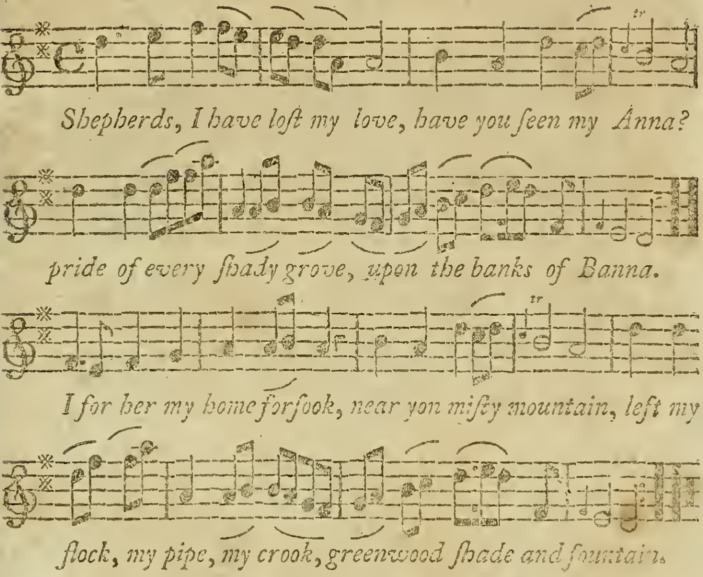
CALLIOPE:

OR THE

VOCAL ENCHANTRESS.

SONG I.

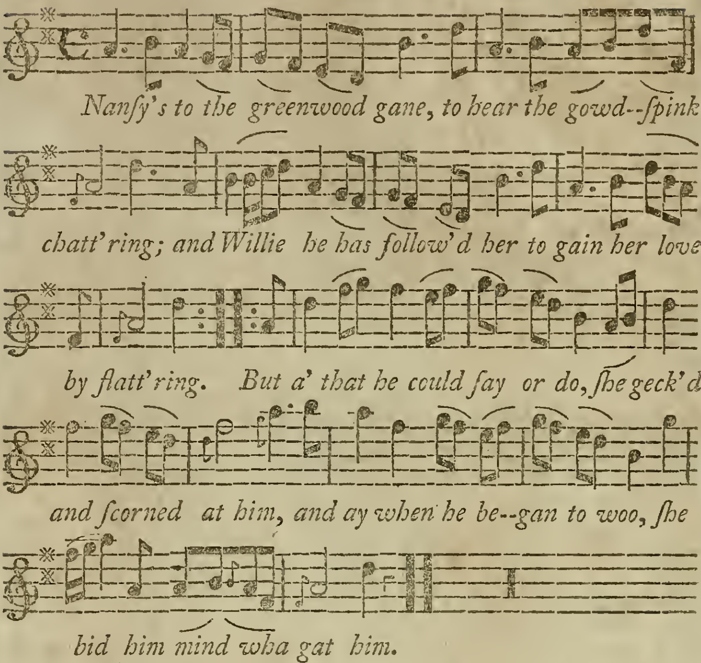
BANKS OF BANNA.


Shepherds, I have loſt my love, have you ſeen my Anna?
pride of every ſhady grove, upon the banks of Banna.
I for her my home forſook, near yon miſty mountain, left my
flock, my pipe, my crook, greenwood ſhade and fountain.

Never ſhall I ſee them more
   Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
   From gladneſs chang'd to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
   Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah, woe for me, perhaps ſhe's gone
   For ever and for ever.

SONG II.

NANSY'S TO THE GREEN WOOD GANE.


Nanſy's to the greenwood gane, to hear the gowd--ſpink
chatt'ring; and Willie he has follow'd her to gain her love
by ſlatt'ring. But a' that he could ſay or do, ſhe geck'd
and ſcorned at him, and ay when he be--gan to woo, ſhe
bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny, or my aunty?
Wi' croudy-mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail and ranty-tanty:
And bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty.
Wi' chapped ſtocks, fu' butter'd well,
And was na' that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
A ha' houſe, and a pantry:

A good blue bonnet on his head,
An o'erlay 'bout his craigy,
And ay until the day he died,
He rade on good ſhanks naigy.

Now wae and wonder on your ſnout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nanſy?
Wad ye compare yourſelf to me,
A docken till a tanſy?
I ha'e a wooer o' my ain,
They ca' him ſouple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is ſweet like ſugar-candy.

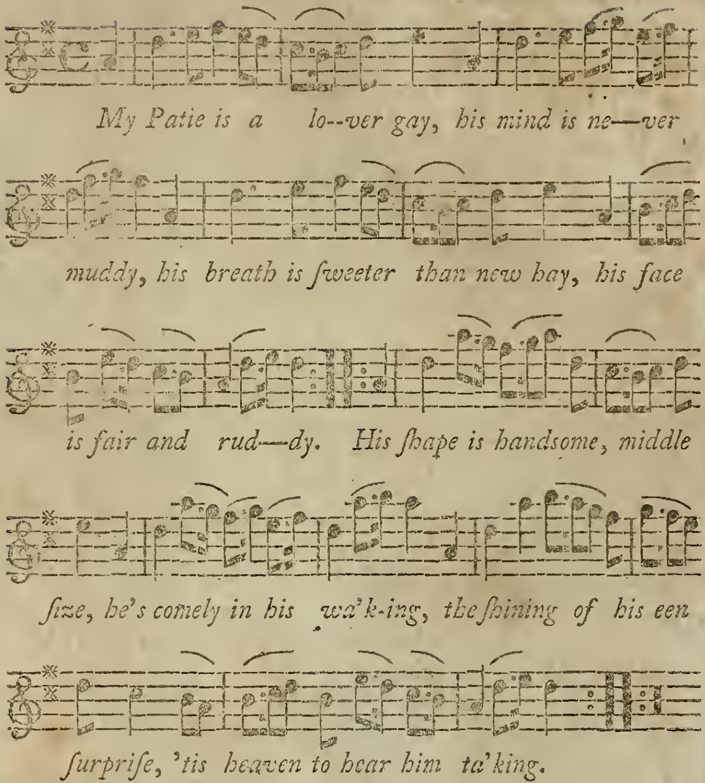
Wow, Nanſy, what needs a' this din,
Do I na' ken this Sandy?
I'm ſure the chief of a' his kin
Was Rab the beggar randy:
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a naſty pack
To me your winſome Willy?

My gutcher left a good braid ſword,
Tho' it be auld and ruſty,
Yet ye may tak' it on my word,
It is baith ſtout and truſty;
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneaſy,
I ſhall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he ſhall get a hezzy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
And ſaid, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miſs to get a clout,
I ken he diſna' fear ye:
Sae had your tongue, and ſay nae mair,
Set ſomewhere elſe your fancy;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never ſhall get Nanſy.

SONG III.

CORN RIGS.


My Patie is a lo--ver gay, his mind is ne—ver
muddy, his breath is ſweeter than new hay, his face
is fair and rud—dy. His ſhape is handſome, middle
ſize, he's comely in his wa'k-ing, the ſhining of his een
ſurpriſe, 'tis heaven to hear him ta'king.

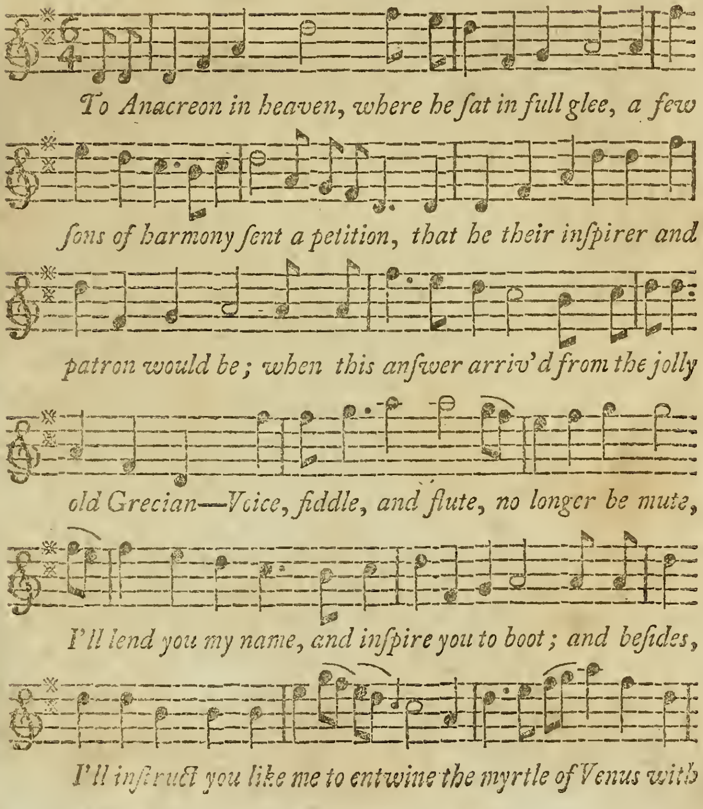
Laſt night I met him on a bawk,
  Where yellow corn was growing:
There mony a kindly word he ſpake,
  That ſet my heart a-glowing.
He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
  And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
  O corn-rigs are bonny.

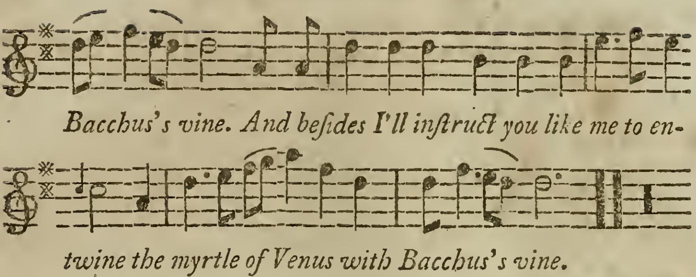
Let laſſes of a ſilly mind
  Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting!
Since we for yeilding were deſign'd,
  We chaſtly ſhould be granting.
Then I'll comply, and marry PATE;
  And ſyne my cockernony
He's free to touzel air or late,
  Where corn-rigs are bonny.

* * *

SONG IV.

TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.


To Anacreon in heaven, where he ſat in full glee, a few
ſons of harmony ſent a petition, that he their inſpirer and
patron would be; when this anſwer arriv'd from the jolly
old Grecian—Voice, fiddle, and flute, no longer be mute,
I'll lend you my name, and inſpire you to boot; and beſides,
I'll inſtruct you like me to entwine the myrtle of Venus with


Bacchus's vine. And beſides I'll inſtruct you like me to en-
twine the myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

The news through Olympus immediately flew;
When Old Thunder pretended to give himſelf airs—
“ If theſe mortals are ſuffer'd their ſcheme to purſue,
“ The devil a Goddeſs will ſtay above ſtairs.
“ Hark! already they cry,
“ In tranſports of joy,
“ Away to the ſons of Anacreon we'll fly,
“ And there with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
And there with good fellows, &c.

“ The yellow-hair'd God, and his nine fuſty maids,
“ From Helicon's Banks will incontinent flee,
“ Idalia will boaſt but of tenantleſs ſhades,
“ And the bi-forked hill a mere deſart will be.
“ My thunder, no fear on't,
“ Shall ſoon do it's errand,
“ And dam'me! I'll ſwinge the ringleaders, I warrant,
“ I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
“ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.”
I'll trim the young dogs, &c.

Apollo roſe up; and ſaid, “ Pr'ythee ne'er quarrel,
“ Good king of the Gods, with my vot'ries below:
“ Your thunder is uſeleſs”—then, ſhewing his laurel,
Cry'd, “ *Sic evitable fulmen*, you know!
“ Then over each head
“ My laurels I'll ſpread;
“ So my ſons from your crackers no miſchief ſhall dread,

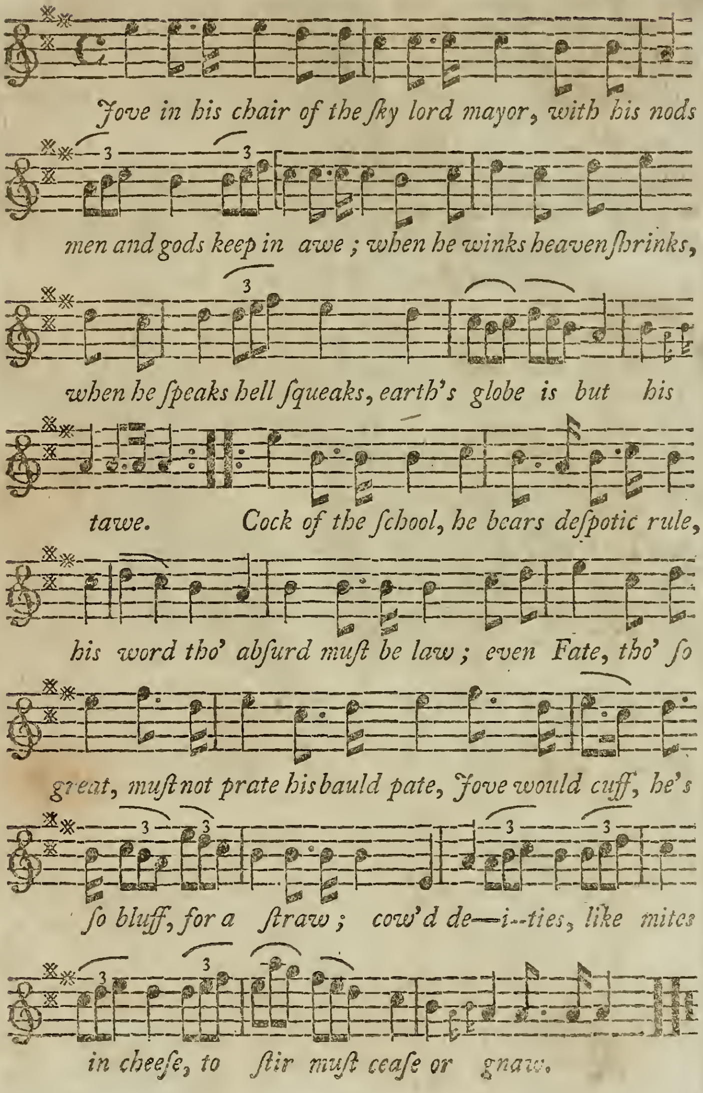
" Whilſt ſnug in their club room they jovially twine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
Whilſt ſnug in their club-room, &c.

Next Momus got up with his riſible phiz,
And ſwore with Apollo he'd chearfully join—
" The tide of full harmony ſtill ſhall be his,
" But the ſong, and the catch, and the laugh ſhall be mine.
" Then Jove, be not jealous
" Of theſe honeſt fellows."
Cry'd Jove, " We relent, ſince the truth now you tell us;
" And ſwear, by Old Styx, that they long ſhall entwine
" The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."
And ſwear, by Old Styx, &c.

Ye ſons of Anacreon, then, join hand in hand:
Preſerve unanimity, friendſhip, and love;
'Tis your's to ſupport what's ſo happily plann'd:
You've the ſanction of Gods, and the fiat of Jove.
While thus we agree,
Our toaſt let it be,
May our club flouriſh happy, united and free!
And long may the ſons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
And long may the ſons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.

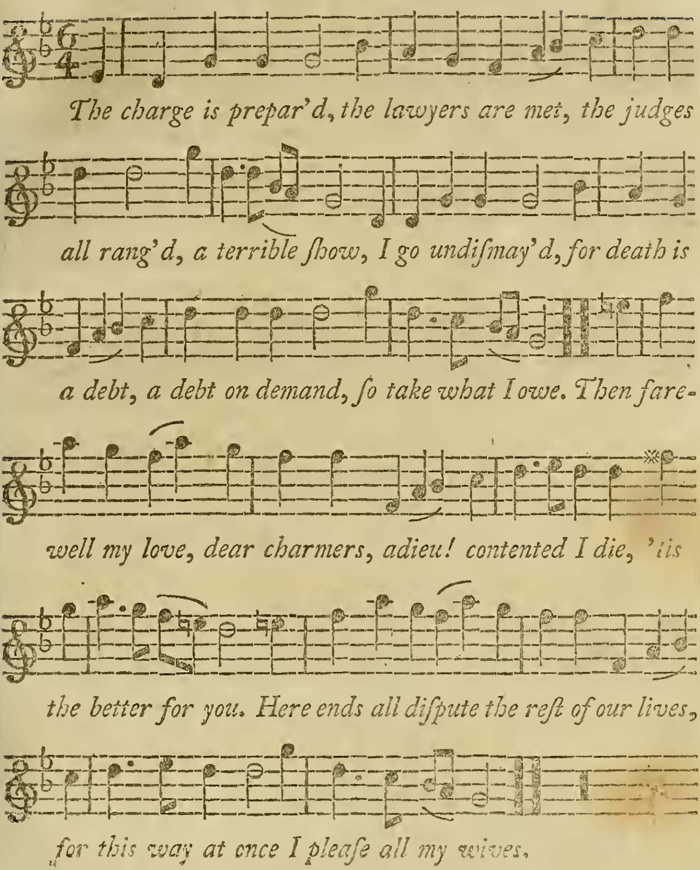
SONG V.

JOVE IN HIS CHAIR.


Jove in his chair of the ſky lord mayor, with his nods
men and gods keep in awe; when he winks heaven ſhrinks,
when he ſpeaks hell ſqueaks, earth's globe is but his
tawe. Cock of the ſchool, he bears deſpotic rule,
his word tho' abſurd muſt be law; even Fate, tho' ſo
great, muſt not prate his bauld pate, Jove would cuff, he's
ſo bluff, for a ſtraw; cow'd de—i--ties, like mites
in cheeſe, to ſtir muſt ceaſe or gnaw.

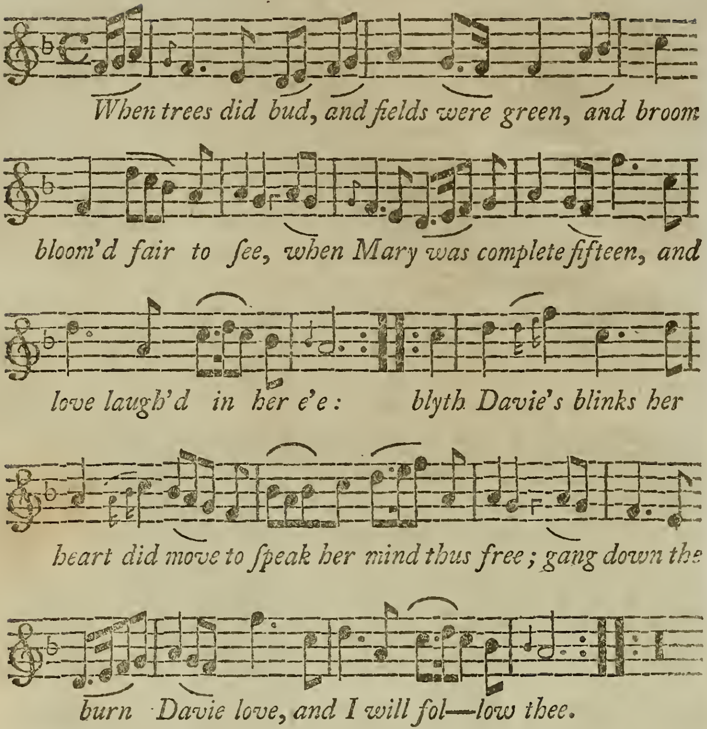
SONG VI.

THE CHARGE IS PREPAR'D.


The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met, the judges
all rang'd, a terrible ſhow, I go undiſmay'd, for death is
a debt, a debt on demand, ſo take what I owe. Then fare-
well my love, dear charmers, adieu! contented I die, 'tis
the better for you. Here ends all diſpute the reſt of our lives,
for this way at once I pleaſe all my wives.

SONG VII.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.


When trees did bud, and fields were green, and broom
bloom'd fair to ſee, when Mary was complete fifteen, and
love laugh'd in her e'e: blyth Davie's blinks her
heart did move to ſpeak her mind thus free; gang down the
burn Davie love, and I will fol—low thee.

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs
  That dwelt on this burn ſide;
And Mary was the bonnieſt laſs,
  Juſt meet to be a bride.
    Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were roſy, red and white,
  Her e'en were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
  Her lips like droping dew.
    Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

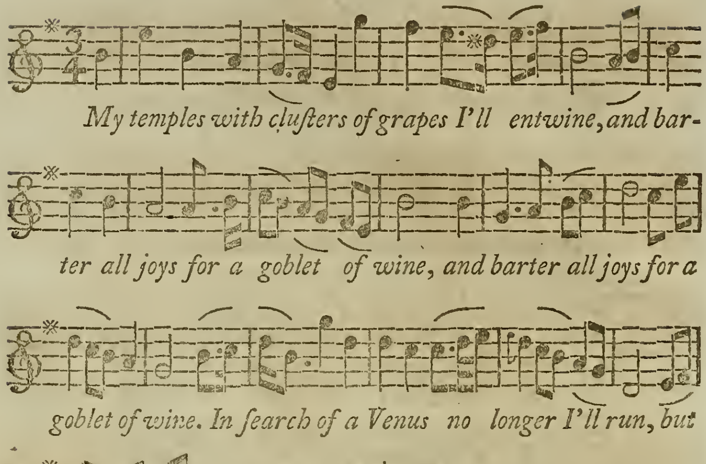
What paſs'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs play,
And nothing, ſure, unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them ſay,
They lik'd a walk ſo ſweet.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

His cheeks to her's he fondly laid;
She cry'd, "Sweet love be true;
"And when a wife, as now a maid,
"To death I'll follow you."
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight to the kirk he led her;
There plighted her his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her.
No more aſham'd to own her love,
Or ſpeak her mind thus free;
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
"And I will follow thee."

SONG VIII.

MY TEMPLES WITH CLUSTERS.


My temples with cluſters of grapes I'll entwine, and bar-
ter all joys for a goblet of wine, and barter all joys for a
goblet of wine. In ſearch of a Venus no longer I'll run, but
ſtop and forget her at Bacchus's tun; no longer I'll run,
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - but
ſtop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why thus reſolve to relinquiſh the fair?
'Tis folly with ſpirits like mine to deſpair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glaſs,
If not fill'd to the health of ſome favourite laſs?

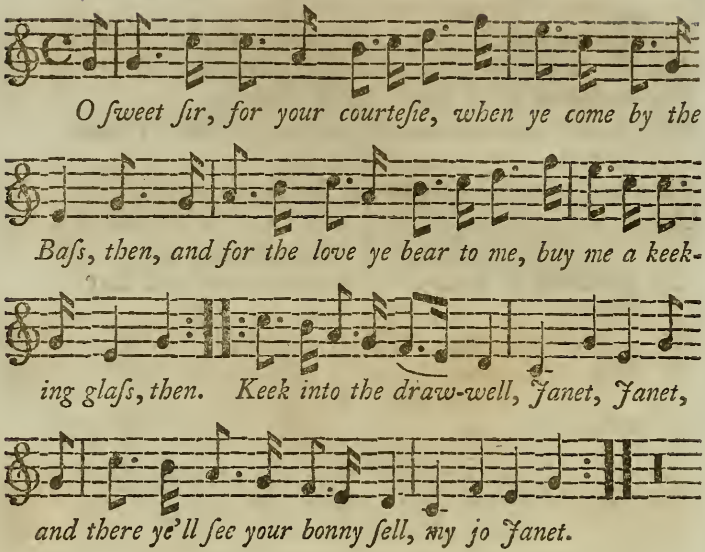
'Tis woman whoſe charms every rapture impart,
And lend a new ſpring to the pulſe of the heart;
The miſer himſelf, ſo ſupreme is her ſway,
Grows a convert to love, and reſigns her the key.

At the ſound of her voice ſorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty liſtens, well pleas'd, from her ſhed;
While age, in an ecſtacy, hob'ling along,
Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her ſong.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
The largeſt and deepeſt that ſtands on his board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair;
'Tis the thirſt of a lover—and pledge me who dare.

SONG IX.

MY JO JANET.


O ſweet ſir, for your courteſie, when ye come by the
Baſs, then, and for the love ye bear to me, buy me a keek-
ing glaſs, then. Keek into the draw-well, Janet, Janet,
and there ye'll ſee your bonny ſell, my jo Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I ſhou'd fa' in, Sir?
Syne a' my kin will ſay and ſwear,
I drown'd myſelf for ſin, Sir.
Had the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the brae,
My jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your courteſie,
Coming through Aberdeen, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of ſheen, then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet,

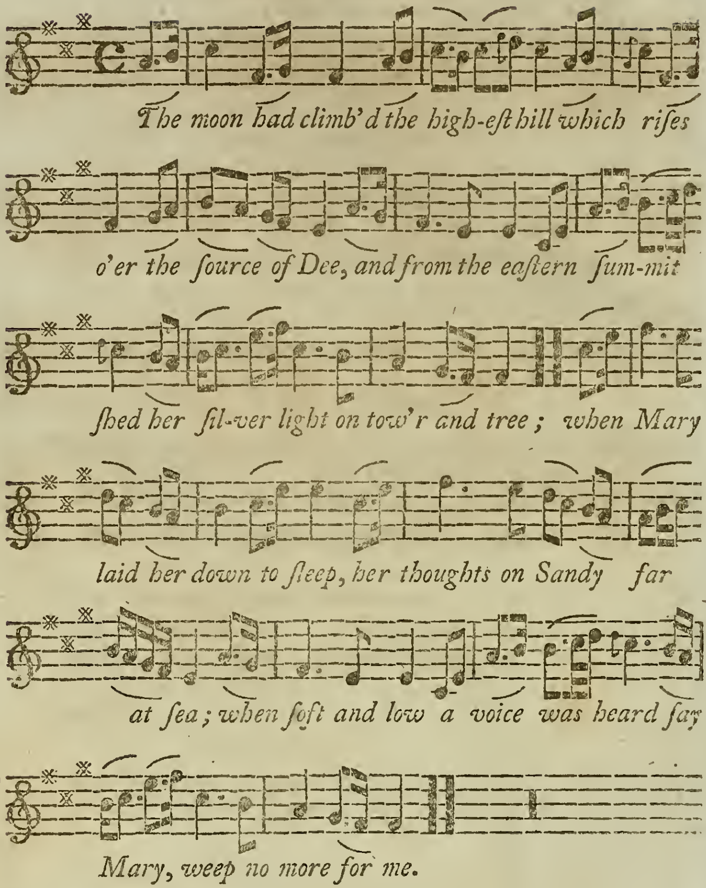
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And ſkipping like a mawkin,
If they ſhould ſee my clouted ſheen,
O' me they will be tawkin,
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their fauts will no be ſeen,
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courteſie,
When ye gae to the croſs, then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing horſe, then.
Pace upo' your ſpinning wheel,
Janet, Janet,
Pace upo' your ſpinning wheel,
My jo Janet.

SONG X.

MARY's DREAM.


The moon had climb'd the high-eſt hill which riſes
o'er the ſource of Dee, and from the eaſtern ſum-mit
ſhed her ſil-ver light on tow'r and tree; when Mary
laid her down to ſleep, her thoughts on Sandy far
at ſea; when ſoft and low a voice was heard ſay
Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
  Her head to aſk, who there might be.
She ſaw young Sandy ſhiv'ring ſtand,
  With viſage pale and hollow eye;

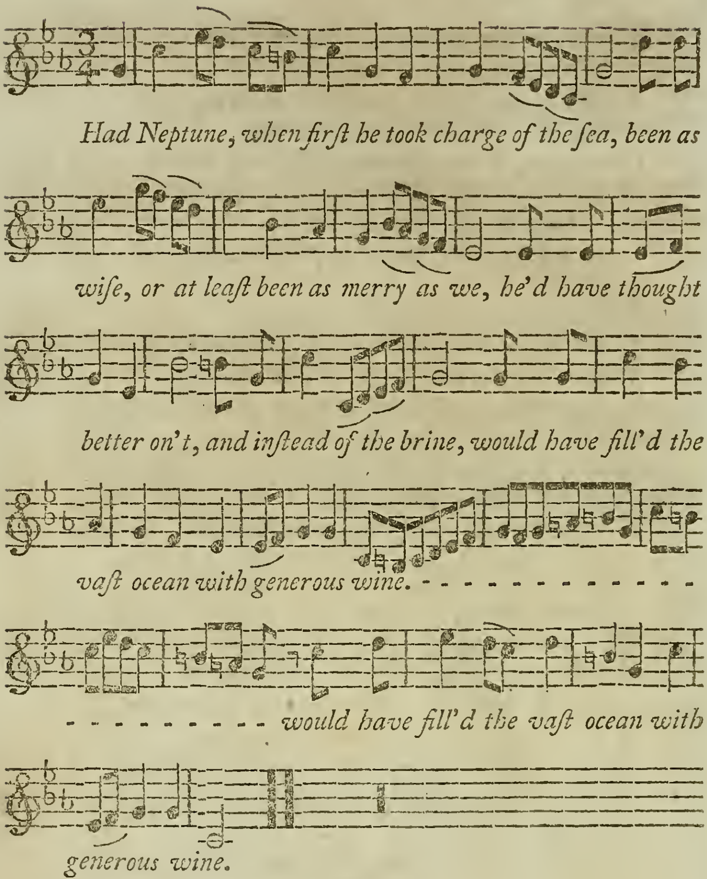
" O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
" It lies beneath a ſtormy ſea,
" Far, far from thee, I ſleep in death,
" So Mary, weep no more for me.

" Three ſtormy nights and ſtormy days
" We toſs'd upon the raging main:
" And long we ſtrove our bark to ſave,
" But all our ſtriving was in vain.
" Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
" My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
" The ſtorm is paſt, and I at reſt,
" So Mary, weep no more for me.

" O maiden dear, thyſelf prepare,
" We ſoon ſhall meet upon that ſhore,
" Where love is free from doubt and care,
" And thou and I ſhall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock; the ſhadow fled,
No more of Sandy could ſhe ſee;
But ſoft the paſſing ſpirit ſaid,
" Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

SONG XI.

HAD NEPTUNE.


Had Neptune, when firſt he took charge of the ſea, been as
wiſe, or at leaſt been as merry as we, he'd have thought
better on't, and inſtead of the brine, would have fill'd the
vaſt ocean with generous wine. - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - would have fill'd the vaſt ocean with
generous wine.

What trafficking then would have been on the main,
For the ſake of good liquor, as well as for gain,
No fear then of tempeſt, or danger of ſinking,
The fiſhes ne'er drown that are always a-drinking.

The hot thirſty ſun would drive with more haſte,
Secure in the evening of ſuch a repaſt;
And when he'd got tipſey, wou'd have taken his nap,
With double the pleaſure in Thetis's lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus heated with wine,
Conſider how glorioufly Phœbus would ſhine,
What vaſt exhalations he'd draw up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it wanted ſupply.

How happy us mortals, when bleſt with ſuch rain,
To fill all our veſſels, and fill 'em again,
Nay even the beggar that has ne'er a diſh,
Might jump in the river and drink like a fiſh.

What mirth and contentment, on every one's brow,
Hob as great as a prince, dancing after his plough
The birbs in the air as they play on the wing,
Altho' they but ſip would eternally ſing.

The ſtars, who I think, don't to drinking incline,
Would friſk and rejoice at the fume of the wine;
And merrily twinkling would ſoon let us know,
That they were as happy as mortals below.

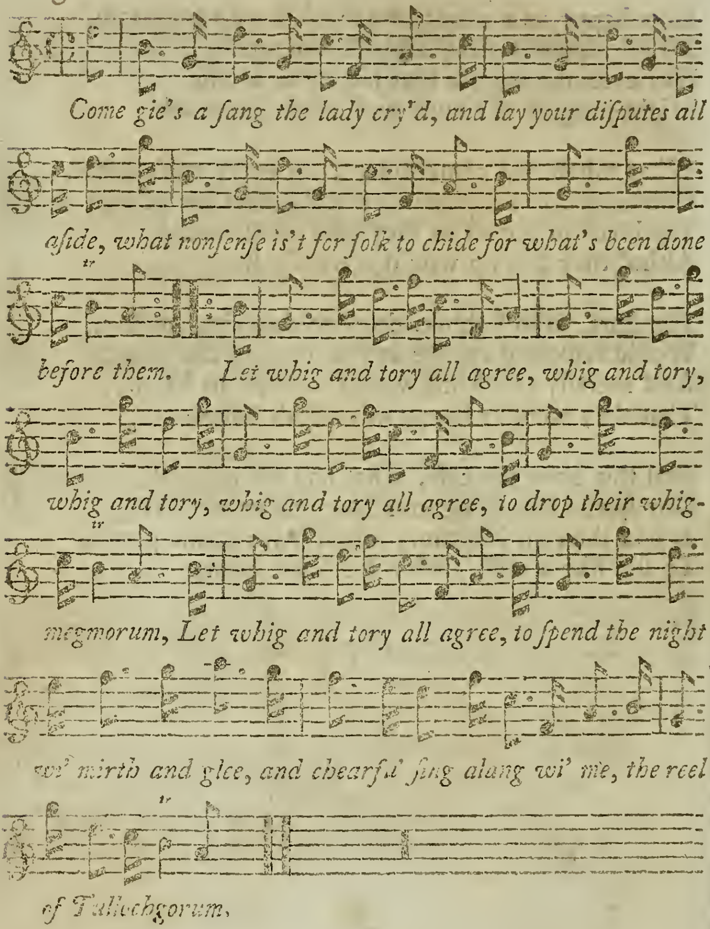
Had this been the caſe, what had we enjoy'd,
Our ſpirits ſtill riſing our fancy ne'er cloy'd;
A pox then on Neptune, when 'twas in his pow'r,
To ſlip like a fool, ſuch a fortunate hour.

SONG XII.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roſet weel your fiddle-ſticks;
But baniſh vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum:
Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix,
Gie's *Tullochgorum*.

FERGUSSON.


Come gie's a ſang the lady cry'd, and lay your diſputes all
aſide, what nonſenſe is't for folk to chide for what's been done
tr
before them. Let whig and tory all agree, whig and tory,
whig and tory, whig and tory all agree, to drop their whig-
tr
megmorum, Let whig and tory all agree, to ſpend the night
wi' mirth and glee, and chearfu' ſing alang wi' me, the reel
tr
of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony ſumph that keeps up ſpite;
In conſcience I abhor him,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we's be a',
To make a chearfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be ſo great a phraſe
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays
I wadna gi'e our ain Strathſpeys
For half a hundred ſcore o'm.
They're dowff and dowie at the beſt,
Dowff and dowie, dowff and dowie,
They're dowff and dowie at the beſt,
Wi' a' there variorum.
They're dowff and dowie at the beſt,
Their allegro's, and a' the reſt,
They cannot pleaſe a Highland taſte,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

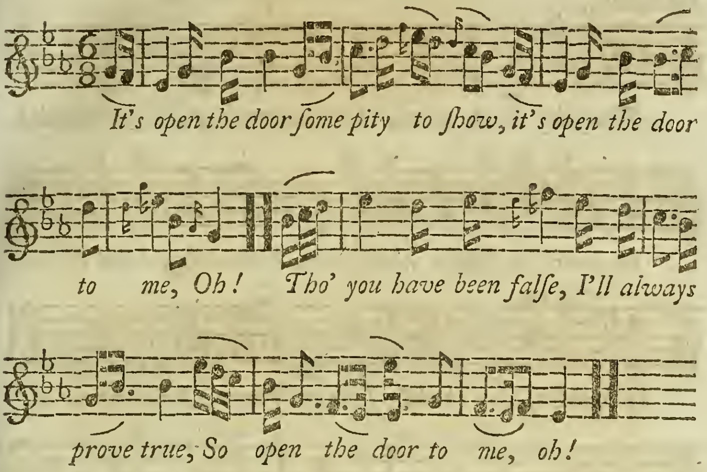
Let warldly minds themſelves oppreſs
Wi' fear of want, and double ceſs,
And ſilly ſauls themſelves diſtreſs
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Sour and ſulky, ſour and ſulky,
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Like auld Philoſophorum?
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Wi' neither ſenſe, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna riſe to ſhake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choiceſt bleſſings ſtill attend
Each honeſt-hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great ſtore o'm!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unſtain'd by any vicious blot?
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the diſcontented fool,
Who wants to be oppreſſion's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten ſoul,
And blackeſt fiends devour him!
My dole and ſorrow be his chance,
Dole and ſorrow, dole and ſorrow,
May dole and ſorrow be his chance,
And honeſt ſouls abhor him!
May dole and ſorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France
Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum.

SONG XIII.

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH.


It's open the door ſome pity to ſhow, it's open the door
to me, Oh! Tho' you have been falſe, I'll always
prove true, So open the door to me, oh!

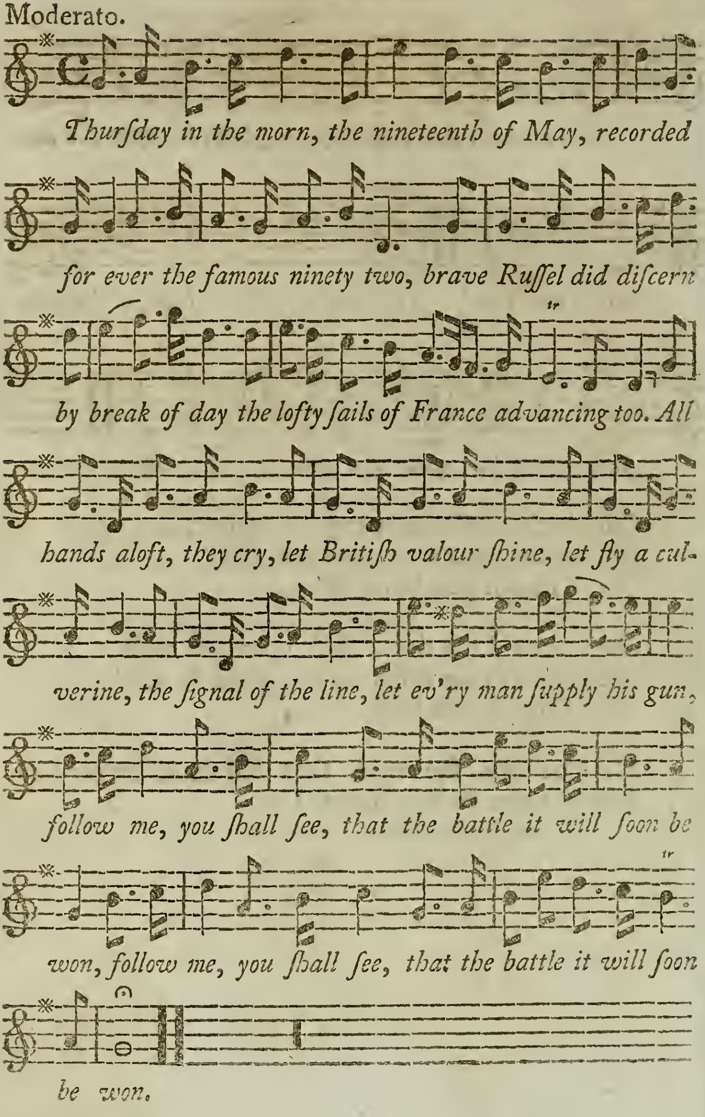
Cold is the blaſt upon my pale cheek,
But colder your love unto me, Oh!
Though you have, &c.

She's open'd the door, ſhe's open'd it wide,
She ſees his pale corps on the ground, Oh!
Though you have, &c.

My true love, ſhe cry'd, then fell down by his ſide,
Never, never to ſhut again, Oh!
Though you have, &c.

SONG XIV.

RUSSEL's TRIUMPH.


Moderato.
Thurſday in the morn, the nineteenth of May, recorded
for ever the famous ninety two, brave Ruſſel did diſcern
by break of day the lofty ſails of France advancing too. All
hands aloft, they cry, let Britiſh valour ſhine, let fly a cul-
verine, the ſignal of the line, let ev'ry man ſupply his gun,
follow me, you ſhall ſee, that the battle it will ſoon be
won, follow me, you ſhall ſee, that the battle it will ſoon
be won.
tr

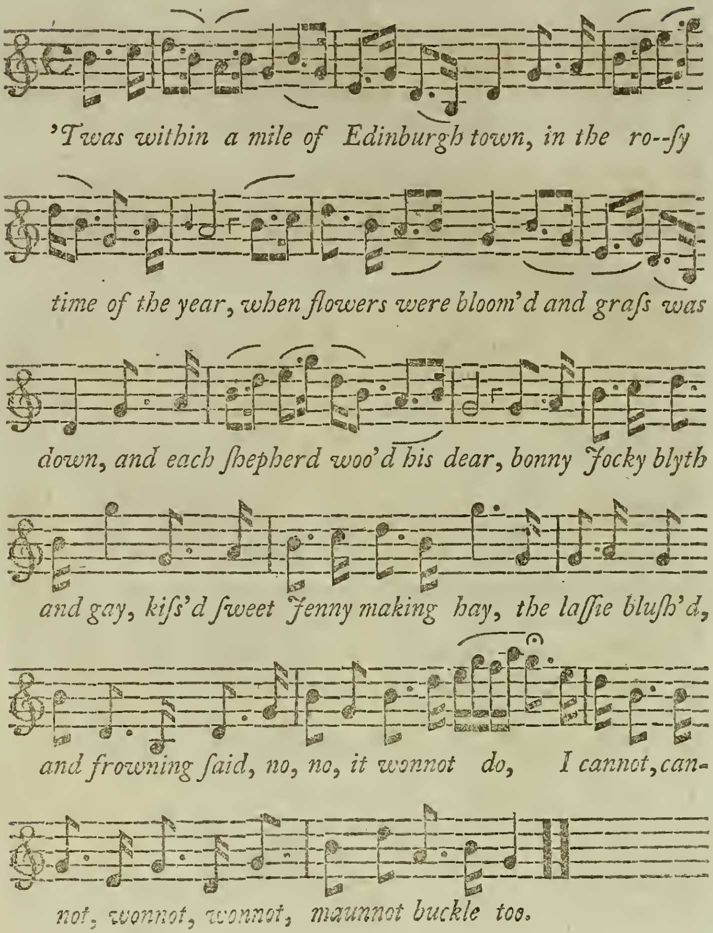
Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
To meet the gallant Ruſſel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold.
To ſink the Engliſh Admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aſpire,
The bloody fight's begun, the ſea is all on fire;
And mighty fate ſtood looking on,
Whilſt a flood all of blood,
Fill'd the ſcuppers of the riſing ſun.

Sulphur, ſmoak, and fire, diſturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic ſhore;
Their regulated bands ſtood trembling near,
To ſee the lofty ſtreamers now no more:
At ſix o'clock, the red, the ſmiling victors led.
To give a ſecond blow, the fatal overthrow:
Now death and horror equal reign,
Now they cry, run and die,
Britiſh colours ride the vanquiſh'd main.

See they fly, amaz'd, thro' rocks and ſands,
One danger they graſp at to ſhun the greater fate,
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and ſea-gods mourn their loſt eſtate.
For evermore adieu, thou dazzling riſing ſun,
From thy untimely end thy maſter's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty god of war:
Now we ſing, bleſs the King!
Let us drink to every Britiſh Tar.

SONG XV.

'TWAS WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

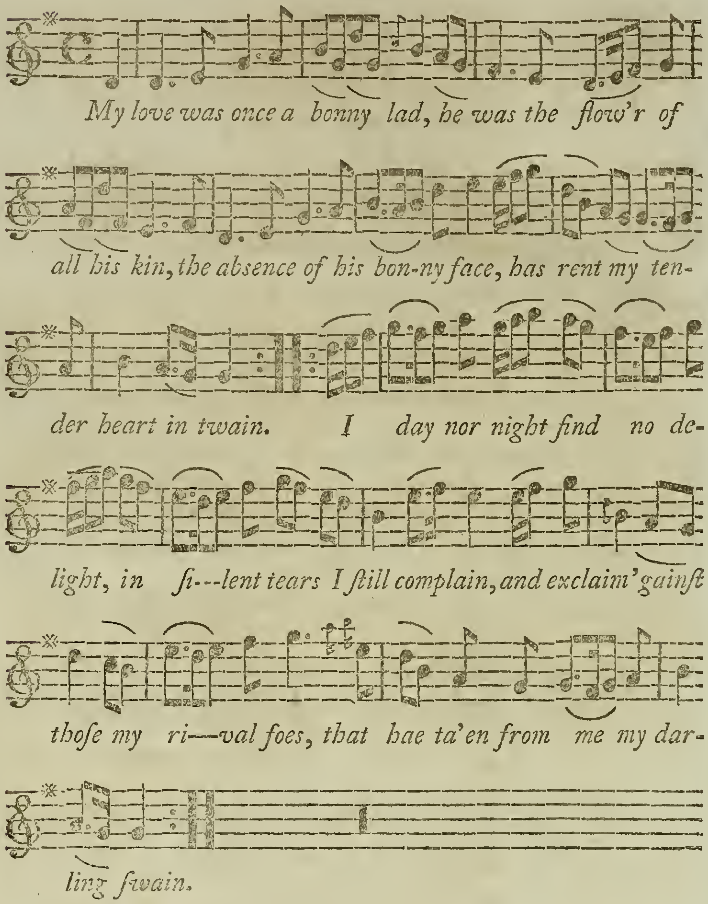

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town, in the ro--ſy
time of the year, when flowers were bloom'd and graſs was
down, and each ſhepherd woo'd his dear, bonny Jocky blyth
and gay, kiſs'd ſweet Jenny making hay, the laſſie bluſh'd,
and frowning ſaid, no, no, it wonnot do, I cannot, can-
not, wonnot, wonnot, maunnot buckle too.

O Jocky was a wag, that never wou'd wed,
Though long he had followed the laſs,
Contented ſhe work'd, and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the graſs.
  Bonny Jocky blyth and gay,
  Won' her heart right merrily,
  But ſtill ſhe bluſh'd and frowning ſaid,
    I cannot, *&c.*

But when that he vow'd he wou'd make her his bride,
Tho' his herds and his flocks were not few,
She gave him her hand and a kiſs beſides,
And vow'd ſhe'd for ever be true.
  Bonny Jocky blyth and gay,
  Won her heart right merrily,
  At church ſhe no more frowning ſaid,
    I cannot, *&c.*

SONG XVI.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.


My love was once a bonny lad, he was the flow'r of
all his kin, the absence of his bon-ny face, has rent my ten-
der heart in twain. I day nor night find no de-
light, in ſi---lent tears I ſtill complain, and exclaim 'gainſt
thoſe my ri—val foes, that hae ta'en from me my dar-
ling ſwain.

Deſpair and anguiſh fills my breaſt,
   Since I have loſt my blooming roſe;
I ſigh and moan while others reſt,
   His abſence yields me no repoſe.

To ſeek my love I'll range and rove,
  Thro' ev'ry grove and diſtant plain;
Thus I'll ne'er ceaſe, but ſpend my days,
  T' hear tidings from my darling ſwain.

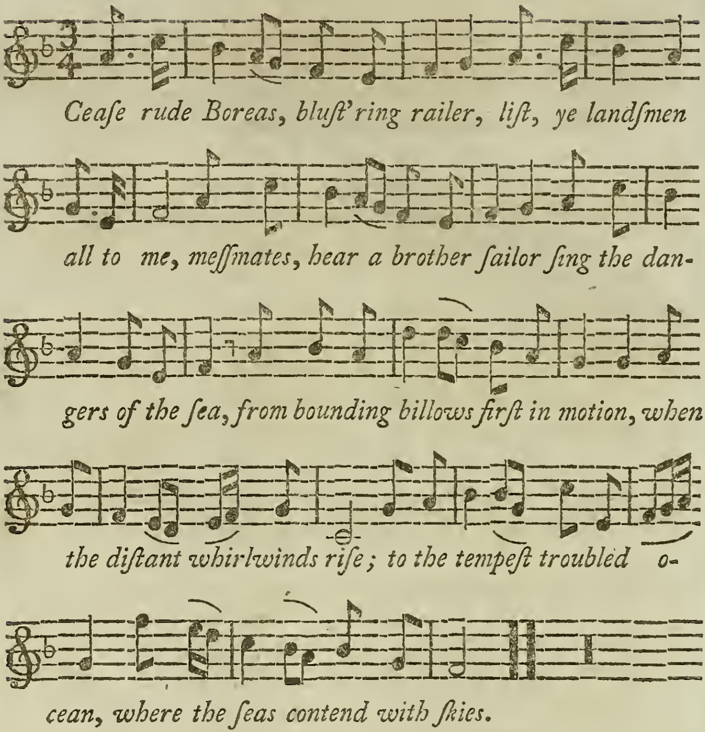
There's nothing ſtrange in nature's change,
  Since parents ſhew ſuch cruelty;
They caus'd my love from me to range,
  And knows not to what deſtiny.
The pretty kids and tender lambs
  May ceaſe to ſport upon the plain;
But I'll mourn and lament, in deep diſcontent,
  For the abſence of my darling ſwain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,
  To ſend a fair and pleaſant gale;
Ye dolphins ſweet, upon me wait,
  And do convey me on your tail.
Heav'ns bleſs my voyage with ſucceſs,
  While croſſing of the raging main,
And ſend me ſafe o'er to that diſtant ſhore,
  To meet my lovely darling ſwain.

All joy and mirth at our return
  Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;
The bells ſhall ring, and ſweet birds ſing,
  To grace and crown our nuptial day.
Thus bleſs'd with charms in my love's arms,
  My heart once more I will regain,
Then I'll range no more to a diſtant ſhore,
  But in love will enjoy my darling ſwain.

SONG XVII.

THE STORM.


Ceaſe rude Boreas, bluſt'ring railer, liſt, ye landſmen
all to me, meſſmates, hear a brother ſailor ſing the dan-
gers of the ſea, from bounding billows firſt in motion, when
the diſtant whirlwinds riſe; to the tempeſt troubled o-
cean, where the ſeas contend with ſkies.

Lively.
Hark! the boatſwain hoarſely bawling,—
  By topſail ſheets, and haulyards ſtand!
Down top-gallants quick be hauling!
  Down your ſtay-ſails, hand, boys, hand!
Now it freſhens, ſet the braces;
  Quick the topſail ſheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces!
  Up your topſails nimbly clew!

Slow.
Now all you on down-beds ſporting,
Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms,
Freſh enjoyments wanton courting,
Free from all but love's alarms,—
Round us roar the tempeſt louder;
Think what fear our mind enthrals:
Harder yet, it yet blows harder;
Now again the boatſwain calls:

Quick.
The topſail-yards point to the wind, boys!
See all clear to reef each courſe!
Let the fore-ſheets go; don't mind, boys,
Though the weather ſhould be worſe.
Fore and aft the ſprit-ſail yard get;
Reef the mizen; ſee all clear:
Hand up! each preventer-brace ſet;
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer!

Slow.
Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending claſh!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring!
In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh!
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black ſky!
Diff'rent deaths at once ſurround us.
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

Quick.
The foremaſt's gone, cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck.
A leak beneath the cheſt-tree's ſprung out;
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces!
Come, my hearts be ſtout, and bold!
Plumb the well, the lake increaſes;
Four feet water in the hold!

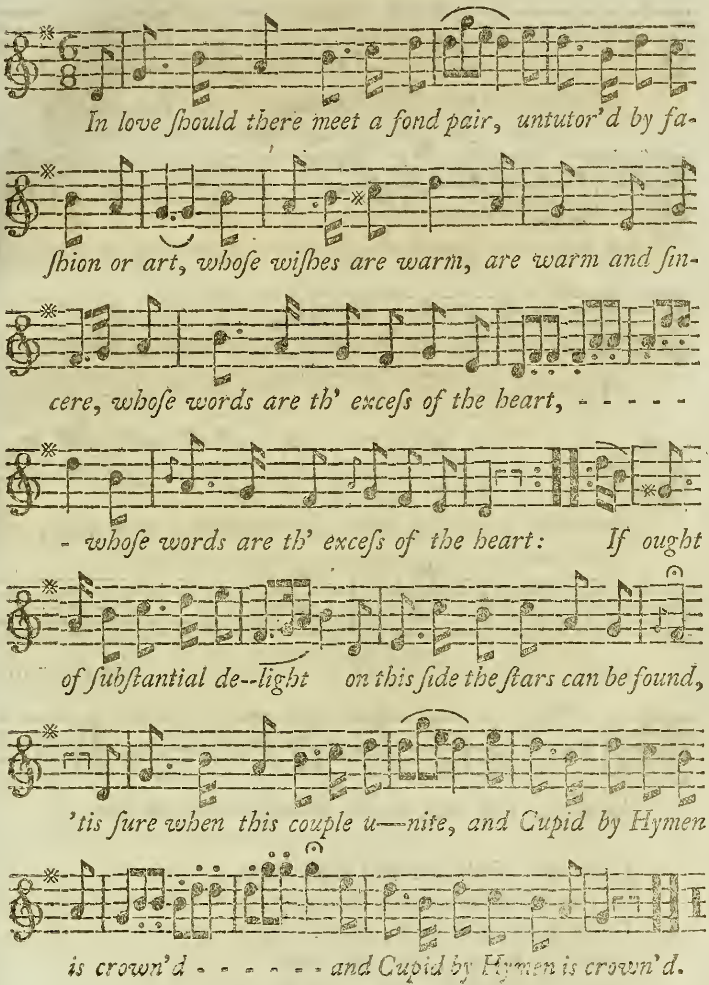
Slow.
While o'er the ſhip wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating;
Alas! from hence there's no return.
Still the lake is gaining on us;
Both chain pumps are choak'd below,
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
For only that can ſave us now!

Quick.
O'er the lee-beam is the land boys;
Let the guns o'er-board be thrown;
To the pump come every hand, boys;
See our mizen-maſt is gone,
The leak we've found; it cannot pour faſt:
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Up, and rig a jury fore-maſt;
She rights, ſhe rights, boys! wear off ſhore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking,
Since kind fortune ſpar'd our lives;
Come the cann, boys, let's be drinking
To our ſweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ſhip wheel it;
Cloſe to th' lips a brimmer join.
Where's the tempeſt now; who feels it?
None! our danger's drown'd in wine!

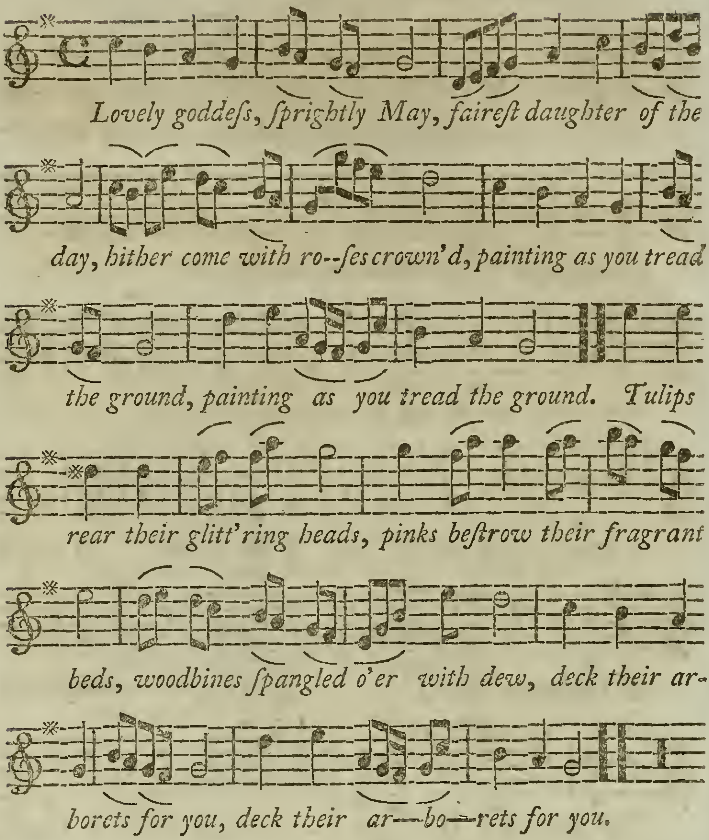
SONG XVIII.

IN LOVE SHOULD THERE MEET.


In love ſhould there meet a fond pair, untutor'd by fa-
ſhion or art, whoſe wiſhes are warm, are warm and ſin-
cere, whoſe words are th' exceſs of the heart, - - - - -
- whoſe words are th' exceſs of the heart: If ought
of ſubſtantial de--light on this ſide the ſtars can be found,
'tis ſure when this couple u—nite, and Cupid by Hymen
is crown'd - - - - - - - and Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.

SONG XIX.

LOVELY GODDESS.


Lovely goddeſs, ſprightly May, faireſt daughter of the
day, hither come with ro--ſes crown'd, painting as you tread
the ground, painting as you tread the ground. Tulips
rear their glitt'ring heads, pinks beſtrow their fragrant
beds, woodbines ſpangled o'er with dew, deck their ar-
borets for you, deck their ar—bo—rets for you.

Hear the birds around thee ſing,
In the gardens of the ſpring;
Ev'ry buſh and ev'ry tree
Warbles forth it's joy to thee.
Nature's ſongſters all are gay
At the lov'd approach of May;

All, great Queen, thy praiſes ſing,
Thine, great Empreſs of the ſpring.

Goddeſs, in thy veſt of green;
Goddeſs, with thy youthful mein;
Haſte and bring thy mines of wealth,
Gladneſs, and her parent, health;
Bring with thee thy chearful train,
Chacing care, and chacing pain,
See! the lovely graces, all
Throng obedient to thy call.

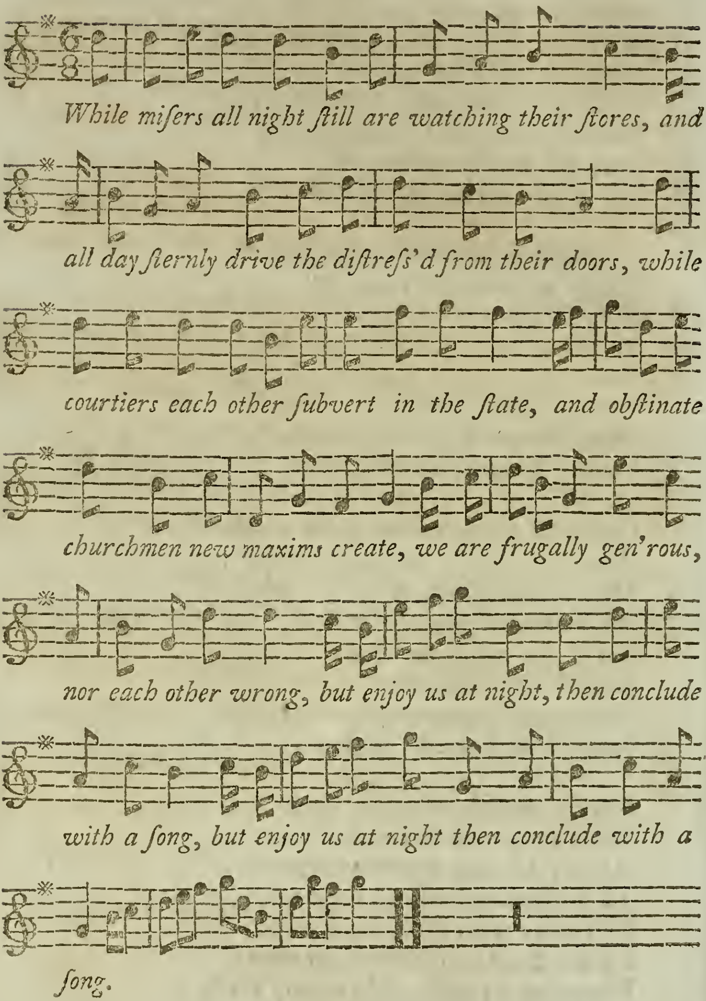
Goddeſs, haſte, and bring with thee
Virtue's child, fair liberty;
For, if liberty's away,
Who can taſte the month of May?
Here he comes, I hear the ſound
Of the merry ſongſters round:
Here he comes all freſh and gay,
Paying homage to thee, May.

Goddeſs, who perfum'ſt the air,
Who haſt deck'd the earth ſo fair;
Thou, with gladneſs by thy ſide
Still'ſt the raging of the tide;
Bid'ſt the winds forbear to roar,
And ſtern winter ſeen no more;
Meads and groves their echos ring,
Love himſelf is on the wing.

Lovely nymph, divineſt May,
Thou to whom this verſe I pay:
O! thy healing warmth impart
To the miſtreſs of my heart;
Ev'ry day with gladneſs crown,
By her health, preſerve my own:
Blooming nymph, of heavenly birth,
Goddeſs, thou, of health and mirth.

SONG XX.

WHILE MISERS ALL NIGHT.


While miſers all night ſtill are watching their ſtores, and
all day ſternly drive the diſtreſs'd from their doors, while
courtiers each other ſubvert in the ſtate, and obſtinate
churchmen new maxims create, we are frugally gen'rous,
nor each other wrong, but enjoy us at night, then conclude
with a ſong, but enjoy us at night then conclude with a
ſong.

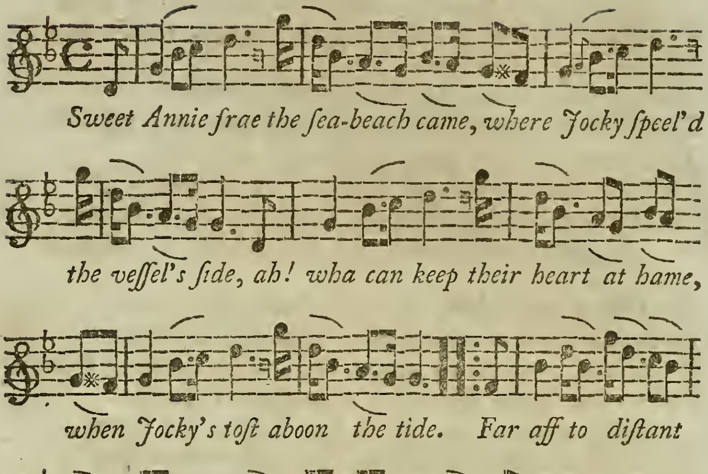
Let ſharpers attempt by falſe arts to enſnare,
Till at length they receive their long merited fare,
Let ſpendthrifts conſume till too late they repent,
The loſs of their riches ſo laviſhly ſpent,
While with honeſt induſtry we live the day long,
And enjoy us at night, then conclude with a ſong.

Tho' drunkards in claret ſuch rapture expreſs,
They'd find it more ſov'reign, were they to drink leſs:
Tho' rakes ſay in women is center'd our bliſs,
They've reaſon ſometimes to regret a cloſs kiſs.
Such diff'rent extremes then to us don't belong,
And yet women and wine are the life of our ſong.

Yet topers and rakes, would ye lead happy lives,
Be mod'rate in drinking and chuſe modeſt wives,
Let churchmen with churchmen, and courtiers be friends,
For on friendſhip all earthly enjoyment depends.
And when ye're united thus laſting and ſtrong,
Like us you'll be jovial, and end with a ſong.

SONG XXI.

SWEET ANNIE.


Sweet Annie frae the ſea-beach came, where Jocky ſpeel'd
the veſſel's ſide, ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
when Jocky's toſt aboon the tide. Far aff to diſtant
realms he gangs, yet I'll prove true as he has been; and
when ilk laſs a—bout him thrangs, he'll think on Annie,
his faithful ane.

I met our wealthy laird yeſtreen,
  Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me,
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
  And made a brag of what he'd gi'e.

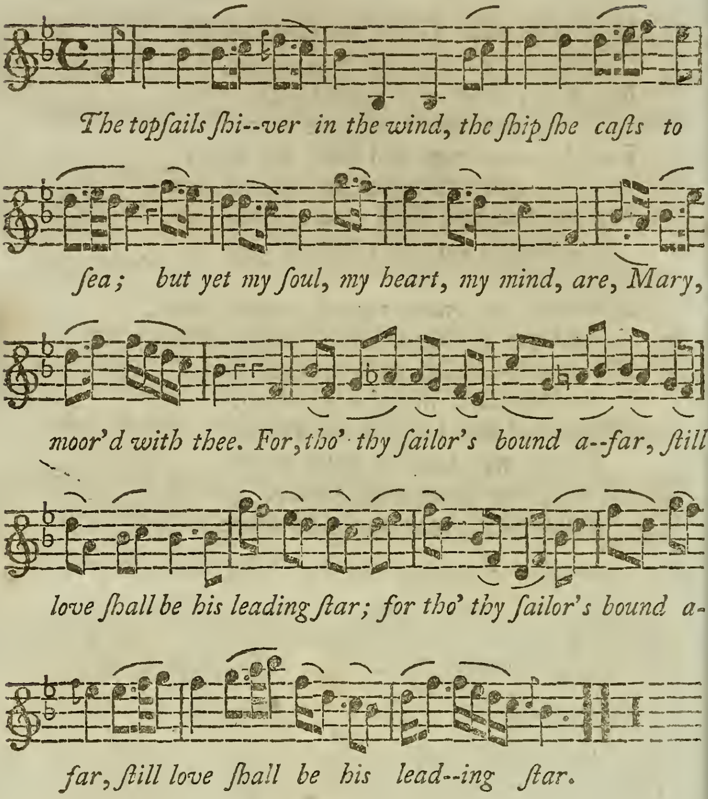
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Toſt up and down the anſome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, falſe Jamie, ſing nae mair,
And fairly caſt your pipe away;
My Jocky wad be troubled ſair,
To ſee his friend his love betray:
For a' your ſongs and verſe are vain,
While Jocky's notes do faithful flow;
My heart to him ſhall true remain,
I'll keep it for my conſtant jo.

Blaw ſaft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
And gar your waves be calm and ſtill;
His hameward ſail with breezes ſpeed,
And dinna a' my pleaſure ſpill.
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will braw in ſiller ſhine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again be mine.

SONG XXII.

TOPSAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.


The topſails ſhi--ver in the wind, the ſhip ſhe caſts to
ſea; but yet my ſoul, my heart, my mind, are, Mary,
moor'd with thee. For, tho' thy ſailor's bound a--far, ſtill
love ſhall be his leading ſtar; for tho' thy ſailor's bound a-
far, ſtill love ſhall be his lead--ing ſtar.

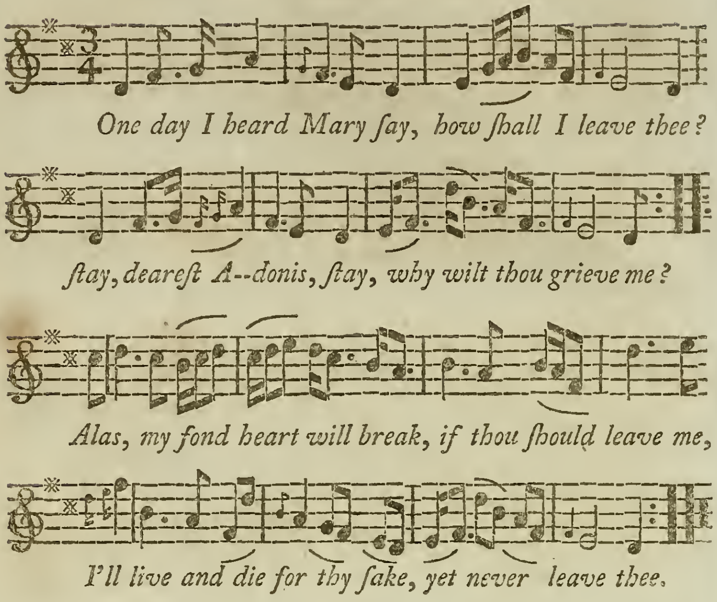
Should landmen flatter when we're ſail'd,
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant ſailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd conſtant gales;
Thou art the compaſs of my ſoul
Which ſteers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in every port we meet,
   More fell than rocks or waves
But ſuch as grace the Britiſh fleet,
   Are lovers and not ſlaves :
No foes our courage ſhall ſubdue,
Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

Theſe are our cares, but if you're kind,
   We'll ſcorn the daſhing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
   The pow'r of France and Spain:
Now England's glory reſts with you,
Our ſails are full, ſweet girls, Adieu!

SONG XXIII.

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.


One day I heard Mary ſay, how ſhall I leave thee?
ſtay, deareſt A--donis, ſtay, why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas, my fond heart will break, if thou ſhould leave me,
I'll live and die for thy ſake, yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, ſay,
Has Mary deceiv'd thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love to grieve thee?
My conſtant mind ne'er ſhall ſtray,
Thou may believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

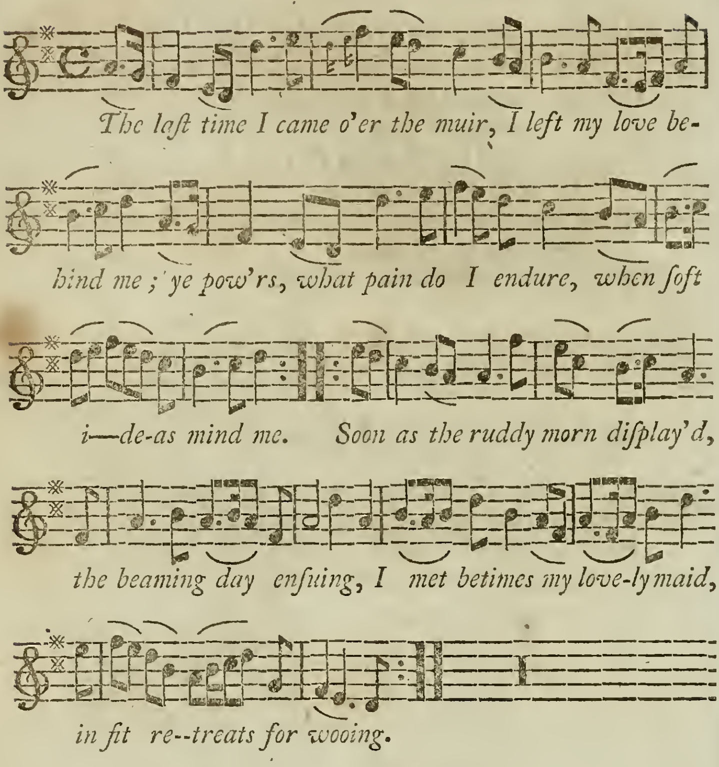
Adonis, my charming youth,
What can relieve thee?
Can Mary thy anguiſh ſoothe,
This breaſt ſhall receive thee.

My paſſion can ne'er decay,
  Never deceive thee:
Delight ſhall drive pain away,
  Pleaſure revive thee.

But leave thee, lad, leave thee, lad,
  How ſhall I leave thee?
O! that thought makes me ſad;
  I'll never leave thee.
Where would my Adonis fly?
  Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
  If I ſhould leave thee.

SONG XXIV.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.


The laſt time I came o'er the muir, I left my love be-
hind me; ye pow'rs, what pain do I endure, when ſoft
i—de-as mind me. Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd,
the beaming day enſuing, I met betimes my love-ly maid,
in fit re--treats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
   Gazing and chaſtely ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
   'Till night ſpread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
   Even kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
   Which could but ill deny me.

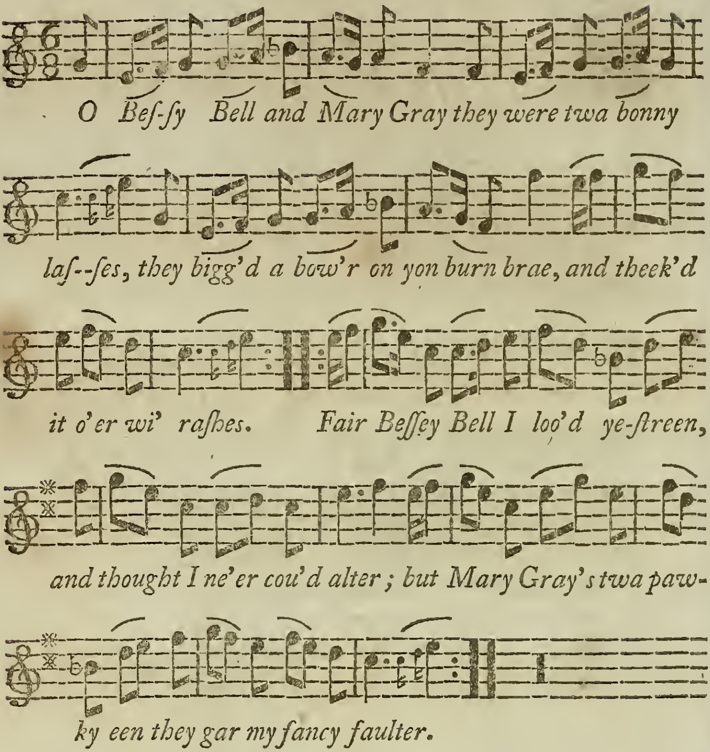
Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
  Where mortal ſteel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
  Where dangers may ſurround me;
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
  To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my care at diſtance move,
  In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
  To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excels in every grace,
  In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
  Their waves the Alps to cover;
On Greenland's ice ſhall roſes grow,
  Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
  She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
  Tho' I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's ſacred bonds ſhall chain
  My heart to her fair boſom;
There, while my being does remain,
  My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

SONG XXV.

BESSEY BELL AND MARY GRAY.


O Beſ-ſy Bell and Mary Gray they were twa bonny
laſ--ſes, they bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn brae, and theek'd
it o'er wi' raſhes. Fair Beſſey Bell I loo'd ye-ſtreen,
and thought I ne'er cou'd alter; but Mary Gray's twa paw-
ky een they gar my fancy faulter.

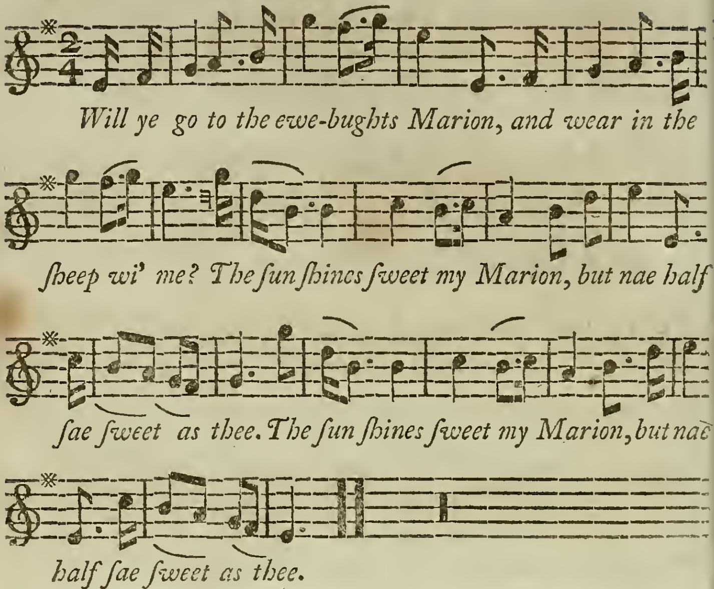
Now Beſſey's hair's like a lint-tap;
She ſmiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waiſt and feet's fu' genty;
With ilka grace ſhe can command;
Her lips, O vow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
  Her een like diamonds glances:
She's ay ſay clean, redd up, and braw,
  She kills whene'er ſhe dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
  She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs ſae gracefu' ſtill,
  O Jove! ſhe's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beſſey Bell and Mary Gray,
  Ye unco fair oppreſs us;
Our fancies jee between you tway,
  Ye are ſic bonny laſſes:
Waes me; for baith I canna get,
  To ane by law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw cuts and tak my fate,
  And be with ane contented.

SONG XXVI.

EWE-BUGHTS MARION.


Will ye go to the ewe-bughts Marion, and wear in the
ſheep wi' me? The ſun ſhines ſweet my Marion, but nae half
ſae ſweet as thee. The ſun ſhines ſweet my Marion, but nae
half ſae ſweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny laſs,
And the blyth blinks in her ee';
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's goud in your garters, Marion,
And ſilk on your white hauſs-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiſs my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Juſt on her bridal day.

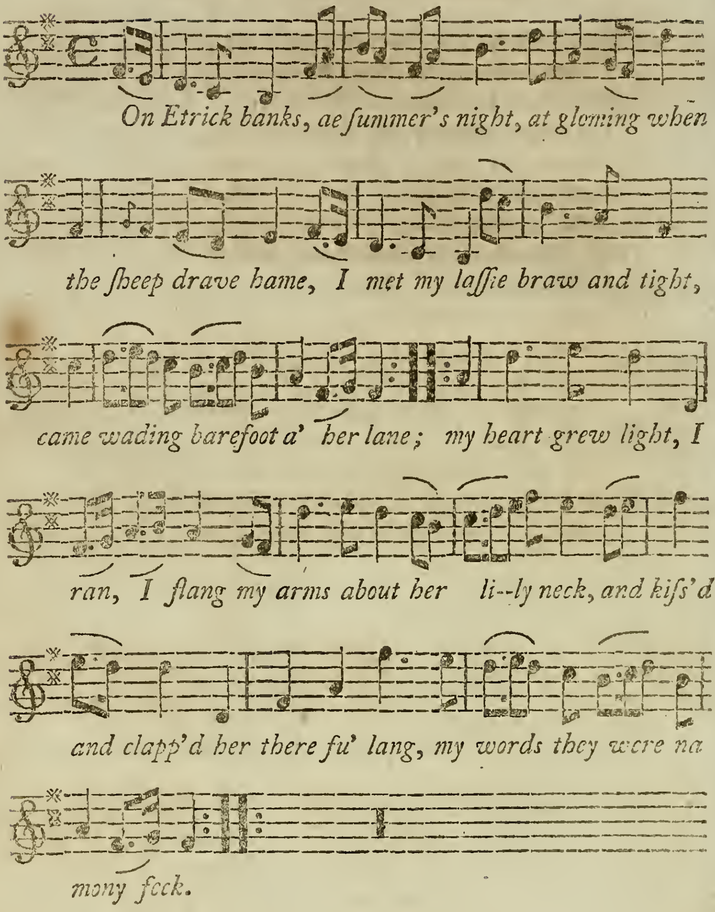
And ye's get a green ſey apron,
  And waſtecoat of the London brown,
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
  Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and ſtout, my Marion;
  Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forſake me Marion,
  I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
  And kyrtle of the cramaſie!
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
  I ſhall come weſt, and ſee ye.

SONG XXVII.

ETRICK BANKS.


On Etrick banks, ae ſummer's night, at gloming when
the ſheep drave hame, I met my laſſie braw and tight,
came wading barefoot a' her lane; my heart grew light, I
ran, I flang my arms about her li--ly neck, and kiſs'd
and clapp'd her there fu' lang, my words they were na
mony feck.

I ſaid, My laſſie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Earſe to learn,
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.

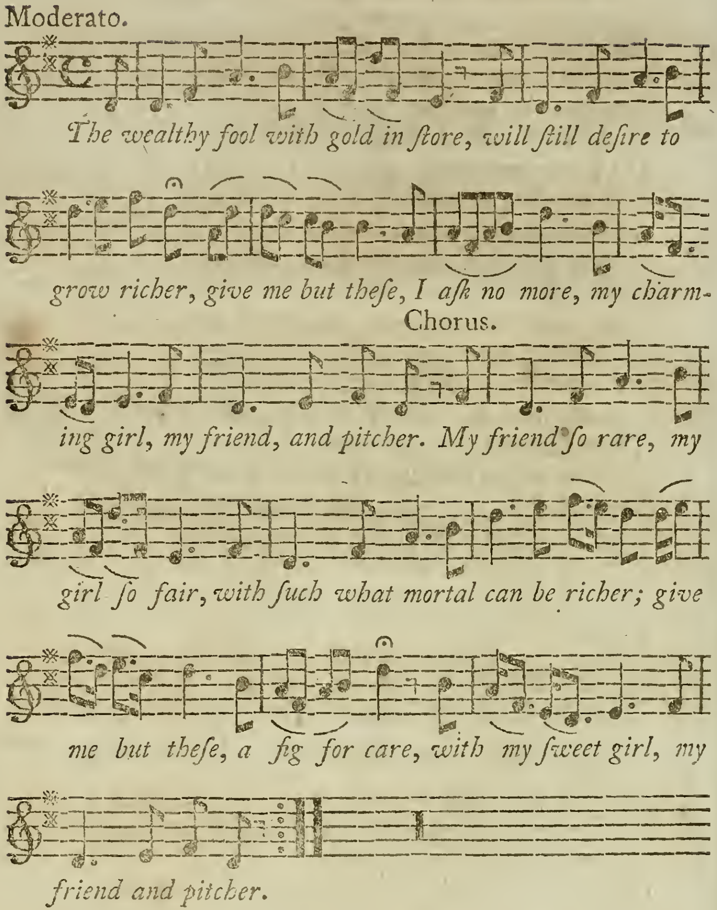
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er faſh,
And herring at the Broomielaw;
Chear up your heart, my bonny laſs,
There's gear to win we never ſaw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, froſt and ſnaw begin,
Soon as the ſun gaes weſt the loch,
At night when ye ſit down to ſpin,
I'll ſcrew my pipes and play a ſpring:
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleaſant ſummer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my laſs amang the broom,
And lead you to my ſummer ſhield.
Then far frae a' their ſcornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their ſport,
We'll laugh and kiſs, and dance and ſing,
And gar the langeſt day ſeem ſhort.

SONG XXVIII.

FRIEND AND PITCHER.

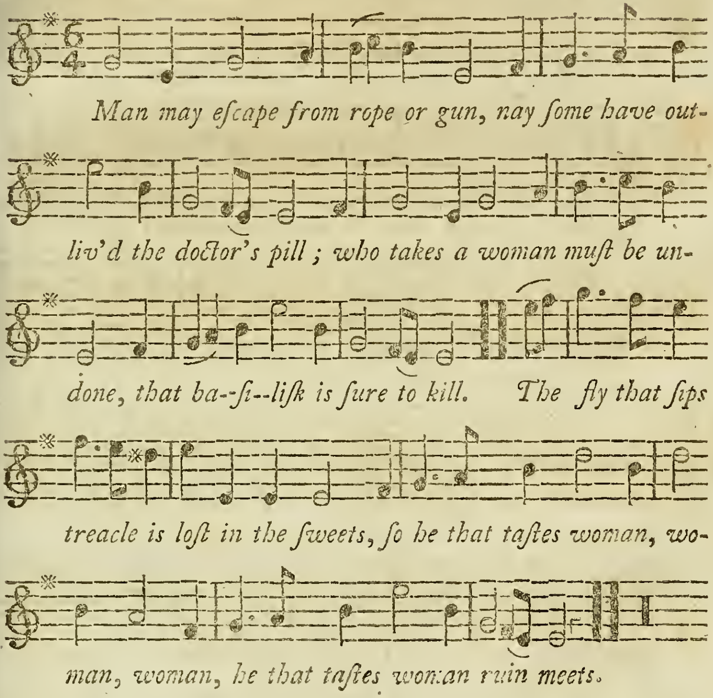

Moderato.
The wealthy fool with gold in ſtore, will ſtill deſire to
grow richer, give me but theſe, I aſk no more, my charm-
Chorus.
ing girl, my friend, and pitcher. My friend ſo rare, my
girl ſo fair, with ſuch what mortal can be richer; give
me but theſe, a fig for care, with my ſweet girl, my
friend and pitcher.

From morning ſun I'd never grieve
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend ſo rare, *&c.*

Tho' fortune ever ſhuns my door,
  I know not what can bewitch her;
With all my heart can I be poor,
  With my ſweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
    My friend ſo rare, &c.

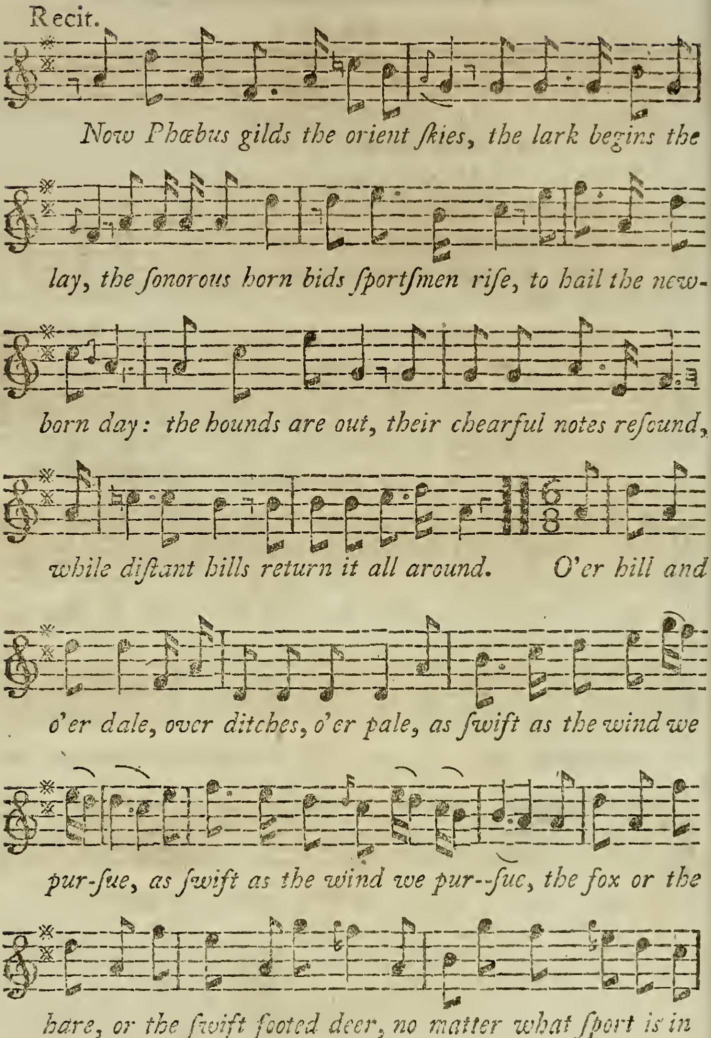
SONG XXIX.

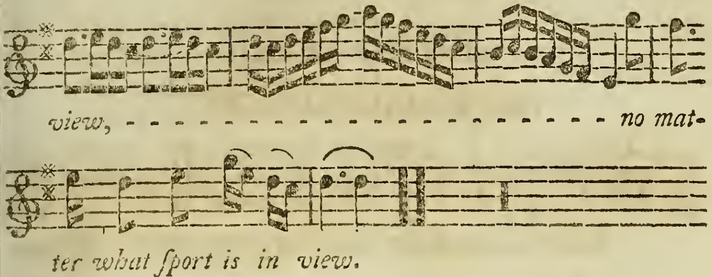
MAN MAY ESCAPE.


Man may eſcape from rope or gun, nay ſome have out-
liv'd the doctor's pill; who takes a woman muſt be un-
done, that ba--ſi--liſk is ſure to kill. The fly that ſips
treacle is loſt in the ſweets, ſo he that taſtes woman, wo-
man, woman, he that taſtes woman ruin meets.

SONG XXX.

NOW PHŒBUS GILDS.


Recit.
Now Phœbus gilds the orient ſkies, the lark begins the
lay, the ſonorous horn bids ſportſmen riſe, to hail the new-
born day: the hounds are out, their chearful notes reſound,
while diſtant hills return it all around. O'er hill and
o'er dale, over ditches, o'er pale, as ſwift as the wind we
pur-ſue, as ſwift as the wind we pur--ſue, the fox or the
hare, or the ſwift footed deer, no matter what ſport is in
6
8


view, - no mat-
ter what ſport is in view.

Health waits on the chace,
Paints with bluſhes the face,
Spleen and vapours are left in the rear.
The brooks and the floods,
And the deep embrown'd woods,
Delightful around us appear.

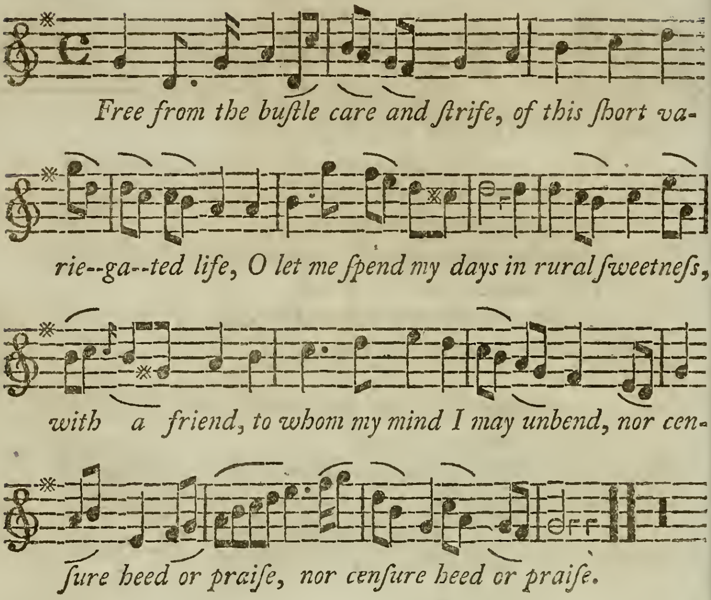
To the ſports of the field
All others muſt yield,
For hunting's of ancient renown ;
Kings and princes, of old,
Have this paſtime extoll'd,
Royal hunters have ſat on the throne.

Hills and vallies o'erpaſt,
Now homeward we haſte,
And our miſtreſſes hearty embrace :
New ſtrength we obtain,
By our ſports on the plain,
For ſtrength ſtill attends on the chace.

Now the bowl comes in view,
Which with glee we purſue,
And thus happily finiſh the day :
To the huntreſs divine,
To Diana we join,
While each chorus loudly huzză.

SONG XXXI.

THE YOUNG MAN's WISH.


Free from the buſtle care and ſtrife, of this ſhort va-
rie--ga--ted life, O let me ſpend my days in rural ſweetneſs,
with a friend, to whom my mind I may unbend, nor cen-
ſure heed or praiſe, nor cenſure heed or praiſe.

Riches bring cares—I aſk not wealth,
Let me enjoy but peace and health,
I envy not the great:
'Tis theſe alone can make me bleſt;
The riches take of eaſt and weſt,
I claim not theſe or ſtate.

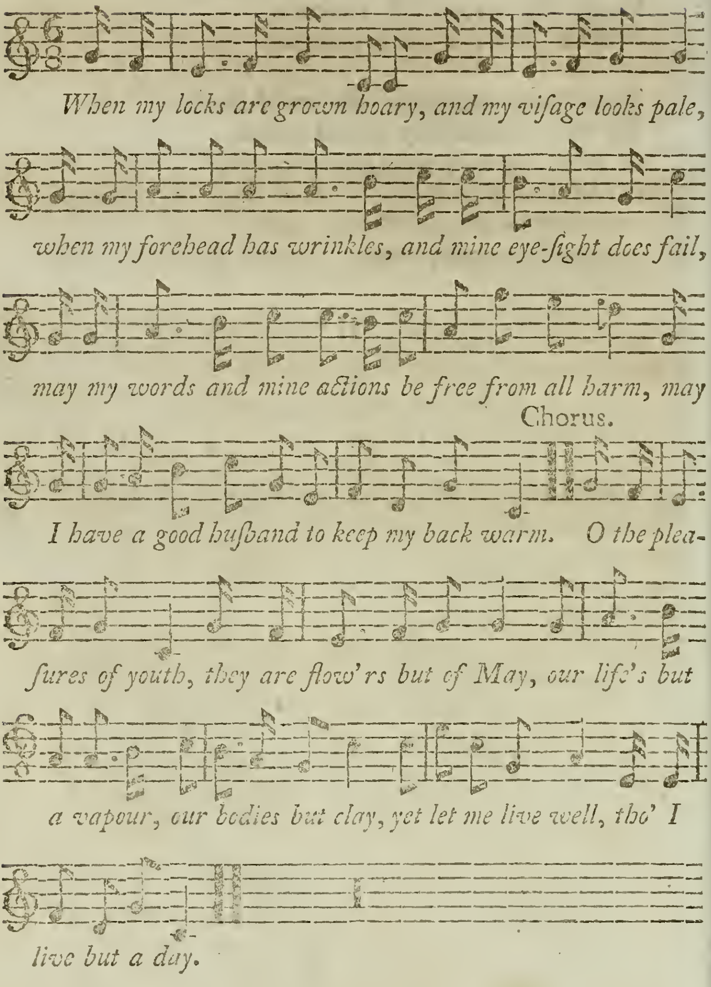
Tho' not extravagant nor near,
But through the well ſpent checker'd year,
I'd have enough to live;
To drink a bottle with a friend,
Aſſiſt him in diſtreſs, ne'er lend,
But rather freely give.

I too would wiſh, to ſweeten life,
A gentle, kind, good natur'd wife,
  Young, ſenſible and fair:
One who could love but me alone,
Prefer my cot to e'er a throne,
  And ſoothe my every care.

Thus happy with my wife and friend,
My life I chearfully would ſpend,
  With no vain thoughts oppreſt;
If heav'n has bliſs for me in ſtore,
O grant me this, I aſk no more,
  And I am truly bleſt.

SONG XXXII.

THE MATRON's WISH.


When my locks are grown hoary, and my viſage looks pale,
when my forehead has wrinkles, and mine eye-ſight does fail,
may my words and mine actions be free from all harm, may
Chorus.
I have a good huſband to keep my back warm. O the plea-
ſures of youth, they are flow'rs but of May, our life's but
a vapour, our bodies but clay, yet let me live well, tho' I
live but a day.

With a ſermon on Sunday, and a Bible of good print;
With a pot on the fire, and good viands in't;

With ale, beer, and brandy, both winter and ſummer,
To drink to my goſſip, and be pledg'd by my cummer.
The pleaſures of, *&c.*

With pigs and with poultry, and ſome money in ſtore
To purchaſe the needful, and to give to the poor;
With a bottle of Canary, to ſip without ſin,
And to comfort my daughter whene'er ſhe lies in.
The pleaſures of, *&c.*

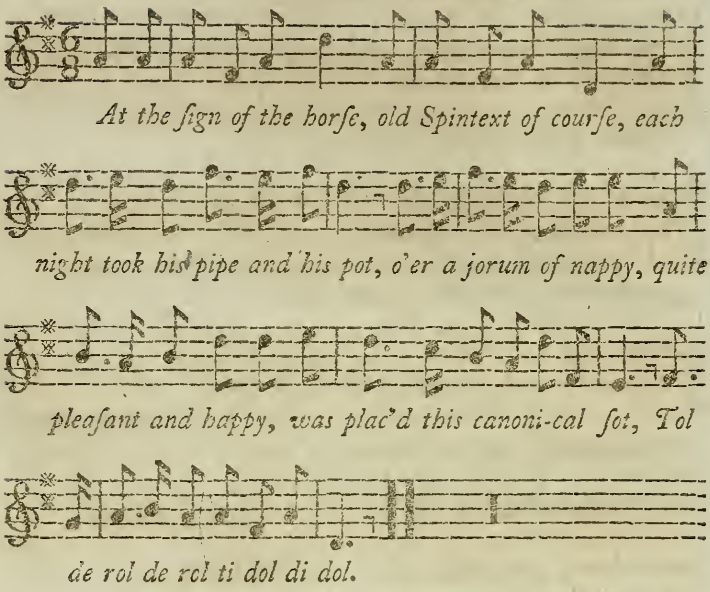
With a bed ſoft and eaſy to reſt on at night,
With a maid in the morning to riſe with the light,
To do her work neatly, and obey my deſire,
To make the houſe clean, and blow up the fire.
The pleaſures of, *&c.*

With health and content, and a good eaſy chair;
With a thick hood and mantle, when I ride on my mare.
Let me dwell near my cupboard, and far from my foes,
With a pair of glaſs eyes to clap on my noſe.
The pleaſures of, *&c.*

And when I am dead, with a ſigh let them ſay,
Our honeſt old cummer's now laid in the clay:
When young, ſhe was chearful, no ſcold, nor no whore;
She aſſiſted her neighbours, and gave to the poor.
Tho' the flow'r of her youth in her age did decay,
Tho' her life like a vapour evaniſh'd away,
She liv'd well and happy unto her laſt day.

SONG XXXIII.

THE VICAR AND MOSES.


At the ſign of the horſe, old Spintext of courſe, each
night took his pipe and his pot, o'er a jorum of nappy, quite
pleaſant and happy, was plac'd this canoni-cal ſot, Tol
de rol de rol ti dol di dol.

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
  With reverence due and ſubmiſſion;
Firſt ſtrok't his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
  And bowing, preferr'd his petition.

I'm come, Sir, ſays he, to beg, look d'ye ſee,
  Of your reverend worſhip and glory,
To inter a poor baby, with as much ſpeed as may be,
  And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray where's the hurry?
  Why Lord, Sir, the corpſe it does ſtay:
You fool hold your peace, ſince miracles ceaſe,
  A corpſe, Moſes, can't run away.

Then Moſes he ſmil'd, ſaying, Sir, a ſmall child
  Cannot long delay your intentions;
Why that's true, by St Paul, a child that is ſmall,
  Can never enlarge it's dimenſions.

Bring Moſes ſome beer, and bring me ſome, d'ye hear,
  I hate to be call'd from my liquor:
Come, Moſes, the King, 'tis a ſcandalous thing,
  Such a ſubject ſhould be but a Vicar.

Then Moſes he ſpoke, Sir 'tis paſt twelve o'clock,
  Beſides there's a terrible ſhower;
Why Moſes, you elf, ſince the clock has ſtruck twelve,
  I'm ſure it can never ſtrike more.

Beſides, my dear friend, this leſſon attend,
  Which to ſay and to ſwear I'll be bold,
That the corpſe, ſnow or rain, can't endanger, that's plain;
  But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moſes went on, Sir the clock has ſtruck one,
  Pray Maſter look up at the hand;
Why it ne'er can ſtrike leſs, 'tis a folly to preſs
  A man for to go that can't ſtand.

At length, hat and cloak old Orthodox took,
  But cram'd his jaw with a quid;
Each tipt off a gill, for fear they ſhould chill,
  And then ſtagger'd away ſide by ſide.

When come to the grave, the clerk hum'd a ſtave,
  Whilſt the ſurplice was wrapt round the Prieſt;
Where ſo droll was the figure of Moſes and Vicar,
  That the pariſh ſtill talk of the jeſt.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpſe t'other way,
  Or perchance I ſhall over it ſtumble;
'Tis beſt to take care, tho' the ſages declare,
  A *mortuum caput* can't tremble.

Woman that's born of a man, that's wrong, the leaf's torn;
A man, that is born of a woman,
Can't continue an hour, but is cut down like a flow'r;
You ſee, Moſes, death ſpareth no man.

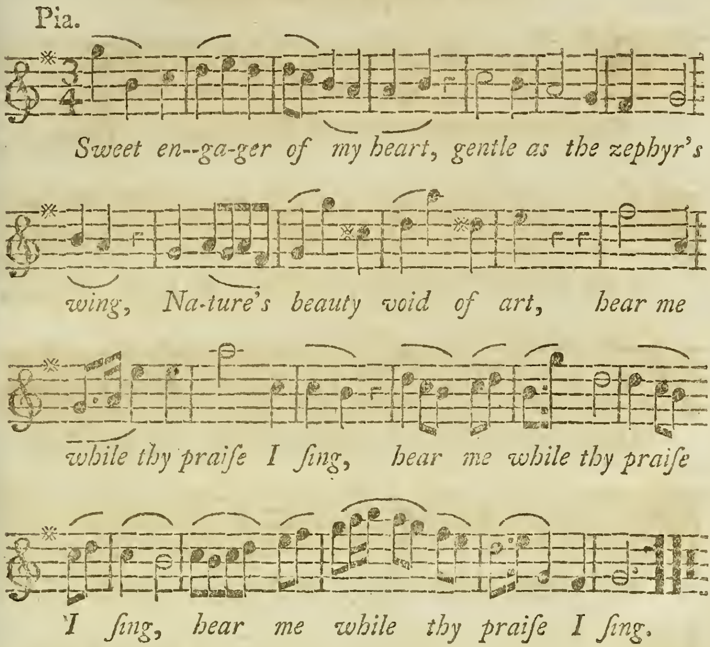
Here, Moſes, do look, what a confounded book,
Sure the letters are turn'd upſide down.
Such a ſcandalous print, ſure the devil is in't,
That this Baſket ſhould print for the Crown.

Prithee, Moſes, you read, for I cannot proceed,
And bury the corpſe in my ſtead.
(Amen. Amen.)
Why, Moſes, you're wrong, pray hold ſtill your tongue,
You've taken the tail for the head.

O where's thy ſting, Death! put the corpſe in the earth,
For, believe me, 'tis terrible weather.
So the corpſe was interr'd, without praying a word,
And away they both ſtagger'd together,
Singing *Tol de rol de rol ti dol di dol.*

SONG XXXIV.

SWEET ENGAGER.

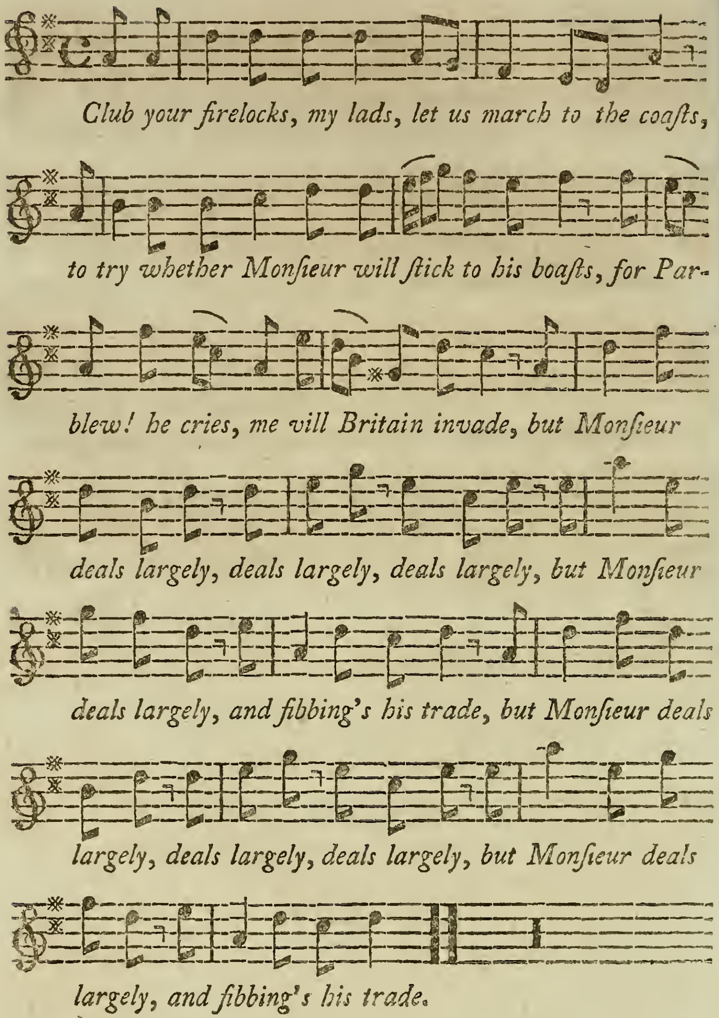

Pia.
Sweet en--ga-ger of my heart, gentle as the zephyr's
wing, Na-ture's beauty void of art, hear me
while thy praiſe I ſing, hear me while thy praiſe
I ſing, hear me while thy praiſe I ſing.

If I call the lilly fair,
  If the roſe can ſhed perfume,
The lillies on thy boſom are,
  And the roſe is in thy bloom.

Beauty and good-humour too,
  Senſe and reaſon to thy aid;
Ever kind and ever true,
  Polly is a lovely maid,

SONG XXXV.

CLUB YOUR FIRELOCKS.


Club your firelocks, my lads, let us march to the coaſts,
to try whether Monſieur will ſtick to his boaſts, for Par-
blew! he cries, me vill Britain invade, but Monſieur
deals largely, deals largely, deals largely, but Monſieur
deals largely, and fibbing's his trade, but Monſieur deals
largely, deals largely, deals largely, but Monſieur deals
largely, and fibbing's his trade.

What ſignifies all this confuſion and pother,
Their routs and their marches from one place to to'ther,
Their tranſports to carry, their navies to fight
When learnt they that Frenchmen bold Britons could fright.

We'll remind them (if haply their mem'ries are bad)
What drubbings and dreſsings they formerly had,
When Britain's rous'd Lion ſtretch'd forth his ſtrong paw,
To the Gallic Baboon he could always give law.

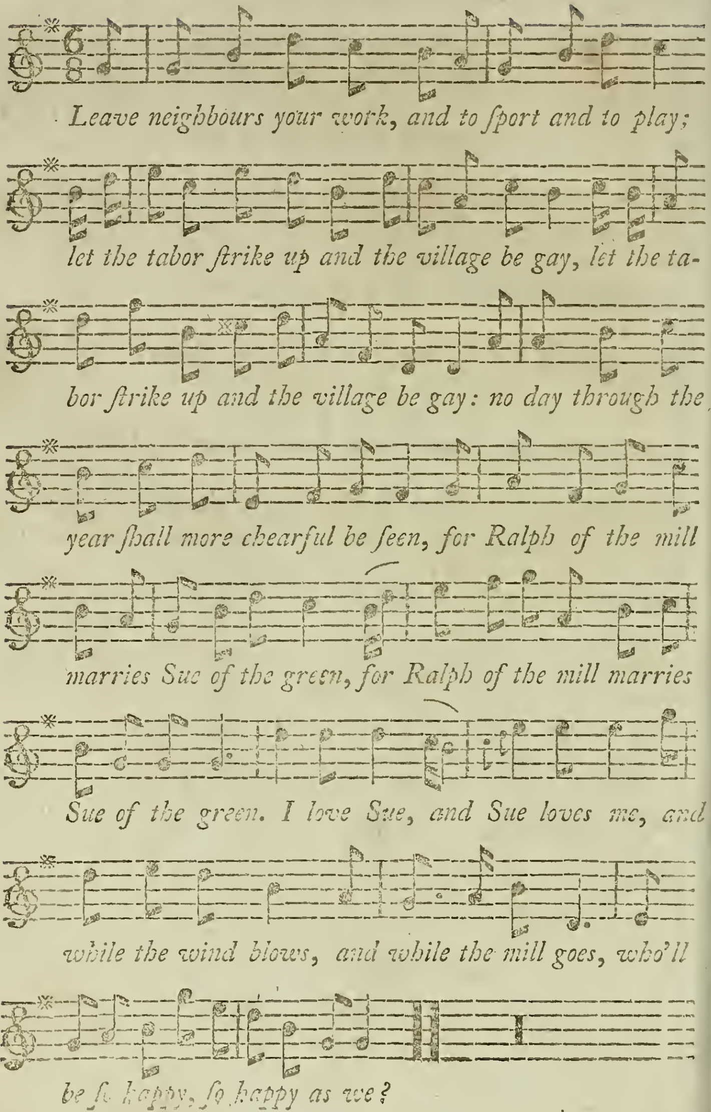
Can ye Frenchmen forget (ſtill as friends we'll addreſs ye)
The baſting ye got at Poictiers and Creſsy?
But ſhould ye reject this as quite an old ſtory,
The fall of laſt war is ſtill recent before ye.

Croſs quickly the channel! why all this delay,
We long to return you the viſit you pay,
In us you will find of politeneſs no lack,
Will receive you ſo well that you'll never go back.

What tho' the dull Spaniard has join'd the French friſkers,
His Donſhip will find we can pull his grave whiſkers:
The Havannah we'll put in our pockets again,
And blow both the Bourbons quite out of the main.

SONG XXXVI.

RALPH AND SUE.


Leave neighbours your work, and to ſport and to play;
let the tabor ſtrike up and the village be gay, let the ta-
bor ſtrike up and the village be gay: no day through the
year ſhall more chearful be ſeen, for Ralph of the mill
marries Sue of the green, for Ralph of the mill marries
Sue of the green. I love Sue, and Sue loves me, and
while the wind blows, and while the mill goes, who'll
be ſo happy, ſo happy as we?

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be marry'd to-day, and to-morrow be cloy'd:
My body is ſtout, and my heart is as ſound,
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.
I love Sue, *&c.*

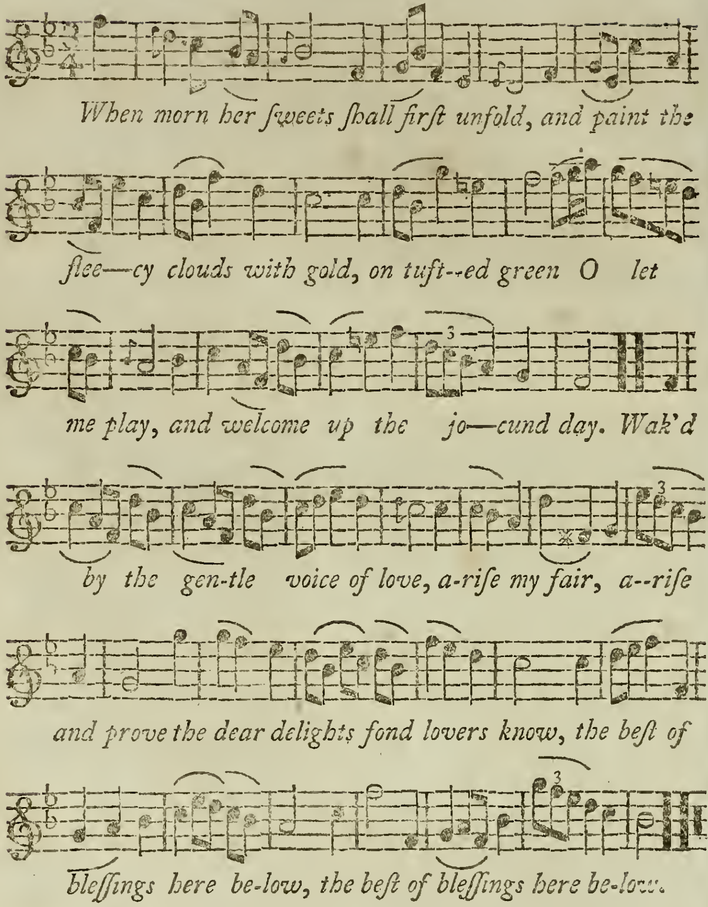
Let ladies of faſhion the beſt jointures wed,
And prudently take the beſt bidders to bed;
Such ſigning and ſealing's no part of our bliſs,
We ſettle our hearts, and we ſeal with a kiſs.
I love Sue, *&c.*

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none of your beaus,
Nor bounces, nor flatters, nor wears your fine clothes,
In nothing he'll follow the folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend, or his wife.
I love Ralph, *&c.*

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies ſtill,
Our joys ſhall continue, and ever be new,
And none be ſo happy as Ralph and his Sue.
I love Sue, *&c.*

SONG XXXVII.

WHEN MORN HER SWEETS.


When morn her ſweets ſhall firſt unfold, and paint the
ſlee—cy clouds with gold, on tuft--ed green O let
me play, and welcome up the jo—cund day. Wak'd
by the gen-tle voice of love, a-riſe my fair, a--riſe
and prove the dear delights fond lovers know, the beſt of
bleſſings here be-low, the beſt of bleſſings here be-low.

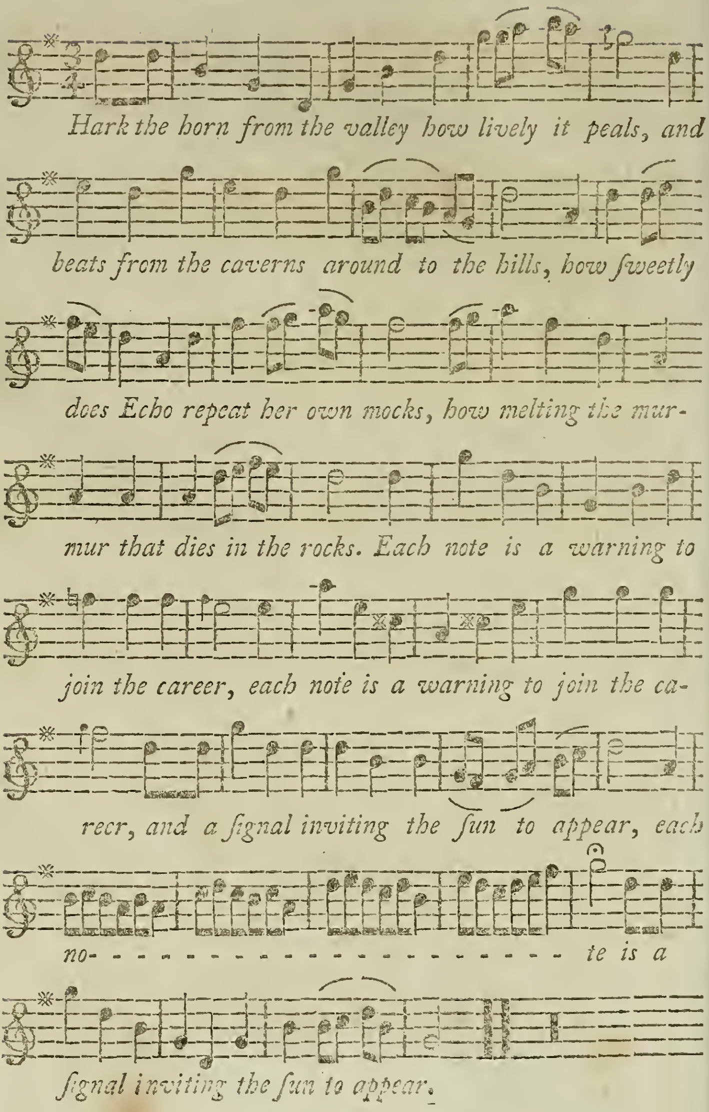
To ſome clear river's verdant ſide,
Do thou my happy footſteps guide;
In concert with the purling ſtream,
We'll ſing, and love ſhall be the theme:

E'er night aſſumes her gloomy reign,
When ſhadows lengthen o'er the plain;
We'll to the myrtle grove repair,
For peace and pleaſure wait us there.

The laughing god there keeps his court,
And little loves inceſſant ſport;
Around the winning graces wait,
And calm contentment guards the ſeat.
There loſt in extaſies of joy,
While tendereſt ſcenes our thoughts employ,
We'll bleſs the hour our loves begun,
The happy moment made us one.

SONG XXXVIII.

HARK THE HORN.


Hark the horn from the valley how lively it peals, and
beats from the caverns around to the hills, how ſweetly
does Echo repeat her own mocks, how melting the mur-
mur that dies in the rocks. Each note is a warning to
join the career, each note is a warning to join the ca-
reer, and a ſignal inviting the ſun to appear, each
no- te is a
ſignal inviting the ſun to appear.

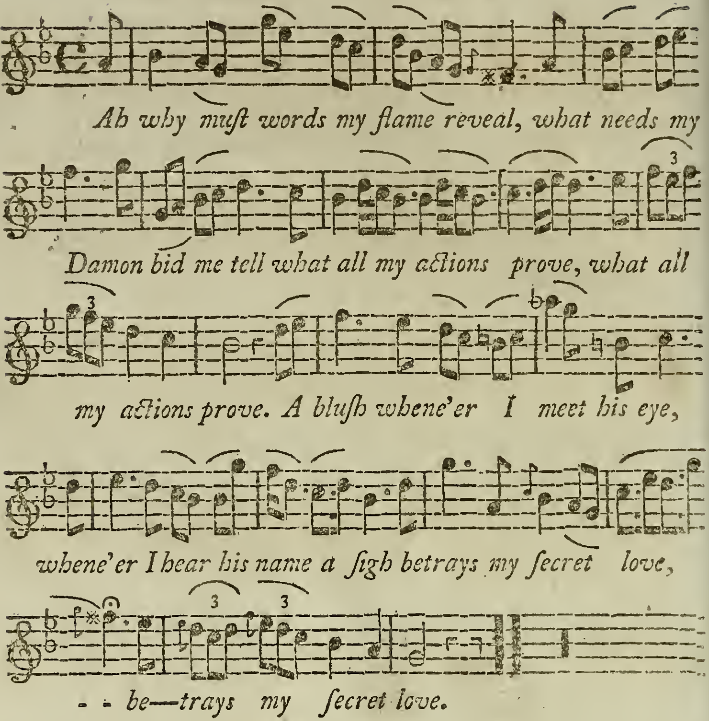
Behold in the eaſt, the clouds ſever'd with light,
How glorious the proſpect that burſts on the ſight;
A tumult of gladneſs plays round the warm heart,
And the ſpirit of extacy throbs in each part;
The air courts the ſenſe as it ſteals o'er the field,
Enrich'd with the fragrance the roſe-thickets yield.

On his rooſt the ſhrill cock, early herald of morn,
Flaps his wings and proclaims the ſun's welcome return.
The lark mounting ſings, and the ſweet-warbling thruſh
Her dulcet ſong carols from low hawthorn buſh:
For the op'ning the courſes impatiently pant,
And the deep-ſcented hound longs the onſet to chant.

But ſee from his covert, the fox ſlowly creep,
And ſteal leering backward along the woods ſteep.
That holla proclaims him diſcover'd! he ſees
Flight's the refuge remaining, and runs with the breeze;
Away in purſuit!—we'll his veſtages trace
And mix with the clamours that chorus the chace,

SONG XXXIX.

AH WHY MUST WORDS.


Ah why muſt words my flame reveal, what needs my
Damon bid me tell what all my actions prove, what all
my actions prove. A bluſh whene'er I meet his eye,
whene'er I hear his name a ſigh betrays my ſecret love,
- - be—trays my ſecret love.

In all their ſports upon the plain
My eyes ſtill fix'd on him remain,
    And him alone approve;
The reſt unheeded, dance or play,
He ſteals from all my praiſe away,
    And can he doubt my love.

Whene'er we meet my looks confeſs
The pleaſures which my ſoul poſſeſs,
    And all it's cares remove.

Still, ſtill too ſhort appears his ſtay,
I frame excuſes for delay,
Can this be ought but love?

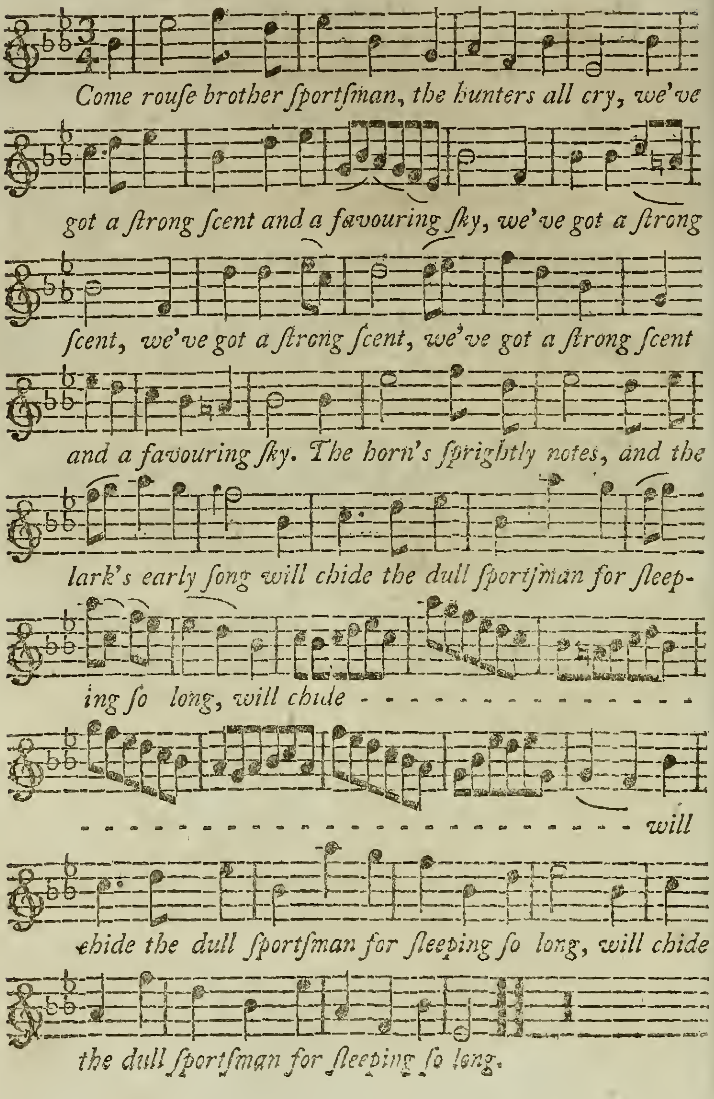
Does any ſpeak in Damon's praiſe,
How pleas'd am I with all he ſays,
And ev'ry word approve;
Is he defam'd, tho' but in jeſt,
I feel reſentment fire my breaſt,
Alas, becauſe I love.

But O what tortures tear my heart,
When I ſuſpect his looks impart,
The leaſt deſire to rove.
I hate the maid who gives me pain,
Yet him I ſtrive to hate in vain,
For ah! that hate is love.

Then aſk not words but read my eyes,
Believe my bluſhes, truſt my ſighs,
All theſe my paſſion prove:
Words may deceive, may ſpring from art,
But the true language of my heart
To Damon muſt be love.

SONG XL.

COME ROUSE BROTHER SPORTSMAN.


Come rouſe brother ſportſman, the hunters all cry, we've
got a ſtrong ſcent and a favouring ſky, we've got a ſtrong
ſcent, we've got a ſtrong ſcent, we've got a ſtrong ſcent
and a favouring ſky. The horn's ſprightly notes, and the
lark's early ſong will chide the dull ſportſman for ſleep-
ing ſo long, will chide - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- will
chide the dull ſportſman for ſleeping ſo long, will chide
the dull ſportſman for ſleeping ſo long.

Bright Phœbus has ſhewn us the glimpſe of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace,
He ſoon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields bluſh with the beams of his ray.

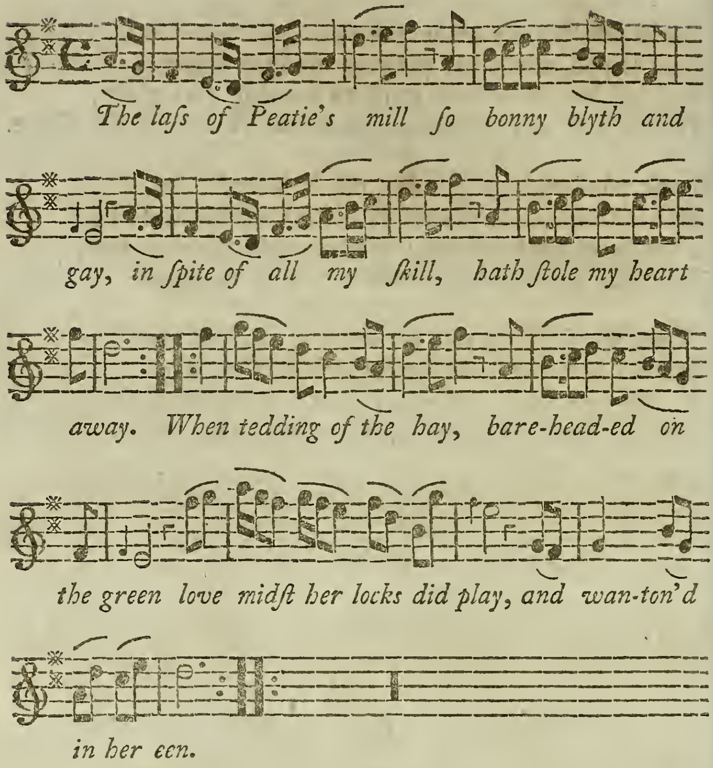
Sweet Molly may teaze you perhaps to lie down,
And if you refuſe her perhaps ſhe may frown,
But tell her ſweet love muſt to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I ſpy,
At his bruſh nimbly follows briſk Chanter and Fly,
They ſeize on their prey, ſee his eye-balls they roll,
We're in at the death, now return to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glaſſes, and toaſt to the King.
From a bumper freſh loyalty ever will ſpring,
To George peace and glory may heaven diſpenſe,
And fox hunters flouriſh a thouſand years hence.

SONG XLI.

THE LASS OF PEATIE's MILL.


The laſs of Peatie's mill ſo bonny blyth and
gay, in ſpite of all my ſkill, hath ſtole my heart
away. When tedding of the hay, bare-head-ed on
the green love midſt her locks did play, and wan-ton'd
in her een.

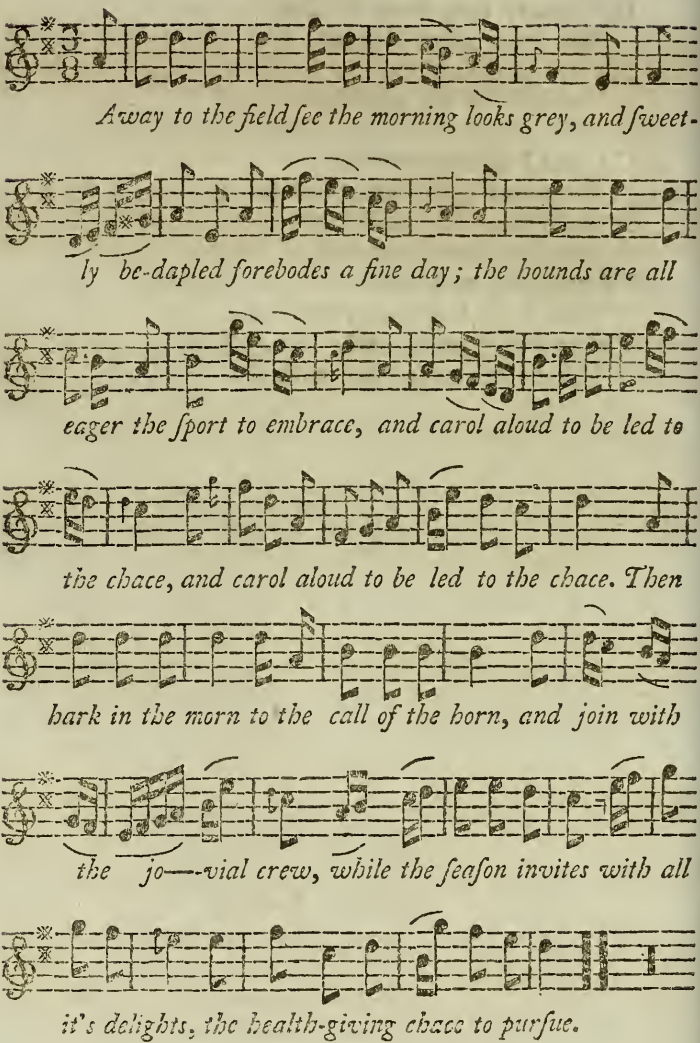
Her arms, white, round, and ſmooth;
Breaſts riſing in their dawn;
To age it would give youth,
To preſs them with his hand.
Through all my ſpirits ran
An extaſy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
  Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
Her ſweets ſhe did impart,
  Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd
Her looks, they were ſo mild,
  Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
  I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O! had I all that wealth
  Hoptouns high mountains fill,
In ſur'd long life and health,
  And pleaſure at my will;
I'd promiſe, and fulfil,
  That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Peatie's mill,
  Should ſhare the ſame with me.

SONG XLII.

AWAY TO THE FIELD.


Away to the field ſee the morning looks grey, and ſweet-
ly be-dapled forebodes a fine day; the hounds are all
eager the ſport to embrace, and carol aloud to be led to
the chace, and carol aloud to be led to the chace. Then
hark in the morn to the call of the horn, and join with
the jo—-vial crew, while the ſeaſon invites with all
it's delights, the health-giving chace to purſue.

How charming the ſight, when Aurora firſt dawns,
To ſee the bright beagles ſpread over the lawns;
To welcome the ſun, now returning from reſt,
There mattins they chant as they merrily queſt.
Then hark in the morn, *&c.*

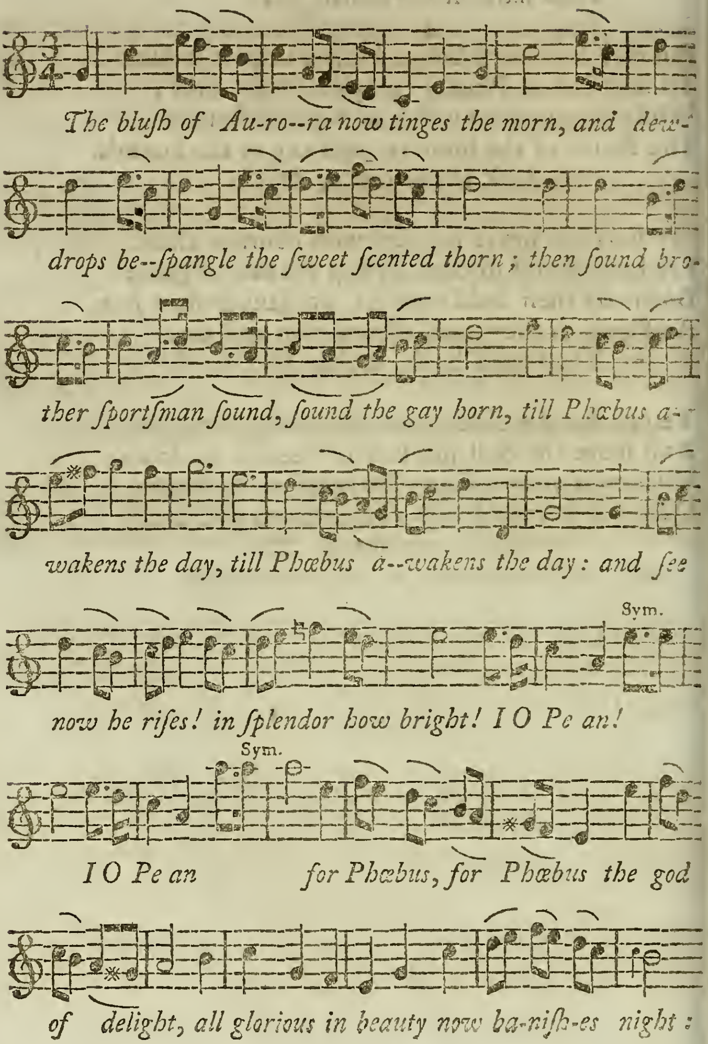
But oh! how each boſom with tranſport it fills,
To ſtart juſt as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
While joyous from valley to valley reſounds
The ſhouts of the hunters, and cry of the hounds.
Then hark in the morn, *&c.*

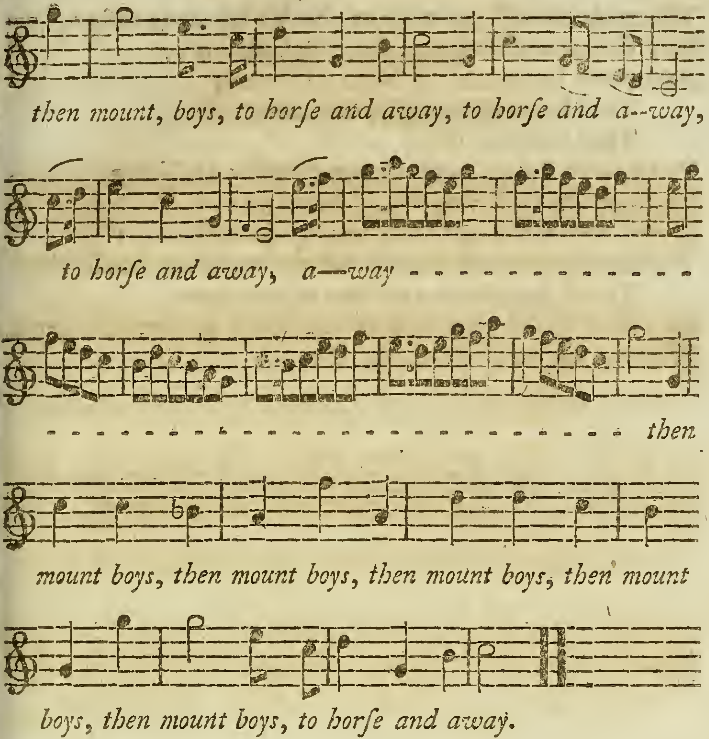
See how the brave hunters with courage elate,
Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate;
Borne by their bold courſers, no danger they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.
Then hark in the morn, *&c.*

Ye cits for the chace, quit the joys of the town,
And ſcorn the dull pleaſure of ſleeping in down;
Uncertain your toil, or for honour, or wealth,
Ours ſtill is repaid with contentment and health.
Then hark in the morn, *&c.*

SONG XLIII.

THE BLUSH OF AURORA.


The bluſh of Au-ro--ra now tinges the morn, and dew-
drops be--ſpangle the ſweet ſcented thorn; then ſound bro-
ther ſportſman ſound, ſound the gay horn, till Phœbus a-
wakens the day, till Phœbus a--wakens the day: and ſee
Sym.
now he riſes! in ſplendor how bright! I O Pe an!
Sym.
I O Pe an for Phœbus, for Phœbus the god
of delight, all glorious in beauty now ba-niſh-es night:

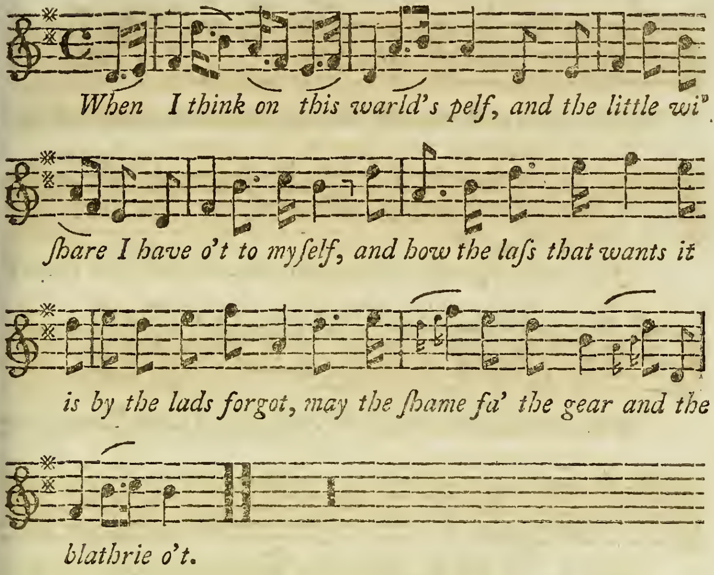

then mount, boys, to horſe and away, to horſe and a--way,
to horſe and away, a—way - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- then
mount boys, then mount boys, then mount boys, then mount
boys, then mount boys, to horſe and away.

What raptures can equal the joys of the chace!
Health, bloom, and contentment appear in each face,
And in our ſwift courſers what beauty and grace,
While we the fleet ſtag do purſue;
While we, &c.
At the deep and harmonious ſweet cry of the hounds,
Wing'd by terror, wing'd by terror,
Wing'd by terror, he burſts from the foreſt's wide bounds,
And tho' like the light'ning he darts o'er the grounds,
Yet ſtill, boys, we keep him in view.
We keep him in view, we keep him in view, in view,
And tho' like the light'ning, &c.

When chac'd till quite ſpent, he his life does reſign,
Our victim we'll offer at Bacchus's ſhrine;
And revel in honour of Nimrod divine,
    That hunter ſo mighty of fame,
    That hunter, *&c.*
Our glaſſes then charge to our country and king,
Love and beauty ; love and beauty ;
Love and beauty we'll fill to, and jovially ſing;
Wiſhing health and ſucceſs, till we make the houſe ring,
    To all ſportſmen and ſons of the game.
And ſons of the game; and ſons of the game; the game;
Wiſhing health and ſucceſs. *&c.*

SONG XLIV.

THE BLATHRIE O'T.


When I think on this warld's pelf, and the little wi'
ſhare I have o't to myſelf, and how the laſs that wants it
is by the lads forgot, may the ſhame fa' the gear and the
blathrie o't.

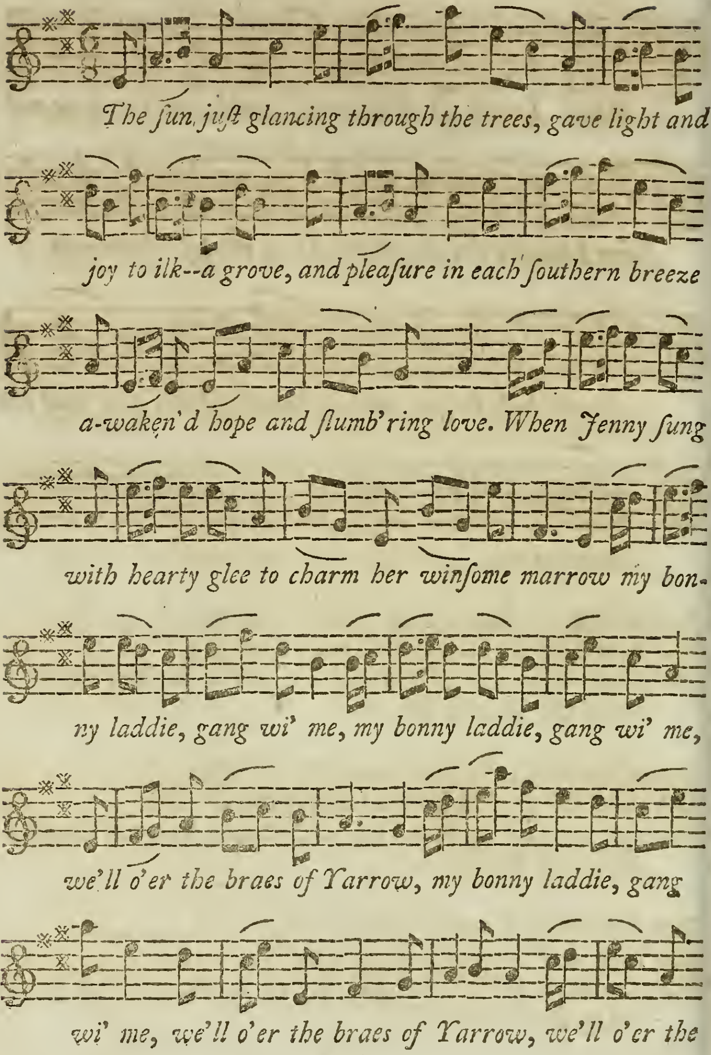
Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;
He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat;
May the ſhame, &c.

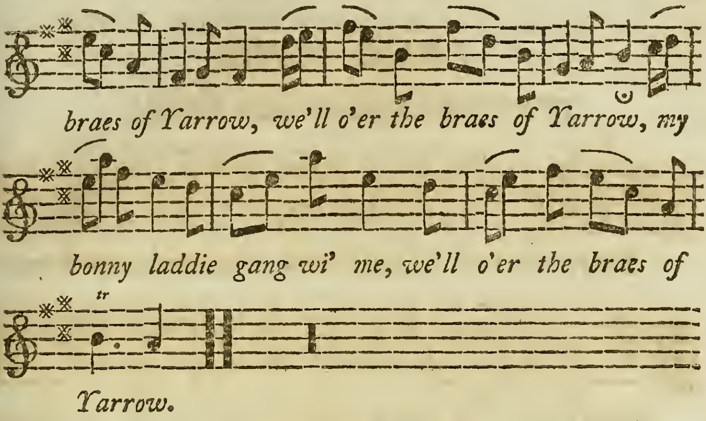
Jenny was the laſſie that mucked the byre,
But now ſhe is clad in her ſilken attire,
And Jockie ſays he loes her, and ſwears he's me forgot;
May the ſhame, &c.

But all this ſhall never danton me,
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free:
For the lad that's ſae inconſtant, he is not worth a groat;
May the ſhame, &c.

SONG XLV.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.


The ſun, juſt glancing through the trees, gave light and
joy to ilk--a grove, and pleaſure in each ſouthern breeze
a-waken'd hope and ſlumb'ring love. When Jenny ſung
with hearty glee to charm her winſome marrow my bon-
ny laddie, gang wi' me, my bonny laddie, gang wi' me,
we'll o'er the braes of Yarrow, my bonny laddie, gang
wi' me, we'll o'er the braes of Yarrow, we'll o'er the

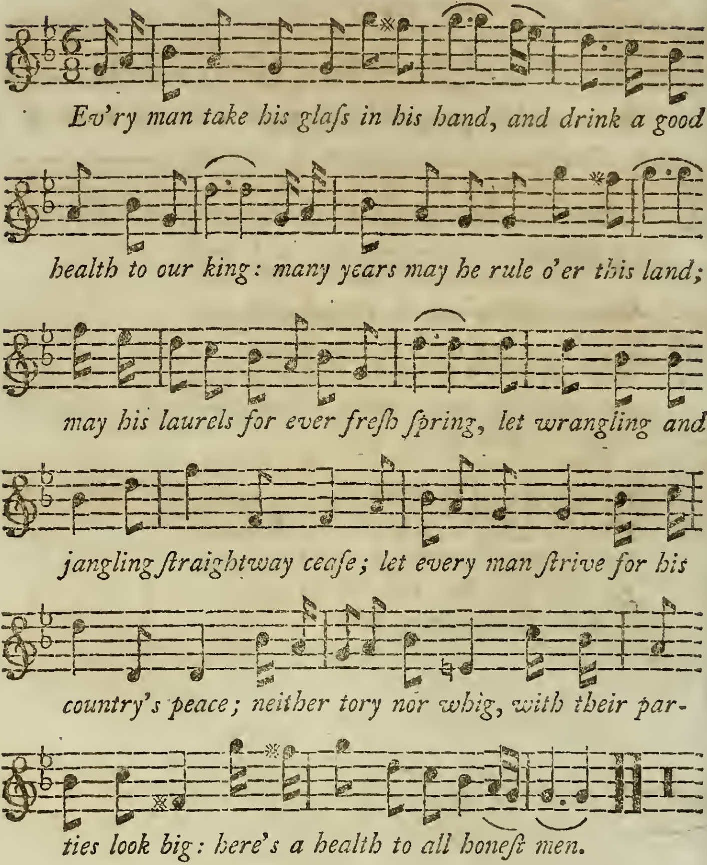

braes of Yarrow, we'll o'er the braes of Yarrow, my
bonny laddie gang wi' me, we'll o'er the braes of
tr
Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blytheſt ſwain
That ever pip'd on bonny brae;
Nae laſs could ken him free frae pain,
Sae graceful, kind, ſae fair and gay.
    And Jenny ſung, *&c.*

He kiſs'd and lov'd the bonny maid,
Her ſparkling een had won his heart,
No laſs the youth had e'er betray'd:
No fear had ſhe, the lad no art.
    And Jenny ſung, *&c.*

SONG XLVI.

EVERY MAN TAKE HIS GLASS.


Ev'ry man take his glaſs in his hand, and drink a good
health to our king: many years may he rule o'er this land;
may his laurels for ever freſh ſpring, let wrangling and
jangling ſtraightway ceaſe; let every man ſtrive for his
country's peace; neither tory nor whig, with their par-
ties look big: here's a health to all honeſt men.

'Tis not owning a whimſical name
That proves a man loyal and juſt:
Let him fight for his country's fame;
Be impartial at home, if in truſt.

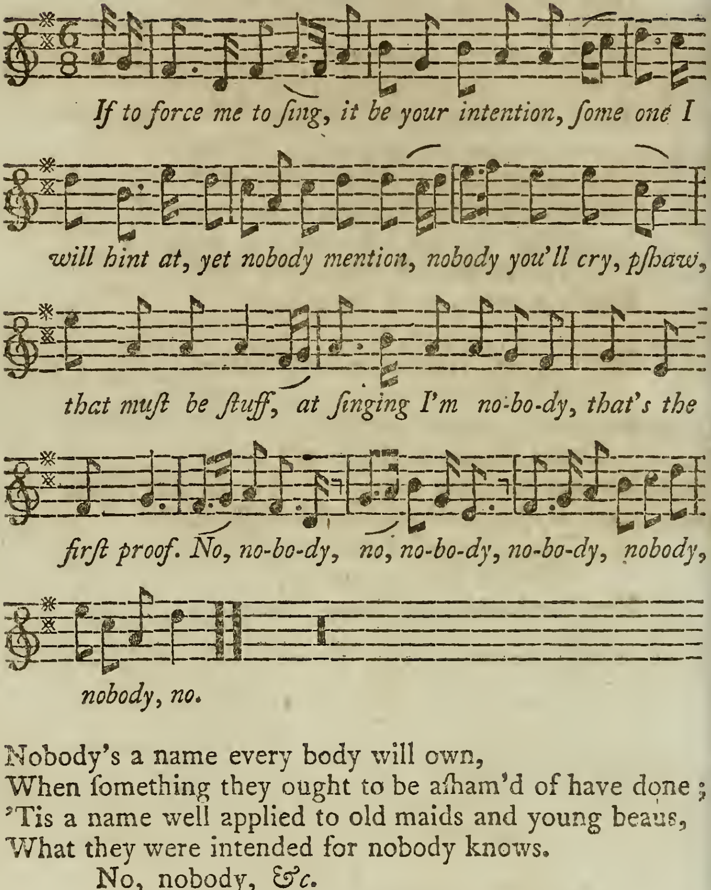
'Tis this that proves him an honeſt ſoul:
His health we'll drink in a brim-full bowl.
Then let's leave off debate,
No confuſion create;
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

When a company's honeſtly met,
With intent to be merry and gay,
Their drooping ſpirits to whet,
And drown the fatigues of the day—
What madneſs is it thus to diſpute,
When neither ſide can his man confute?
When you've ſaid what you dare,
You're but juſt where you were.
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

Then agree, ye true Britons, agree,
And ne'er quarrel about a nick-name;
Let your enemies trembling ſee
That a Briton is always the ſame.
For our king our laws, our church, our right,
Let's lay by all feuds, and ſtraight unite:
Then who need care a fig
Who's a tory or a whig?
Here's a health to all honeſt men.

SONG XLVII.

NOBODY.


If to force me to ſing, it be your intention, ſome one I
will hint at, yet nobody mention, nobody you'll cry, pſhaw,
that muſt be ſtuff, at ſinging I'm no-bo-dy, that's the
firſt proof. No, no-bo-dy, no, no-bo-dy, no-bo-dy, nobody,
nobody, no.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
When ſomething they ought to be aſham'd of have done;
'Tis a name well applied to old maids and young beaus,
What they were intended for nobody knows.
No, nobody, &c.

If negligent ſervants ſhould china-plate crack,
The fault is ſtill laid on poor nobody's back;
If accidents happen at home or abroad,
When nobody's blam'd for it, is not that odd?
No, nobody, &c.

Nobody can tell you the tricks that are play'd,
When nobody's by, betwixt maſter and maid:
She gently crys out, Sir, there'll ſome body hear us,
He ſoftly replies, my dear, no body's near us.
No, no body, *&c.*

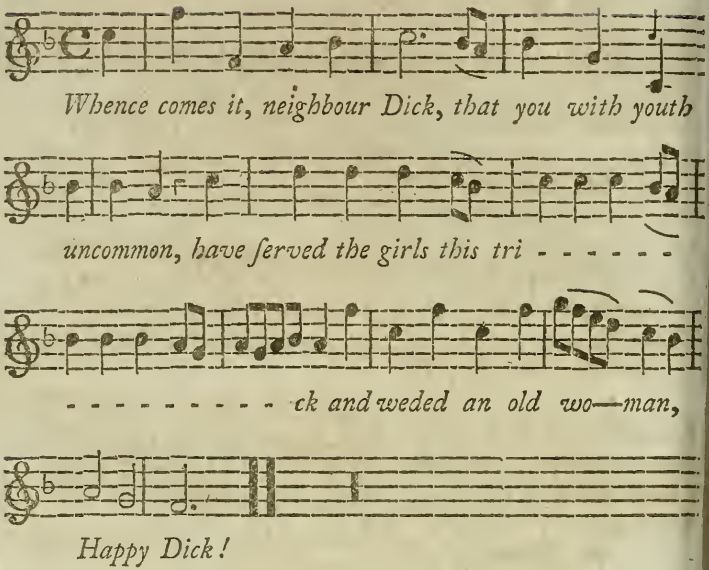
But big with child proving, ſhe's quickly diſcarded,
When favours are granted, nobody's rewarded;
And when ſhe's examined, crys, mortals, forbid it,
If I'm got with child, it was nobody did it.
No, nobody, *&c.*

When by ſtealth, the gallant, the wanton wife leaves,
The huſband's affrighten'd, and thinks it is thieves;
He rouſes himſelf, and crys loudly Who's there?
The wife pats his cheek, and ſays, nobody, dear.
No, nobody, *&c.*

Enough now of nobody, ſure has been ſung,
Since nobody's mention'd, nor nobody's wrong'd;
I hope for free ſpeaking, I may not be blam'd,
Since nobody's injur'd, nor nobody's nam'd.
No, nobody, *&c.*

SONG XLVIII.

HAPPY DICK.


Whence comes it, neighbour Dick, that you with youth
uncommon, have ſerved the girls this tri - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - ck and weded an old wo—man,
Happy Dick!

Each belle condemns the choice
  Of a youth ſo gay and ſprightly;
But we, your friends, rejoice,
  That you have judg'd ſo rightly:
Happy Dick!

Though odd to ſome it ſounds,
  That on threeſcore you ventur'd,
Yet in ten thouſand pounds
  Ten thouſand charms are center'd:
Happy Dick!

Beauty, we know, will fade,
  As doth the ſhort liv'd hour;

Nor can the faireſt maid
  Inſure her bloom an hour:
Happy Dick!

Then wiſely you reſign,
  For ſixty, charms ſo tranſient;
As the curious value coin
  The more for being ancient:
Happy Dick!

With joy your ſpouſe ſhall ſee
  The fading beauties round her,
And ſhe herſelf ſtill be
  The ſame that firſt you found her:
Happy Dick!

Oft is the married ſtate
  With jealouſies attended;
And hence, through foul debate,
  Are nuptial joys ſuſpended:
Happy Dick!

But you, with ſuch a wife,
  No jealous fears are under;
She's yours alone for life,
  Or much we all ſhall wonder:
Happy Dick!

Her death would grieve you ſore,
  But let not that torment you;
My life ſhe'll ſee fourſcore,
  If that will but content you:
Happy Dick!

On this you may rely,
  For the pains you took to win her,
She'll ne'er in child-bed die,
  Unleſs the d—l's in her:
Happy Dick!

Some have the name of hell
  To matrimony given:
How falſely you can tell,
  Who find it ſuch a heaven:
Happy Dick!

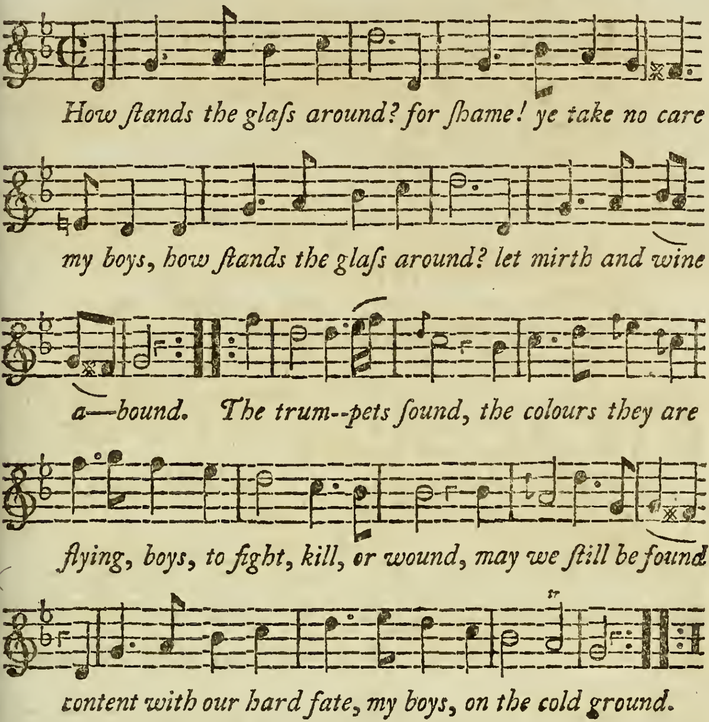
With you each day and night
  Is crown'd with joy and gladneſs;
While envious virgins bite
  Their heated ſheets for madneſs:
Happy Dick!

With ſpouſe long ſhare the bliſs
  Y'had miſs'd in any other;
And when you've bury'd this,
  May you have ſuch another:
Happy Dick!

Obſerving hence, by you,
  In marriage ſuch decorum,
Our wiſer youth ſhall do
  As you have done before 'em:
Happy Dick!

SONG XLIX.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND?


How ſtands the glaſs around? for ſhame! ye take no care
my boys, how ſtands the glaſs around? let mirth and wine
a—bound. The trum--pets ſound, the colours they are
flying, boys, to fight, kill, or wound, may we ſtill be found
content with our hard fate, my boys, on the cold ground.

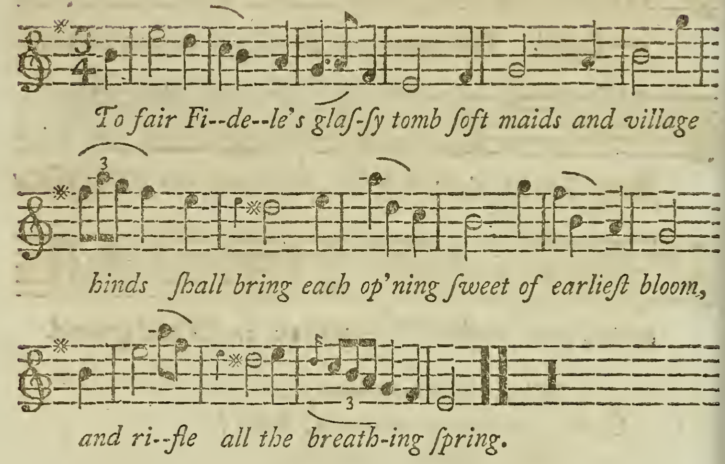
Why, ſoldiers, why,
Shou'd we be melancholy, boys?
Why, ſoldiers, why?
Whoſe buſineſs 'tis to die!
What, ſighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And ſcorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
'Tis but in vain
For ſoldiers to complain,
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again.

* * *

SONG L.

FIDELE's TOMB.


To fair Fi--de--le's glaſ-ſy tomb ſoft maids and village
hinds ſhall bring each op'ning ſweet of earlieſt bloom,
and ri--fle all the breath-ing ſpring.

No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear,
To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove;
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
And tender virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;

But female fays ſhall haunt the green,
And deck thy grave with pearly dew.

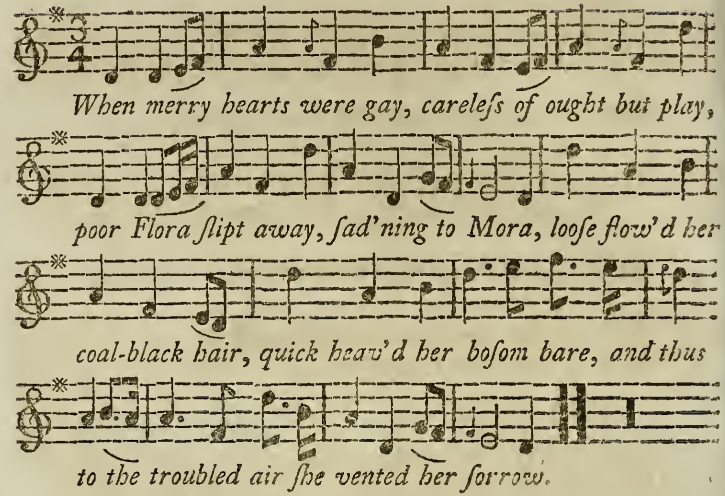
The red-breaſt oft at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend it's little aid,
With hoary moſs and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain,
In tempeſt ſhake the Sylvian cell,
Or midſt the chace upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell,

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be daily ſhed.
Belov'd till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's ſelf is dead.

SONG LI.

DONNEL AND FLORA.


When merry hearts were gay, careleſs of ought but play,
poor Flora ſlipt away, ſad'ning to Mora, looſe flow'd her
coal-black hair, quick heav'd her boſom bare, and thus
to the troubled air ſhe vented her ſorrow.

" Loud howls the northern blaſt,
" Bleak is the dreary waſte ;—
" Haſte then, O Donnel haſte,
" Haſte to thy Flora.
" Twice twelve long months are o'er,
" Since in a foreign ſhore,
" You promis'd to fight no more,
" But meet me in Mora.

" Where now is Donnel dear ?
" Maids cry with taunting ſneer,
" Say, is he ſtill ſincere .
To his lov'd Flora.
" Parents upbraid my moan,
" Each heart is turn'd to ſtone—
" Ah Flora ! thou'rt now alone,
" Friendleſs in Mora.

" Come, then, O come away,
" Donnel no longer ſtay ;

" Where can my rover ſtray
" From his dear Flora.
" Ah ſure he ne'er could be
" Falſe to his vows to me.
" O heav'n, is not yonder he
" Bounding in Mora."

" Never, O wretched fair,"
(Sigh'd the ſad meſſenger)
" Never ſhall Donnel mair
" Meet his lov'd Flora.
" Cold, cold beyond the main
" Donnel thy love lies ſlain;
" He ſent me to ſoothe thy pain
" Weeping in Mora.

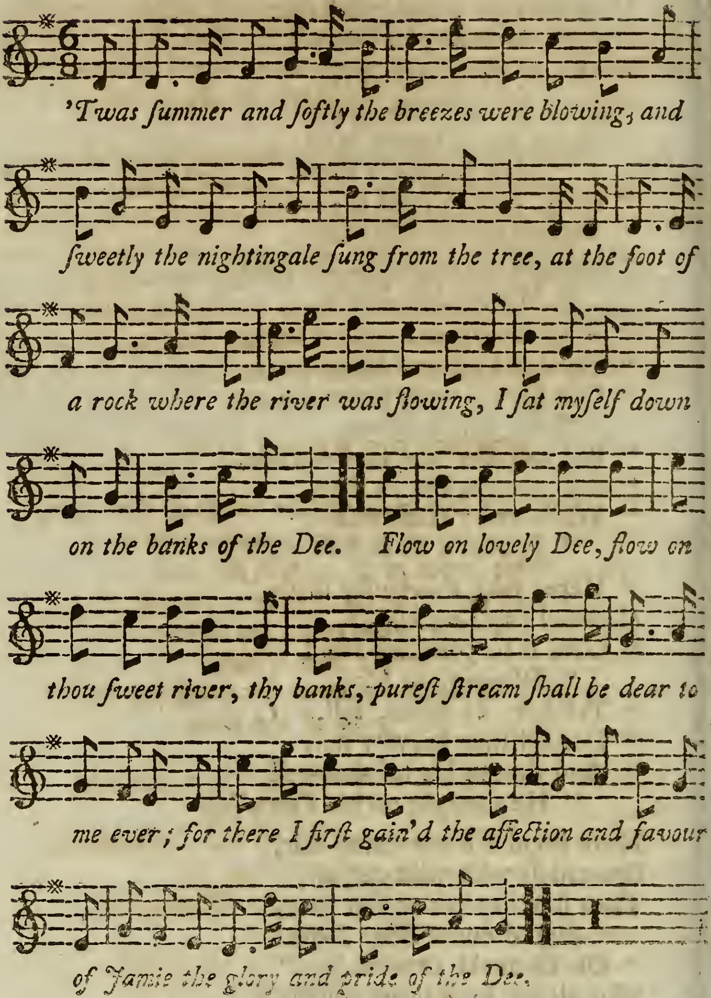
" Well fought our gallant men,
" Headed by brave Burgoyne;
" Our heroes were thrice led on
" To Britiſh glory.
" But ah! tho' our foes did flee,
" Sad was the loſs to thee,
" While every freſh victory
" Drown'd us in ſorrow."

" Here, take this truſty blade,"
(Donnel expiring, ſaid)
" Give it to yon dear maid
" Weeping in Mora.
" Tell her, O Allan, tell,
" Donnel thus bravely fell,
" And that in his laſt farewell,
" He thought on his Flora."

Mute ſtood the trembling fair,
Speechleſs with wild deſpair,
Then ſtriking her boſom bare,
Sigh'd out " Poor Flora!
" Oh Donnel! O welladay!"
Was all the fond heart could ſay:
At length the ſound died away,
Feebly in Mora.

SONG LII.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.


'Twas ſummer and ſoftly the breezes were blowing, and
ſweetly the nightingale ſung from the tree, at the foot of
a rock where the river was flowing, I ſat myſelf down
on the banks of the Dee. Flow on lovely Dee, flow on
thou ſweet river, thy banks, pureſt ſtream ſhall be dear to
me ever; for there I firſt gain'd the affection and favour
of Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels for valiant is he;
And ah! there's no hopes of his ſpeedy returning,
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapleſs youth! o'er the loud roaring billows;
The kindeſt and ſweeteſt of all the gay fellows;
And left me to ſtray 'mongſt the once loved willows,
The lonelieſt maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers, may perhaps yet reſtore him,
Bleſt peace may reſtore my dear ſhepherd to me;
And when he returns, with ſuch care I'll watch o'er him;
He never ſhall leave the ſweet Banks of the Dee.
The Dee then ſhall flow, all it's beauties diſplaying;
The lambs on it's banks ſhall again be ſeen playing;
While I, with my Jamie, am careleſsly ſtraying,
And taſting again all the ſweets of the Dee.

ADDITIONS BY A LADY.

THUS ſung the fair maid on the banks of the river,
And ſweetly re-echo'd each neighbouring tree;
But now all theſe hopes muſt evaniſh for ever,
Since Jamie ſhall ne'er ſee the Banks of the Dee.
On a foreign ſhore the ſweet youth lay dying,
In a foreign grave his body's now lying;
While friends and acquaintance in Scotland are crying
For Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

Mis-hap on the hand by whom he was wounded;
Mis-hap on the wars that call'd him away
From a circle of friends by which he was ſurrounded,
Who mourn for dear Jamie the tedious day.
Oh! poor hapleſs maid, who mourns diſcontented,
The loſs of a lover ſo juſtly lamented;
By time, only time, can her grief be contented,
And all her dull hours become chearful and gay.

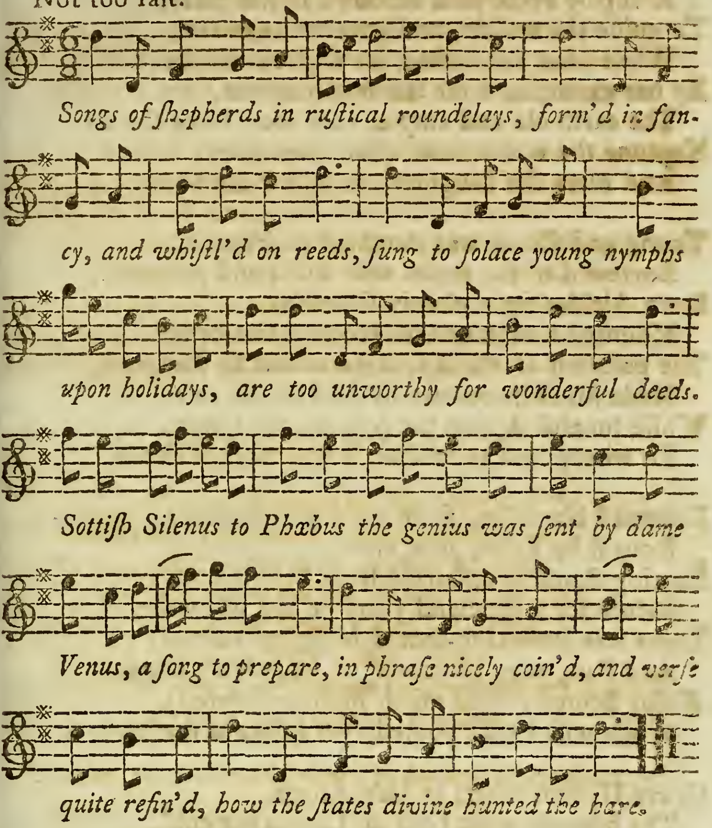
'Twas honour and bravery made him leave her mourning,
From unjuſt rebellion his country to free;
He left her, in hopes of his ſpeedy returning
To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
For this he deſpiſed all dangers and perils;
'Twas thus he eſpouſed Britannia's quarrels,
That when he came home he might crown her with laurels,
The happieſt maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,
Though dreadful the thought muſt be unto me;
He fell like brave Wolf where the troops were victorious,
Sure each tender heart muſt bewail the decree:
Yet, though he is gone, the once faithful lover,
And all our fine ſchemes of true happineſs over,
No doubt he implored his pity and favour
For me he had left on the Banks of the Dee.

SONG LIII.

SONGS OF SHEPHERDS.

Not too faſt.


Songs of ſhepherds in ruſtical roundelays, form'd in fan-
cy, and whiſtl'd on reeds, ſung to ſolace young nymphs
upon holidays, are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.
Sottiſh Silenus to Phœbus the genius was ſent by dame
Venus, a ſong to prepare, in phraſe nicely coin'd, and verſe
quite refin'd, how the ſtates divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tired with paſtimes Olympical,
Stars and planets that beautiful ſhone,
Could no longer endure that men only ſhould
Revel in pleaſures, and they but look on.
Round about horned Lucina they ſwarmed,
And quickly inform'd her how minded they were,

Each god and goddeſs to take human bodies,
As lords and ladies to follow the hare.

Chaſte Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Proſerpina ſat down in her place,
To guide the welkin, and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chace.
By her example, their father to trample,
The earth old and ample, they ſoon leave the air:
Neptune the water, and wine Liber pater,
And Mars the ſlaughter, to follow the hare.

Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegaſus,
Borrow'd o' the muſes with kiſſes and prayers;
Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucaſus
Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears.
The poſtilion of the ſky, light-heeled ſir Mercury,
Made his ſwift courſer fly fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo the paſtime did follow,
To whoop and to hollow, boys, after the hare.

Drowned Narciſſus, from his metamorphoſis
Rous'd by Echo, new manhood did take.
Snoring Somnus upſtarted from Cim'ries:
Before for a thouſand years he did not wake.
There was lame club-footed Mulciber booted;
And Pan, too, promoted on Corydon's mare.
Æolus flouted; with mirth Momus ſhouted;
While wiſe Pallas pouted, yet follow'd the hare.

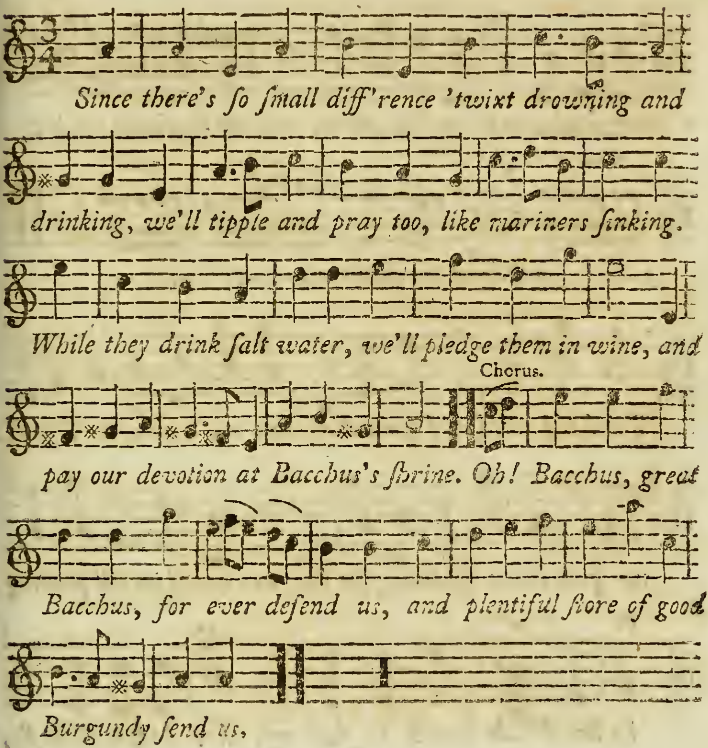
Grave Hymen uſhers in lady Aſtrea.
The humour took hold of Latona the cold.
Ceres the brown, too, with bright Cytherea,
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold;
Shamefac'd Aurora, with witty Pandora,
And Maria with Flora did company bear;
But Juno was ſtated too high to be mated,
Although, Sir, ſhe hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls of Olympical nectar
The Troy-born boy now preſents on his knee;
Jove to Phœbus now carouſes in nectar,
And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me:
Wherewith infuſed, I piped and muſed,
In language unuſed, their ſports to declare,
Till the vaſt houſe of Jove like the bright ſpheres did move.
Here's a health, then, to all that love hunting the hare.

* * *

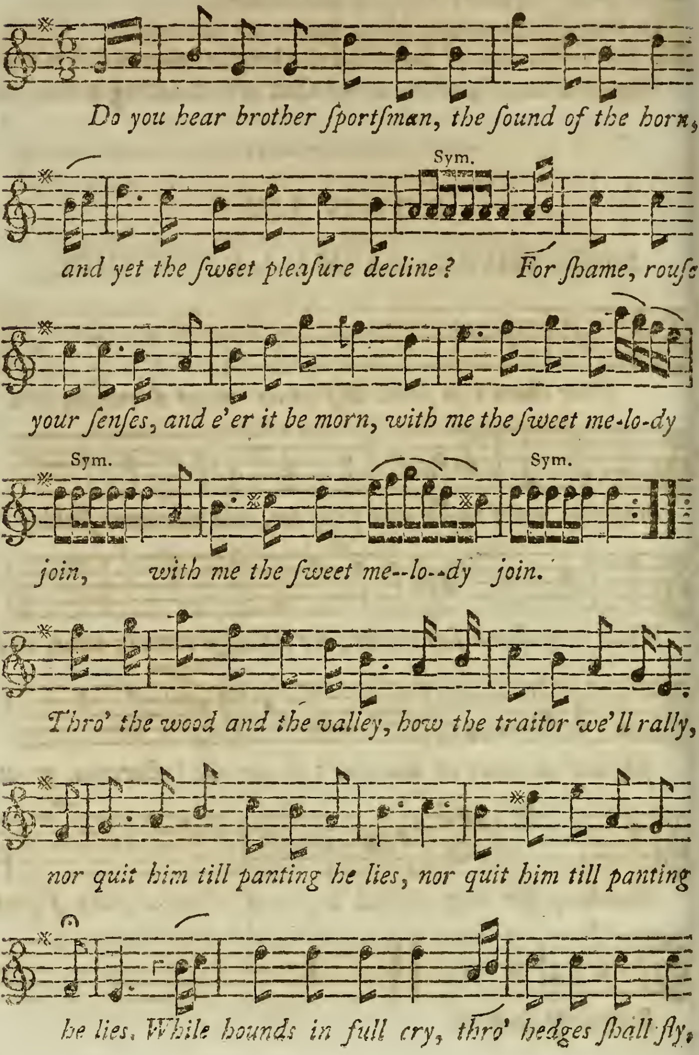
SONG LIV.

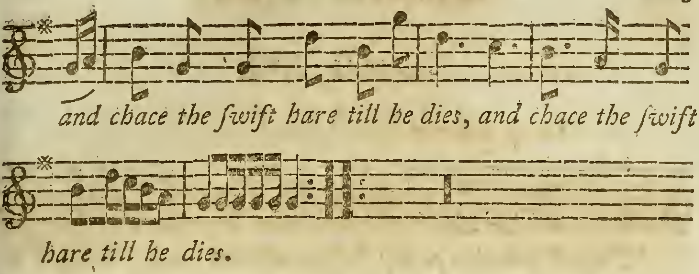
SINCE THERE's SO SMALL DIFFERENCE.


Since there's ſo ſmall diff'rence 'twixt drowning and
drinking, we'll tipple and pray too, like mariners ſinking.
While they drink ſalt water, we'll pledge them in wine, and
Chorus.
pay our devotion at Bacchus's ſhrine. Oh! Bacchus, great
Bacchus, for ever defend us, and plentiful ſtore of good
Burgundy ſend us.

SONG LV.

DO YOU HEAR BROTHER SPORTSMAN.

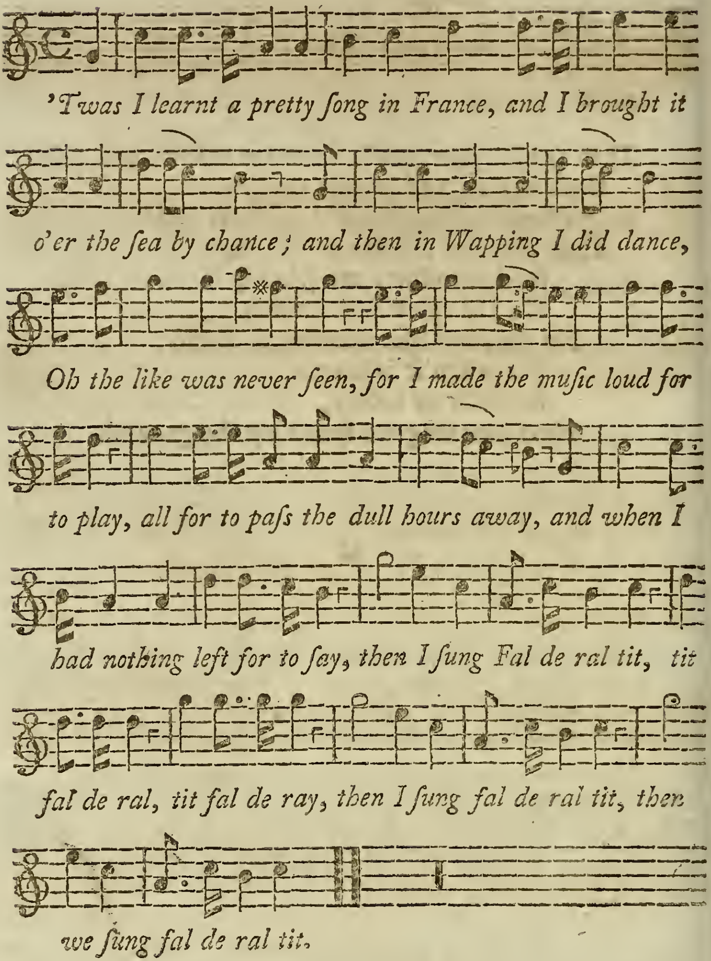

Do you hear brother ſportſman, the ſound of the horn,
and yet the ſweet pleaſure decline? Sym. For ſhame, rouſe
your ſenſes, and e'er it be morn, with me the ſweet me-lo-dy
Sym. join, with me the ſweet me--lo--dy join. Sym.
Thro' the wood and the valley, how the traitor we'll rally,
nor quit him till panting he lies, nor quit him till panting
he lies. While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges ſhall fly,


and chace the ſwift hare till he dies, and chace the ſwift
hare till he dies.

Then ſaddle your ſteed, to the meadows and fields,
Both willing and joyous repair ;
No paſtime in life greater happineſs yields,
Than chacing the fox or the hare.
Such comforts my friend,
On the ſportſman attend,
No pleaſure like hunting is found ;
For when it is o'er,
As briſk as before,
Next morning we ſpurn up the ground.

SONG LVI.

FAL DE RAL TIT.


'Twas I learnt a pretty ſong in France, and I brought it
o'er the ſea by chance; and then in Wapping I did dance,
Oh the like was never ſeen, for I made the muſic loud for
to play, all for to paſs the dull hours away, and when I
had nothing left for to ſay, then I ſung Fal de ral tit, tit
fal de ral, tit fal de ray, then I ſung fal de ral tit, then
we ſung fal de ral tit.

As I was walking down Thames ſtreet,
A ſhip mate of mine I chanc'd for to meet,
And I was reſolv'd him for to treat,
With a cann of grog, gillio!
A cann of grog they brought us ſtrait,
All for to pleaſure my ſhip mate,
And ſatisfaction give him ſtrait,
Then I ſung Fal de ral tit, *&c.*

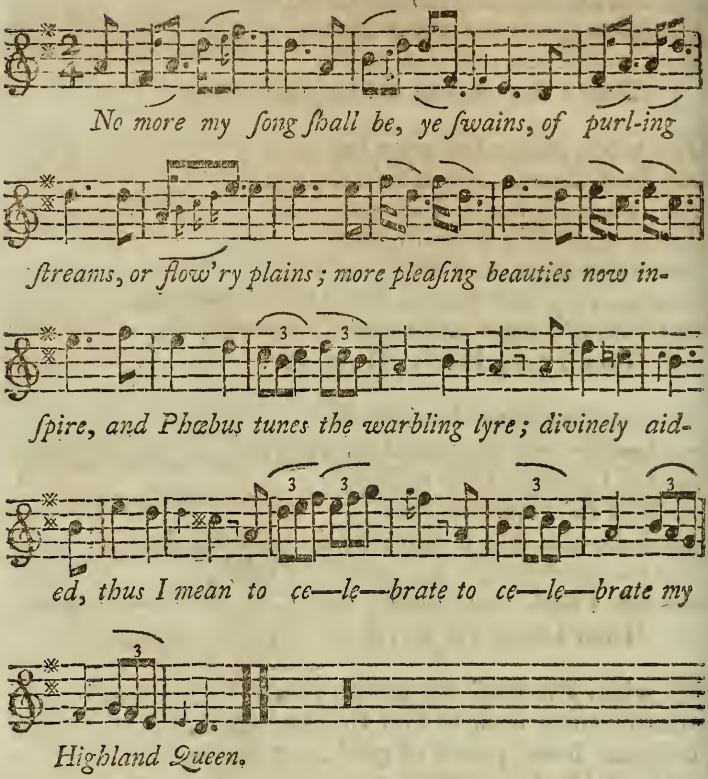
The macaronies next came in,
All dreſt ſo neat, and look'd ſo trim,
And thinking for to ſtrike me dum,
There was half a ſcore or more.
Some was ſhort, and ſome was tall,
But 'tis very well known that I lick'd them all,
For I dous'd their heads againſt the wall,
Then I ſung Fal de ral tit, *&c.*

The landlord then aloud did ſay,
As how he wiſh'd I wou'd go away;
And if I 'tempted for to ſtay,
As how he'd take the law.
Lord d—me, ſays I, you may do your worſt,
For I've not ſcarcely quench'd my thirſt,
All this I ſaid, and nothing worſe,
Then I ſung Fal de ral tit, *&c.*

It's when I've croſt the raging main,
And be come back to Old England again,
Bringing home plenty of gold from Spain,
Of grog I'll dring galore;
With a pretty girl for to ſit by my ſide,
And for her coſtly robes I'll provide,
So that ſhe ſhall be ſatisfied,
Then I'll ſing Fal de ral tit, *&c.*

SONG LVII.

HIGHLAND QUEEN.


No more my ſong ſhall be, ye ſwains, of purl-ing
ſtreams, or flow'ry plains; more pleaſing beauties now in-
ſpire, and Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre; divinely aid-
ed, thus I mean to ce—le—brate to ce—le—brate my
Highland Queen.

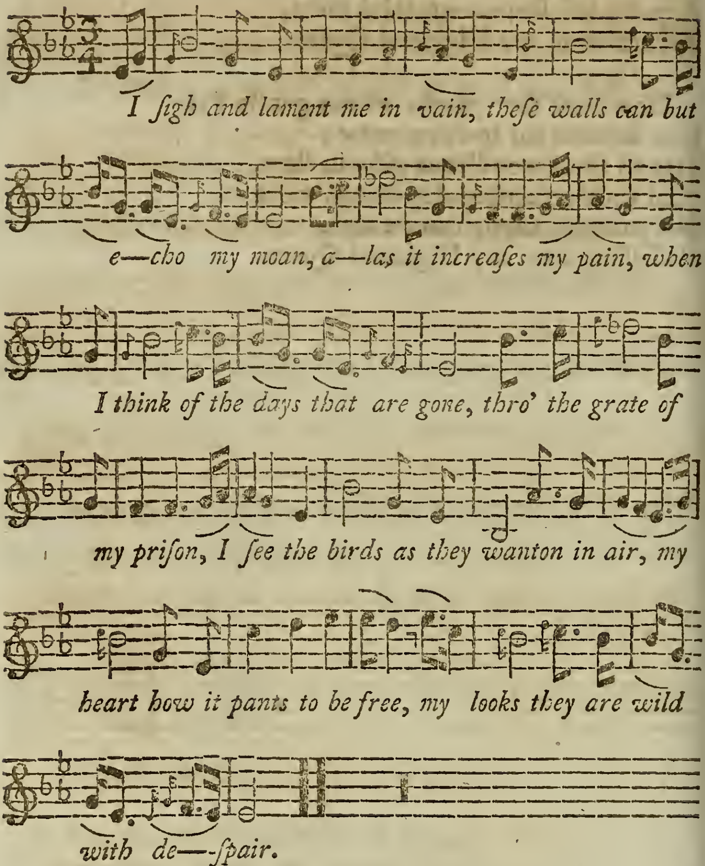
In her, ſweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike ſhe ſmiles on you and me,
The brighteſt nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No ſordid wiſh, or trifling joy,
Her ſettled calm of mind deſtroy;
Strict honour fills her ſpotleſs ſoul,
And adds a luſtre to the whole;
A matchleſs ſhape a graceful mein,
All center in my Highland Queen.

How bleſt that youth, whom gentle Fate
Has deſtin'd for ſo fair a mate;
Has all theſe wond'rous gifts in ſtore,
And each returning day brings more:
No youth ſo happy can be ſeen,
Poſſeſſing thee, my Highland Queen.

SONG LVIII.

QUEEN MARY's LAMENTATION.


I ſigh and lament me in vain, theſe walls can but
e—cho my moan, a—las it increaſes my pain, when
I think of the days that are gone, thro' the grate of
my priſon, I ſee the birds as they wanton in air, my
heart how it pants to be free, my looks they are wild
with de—ſpair.

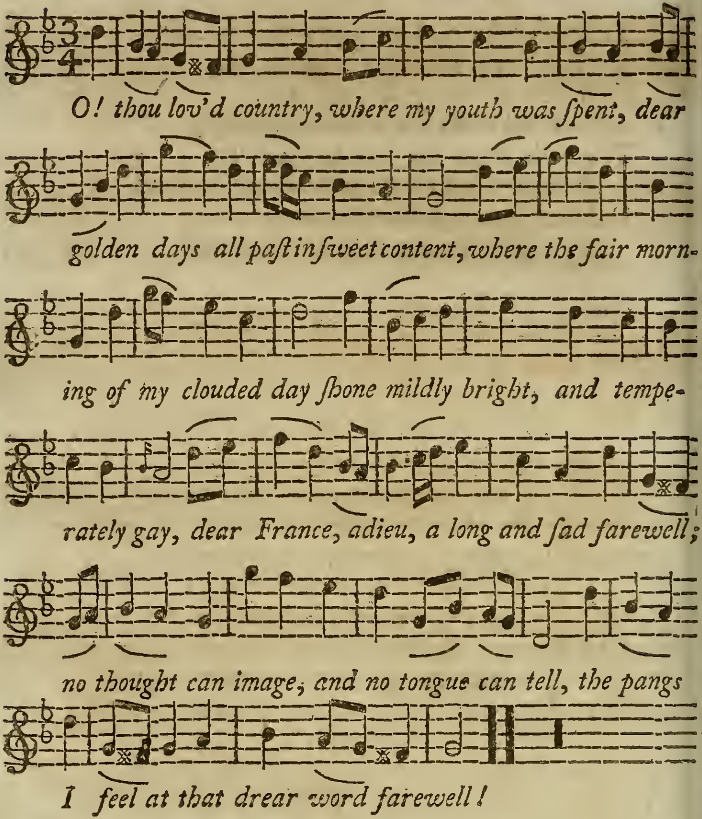
Above tho' oppreſt by my fate,
  I burn with contempt for my foes,
Tho' fortune has alter'd my ſtate
  She ne'er can ſubdue me to thoſe;

Falſe woman in ages to come,
Thy malice deteſted ſhall be
And when we are cold in the tomb
Some heart ſtill will ſorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and diſmay,
With ſilence and ſolitude dwell,
How comfortleſs paſſes the day,
How ſad tolls the evening bell;
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow wind ſeems to murmur around,
O Mary, prepare thee to die,
My blood it runs cold at the ſound.

SONG LIX.

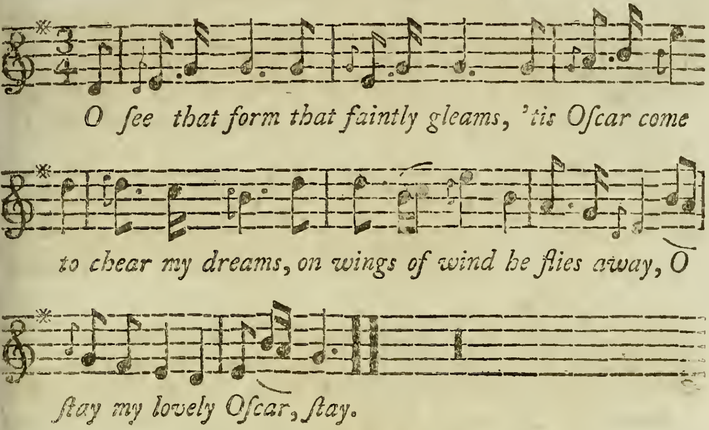
QUEEN MARY's FAREWELL TO FRANCE.


O! thou lov'd country, where my youth was ſpent, dear
golden days all paſt in ſweet content, where the fair morn-
ing of my clouded day ſhone mildly bright, and tempe-
rately gay, dear France, adieu, a long and ſad farewell;
no thought can image, and no tongue can tell, the pangs
I feel at that drear word farewell!

The ſhip that waſts me from my friendly ſhore,
Conveys my body, but conveys no more.
My ſoul is thine, that ſpark of heav'nly flame,
That better portion of my mingled frame,
Is wholy thine, that part I give to thee,
That in the temple of thy memory,
The other ever may enſhrined be.

SONG LX.

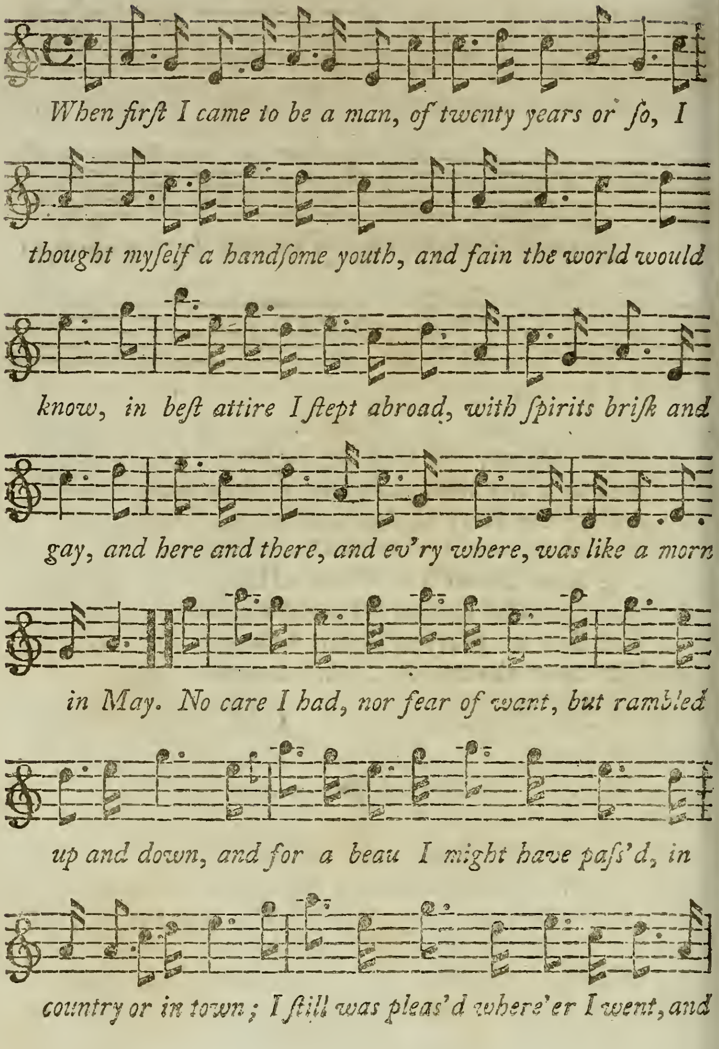
OSCAR's GHOST.

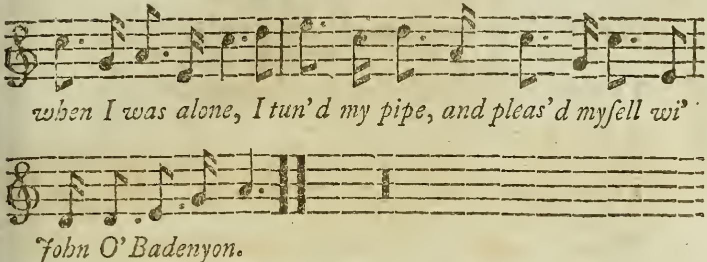

O ſee that form that faintly gleams, 'tis Oſcar come
to chear my dreams, on wings of wind he flies away, O
ſtay my lovely Oſcar, ſtay.

Wake Oſſian, laſt of Fingal's line,
And mix thy tears and ſighs with mine.
Awake the Harp to doleful lays,
And ſoothe my ſoul with Oſcar's praiſe.
The Shell is ceas'd in Oſcar's Hall,
Since gloomy Kerbar wrought the fall,
The Roe on Morven lightly bounds,
Nor hears the cry of Oſcar's hounds.

SONG LXI.

JOHN O'BADENYON.


When firſt I came to be a man, of twenty years or ſo, I
thought myſelf a handſome youth, and fain the world would
know, in beſt attire I ſtept abroad, with ſpirits briſk and
gay, and here and there, and ev'ry where, was like a morn
in May. No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled
up and down, and for a beau I might have paſs'd, in
country or in town; I ſtill was pleas'd where'er I went, and



Now in the days of youthful prime,
  A miſtreſs I muſt find;
For love they ſay, gives one an air,
  And even improves the mind:
On Phillis fair, above the reſt,
  Kind fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauty ſtruck my heart,
  And ſhe became my choice:
To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r,
  I offer'd many vow,
And danc'd, and ſung, and ſigh'd and ſwore,
  As other lovers do:
But when at laſt I breath'd my flame,
  I found her cold as ſtone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
  To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd,
  With fooliſh hopes and vain,
To friendſhip's port I ſteer'd my courſe,
  And laugh'd at lovers' pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance,
  'Twas ſomething like divine;
An honeſt friend's a precious gift,
  And ſuch a gift was mine:
And now whatever might betide,
  A happy man was I,
In any ſtrait I knew to whom
  I freely might apply:

A ſtrait ſoon came, my friend I try'd,
He laugh'd and ſpurn'd my moan:
I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myſelf
With John of Badenyon.

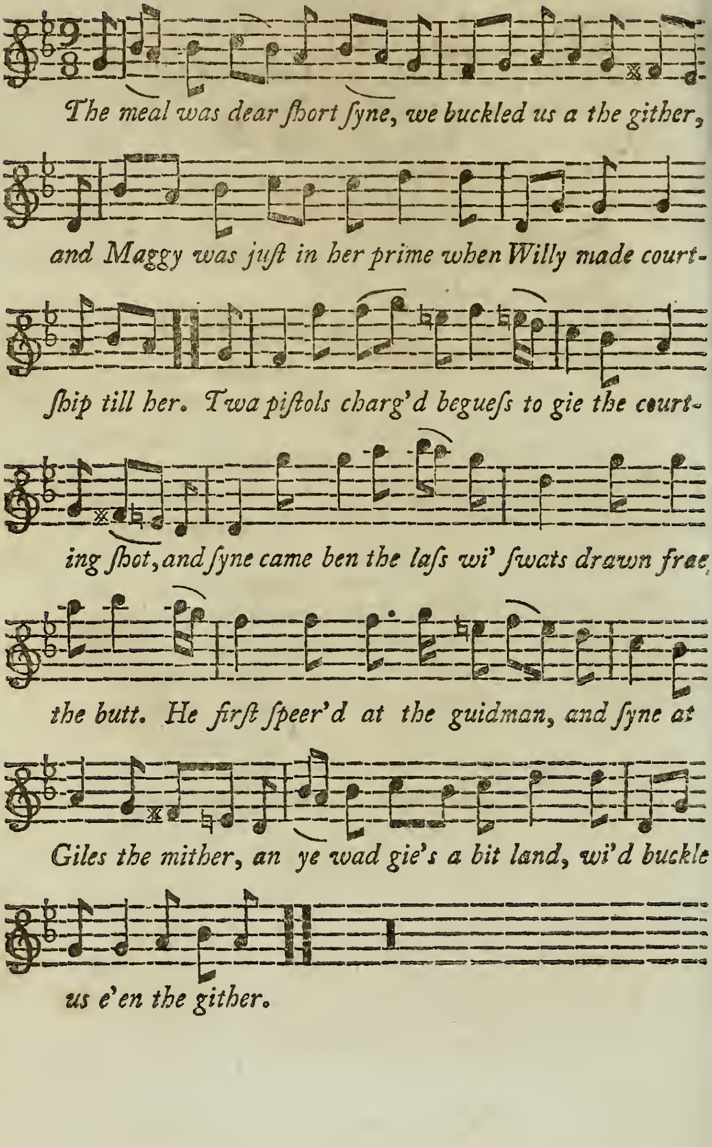
I thought I ſhould be wiſer next,
And would a patriot turn;
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
And cry up Parſon-Horne:
Their noble ſpirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen,
Maintain'd the public weal;
But 'ere a month or two was paſt,
I found myſelf betray'd;
'Twas ſelf and party after all,
For all the ſtir they made.
At laſt I ſaw theſe factious knaves
Inſult the very throne;
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to ſucceed,
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely try'd to read;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
And ſtudy'd night and day;
Nor miſt what dean or doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way:
Philoſophy I now eſteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth:
A thouſand various ſchemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd with none:
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngſters, every where,
Who want to make a ſhow,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happineſs below;
What you may fancy pleaſure here,
Is but an empty name;
For girls, and friends, and books are ſo,
You'll find them all the ſame.
Then be advis'd, and warning take,
From ſuch a man as me;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
Nor one of low degree,
You'll find diſpleaſure ev'ry where:
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and pleaſe yourſelf
With John of Badenyon.

SONG LXII.

MAGGY's TOCHER.


The meal was dear ſhort ſyne, we buckled us a the gither,
and Maggy was juſt in her prime when Willy made court-
ſhip till her. Twa piſtols charg'd begueſs to gie the court-
ing ſhot, and ſyne came ben the laſs wi' ſwats drawn frae
the butt. He firſt ſpeer'd at the guidman, and ſyne at
Giles the mither, an ye wad gie's a bit land, wi'd buckle
us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye ſhall hae,
  I'll gi' you her by the hand;
But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
  Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it ſhall be good,
  There's nane ſall hae it's maik,
The laſs bound in her ſnood,
  And Crummie wha kens her ſtake:
With an auld bedden o' claiths,
  Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
  Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye ſpeak right well guidman,
  But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modeſty,
  Gin ye'll not quat your land:
We are but young ye ken,
  And now we're gawn the gither:
A houſe is but and ben,
  And Crummie will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
  And they'll cry, O their mither!
We have nouther pat nor pan,
  But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough
  For that you need nae fear,
Twa good ſtilts to the pleugh,
  And ye yourſell maun ſteer:
Ye ſhall hae twa good pocks
  That ane's were o' the tweel,
The t'ane to had the grots,
  The ither to had the meal;
With an auld kiſt made of wands,
  And that ſall be your coffer;
Wi' aiken woody bands,
  And that may had your tocher.

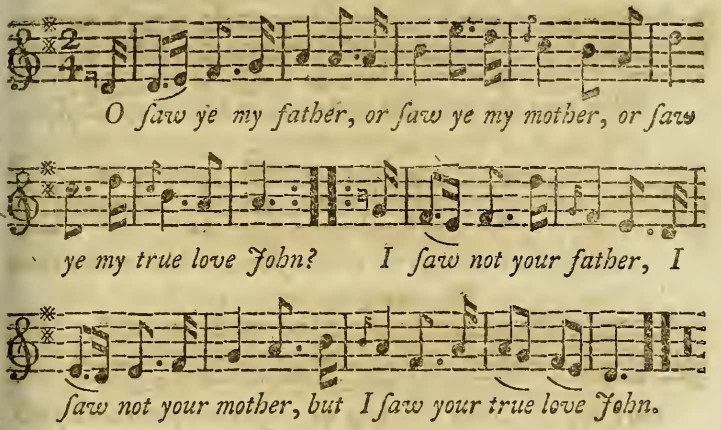
Conſider well guidman,
We hae but borrowed gear,
The horſe that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilſon's mare:
The ſaddle's nane of my ain:
And thae's but borrow'd boots,
And when that I gae hame,
I maun tak to my koots:
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look ſae crouſe;
Come fill us a cogue of ſwats,
We'll make nae mair toom ruſe.

I like you well young lad,
For telling me ſae plain.
I married when little I had
O' gear that was my ain:
But ſyne that things are ſae,
The bride ſhe maun come furth,
Tho' a' the gear ſhe'll hae,
It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
Fy cry on Giles the mither:
Content am I quo' ſhe,
E'en gar the hiſſy come hither.
The bride ſhe gade till her bed,
The bridgroom he came till her;
The fidler crap in at the fit,
And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

SONG LXIII.

THE GRAY COCK.


O ſaw ye my father, or ſaw ye my mother, or ſaw
ye my true love John? I ſaw not your father, I
ſaw not your mother, but I ſaw your true love John.

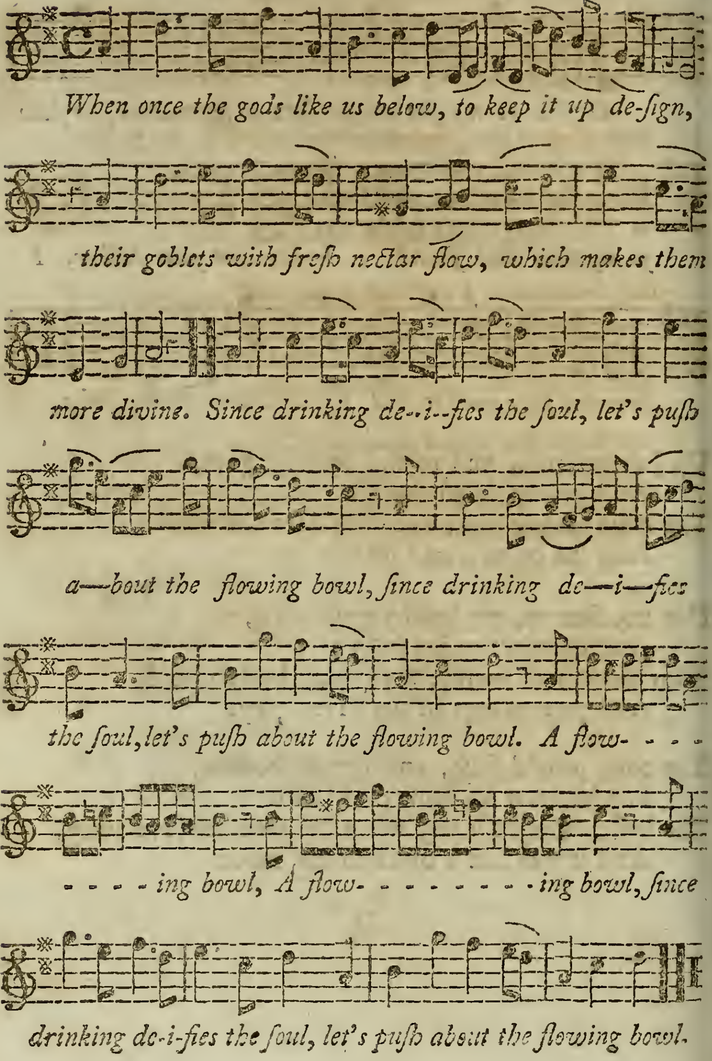
Up Johnny roſe, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin.
The laſſie taking tent, unto the door ſhe went,
And ſhe open'd and let him in.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
And craw when it is day;
Your neck ſhall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the ſilver gray.

The cock prov'd falſe, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er ſoon.
The laſſie thought it day when ſhe ſent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

SONG LXIV.

WHEN ONCE THE GODS.


When once the gods like us below, to keep it up de-ſign,
their goblets with freſh nectar flow, which makes them
more divine. Since drinking de-·i-·fies the ſoul, let's puſh
a—bout the flowing bowl, ſince drinking de—i—fies
the ſoul, let's puſh about the flowing bowl. A flow- - - -
- - - - ing bowl, A flow- - - - - - - - ing bowl, ſince
drinking de-i-fies the ſoul, let's puſh about the flowing bowl.

The glittering ſtar and ribbon blue,
That deck the courtier's breaſt,
May hide a heart of blackeſt hue,
Though by the king careſs'd.
Let him in pride and ſplendor roll;
We'er happier o'er a flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

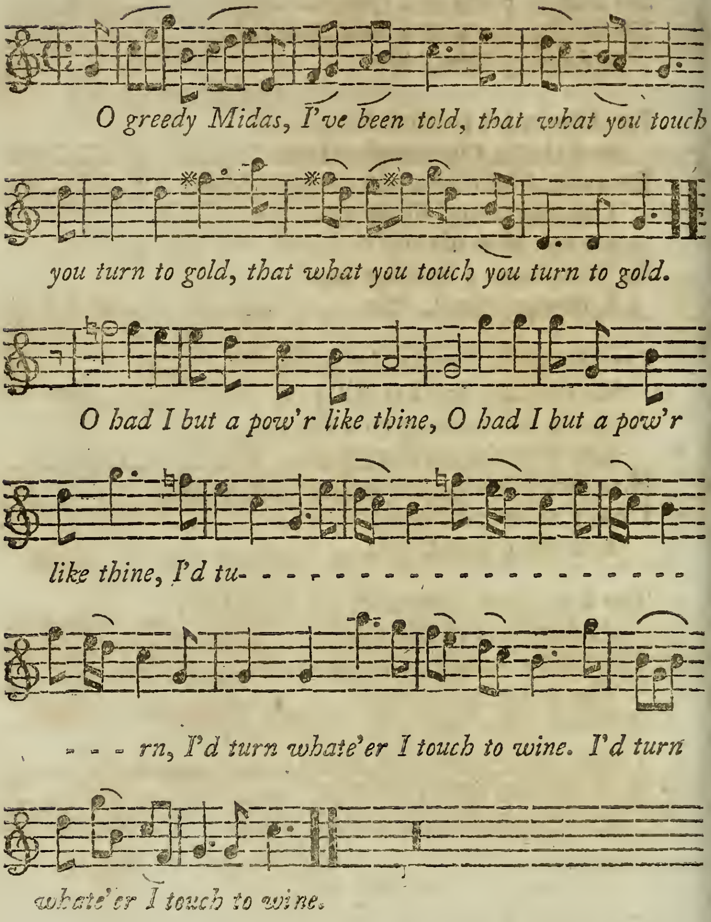
For liberty let patriots rave,
And damn the courtly crew,
Becauſe, like them, they want to have
The loaves and fiſhes too.
I care not who divides the cole,
So I can ſhare a flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

Let Mansfield Lord-chief-juſtice be,
Sir Fletcher ſpeaker ſtill;
At home let Rodney rule the ſea,
And Pitt the treaſury ſtill:
No place I want, throughout the whole,
I want an ever-flowing, bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

The ſon wants ſquare-toes at old Nick,
And miſs is mad to wed;
The doctor wants us to be ſick;
The undertaker dead.
All have their wants from pole to pole;
I want an ever-flowing bowl.
A flowing bowl, &c.

SONG LXV.

O GREEDY MIDAS.

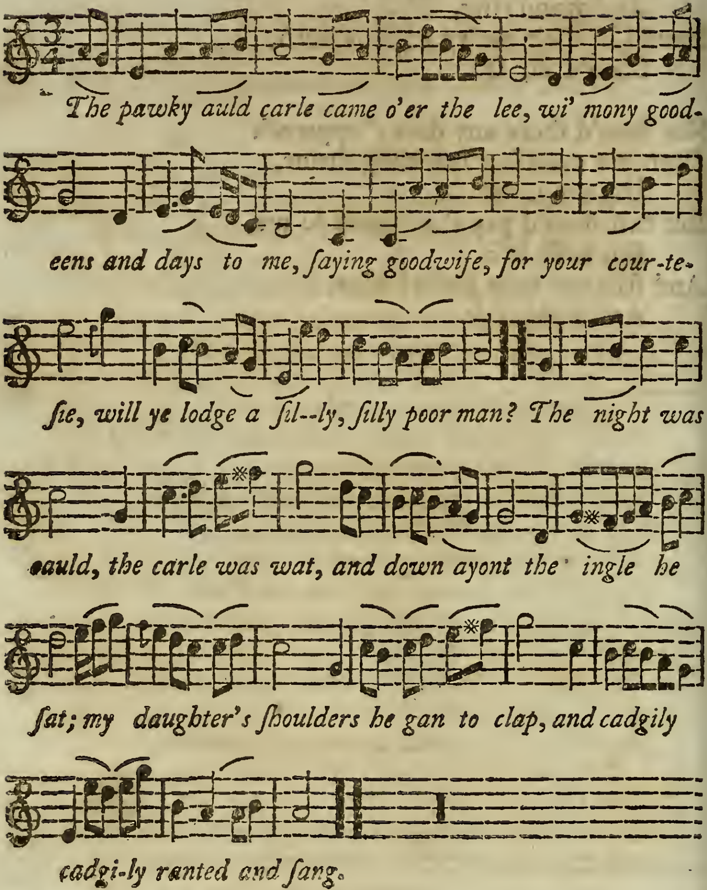

O greedy Midas, I've been told, that what you touch
you turn to gold, that what you touch you turn to gold.
O had I but a pow'r like thine, O had I but a pow'r
like thine, I'd tu- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- - - rn, I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine. I'd turn
whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling ſtream ſhou'd feel my force,
Each fiſh my fatal power mourn,
Each fiſh, &c.
And wond'ring at the mighty change,
And wond'ring, &c.
Shou'd in their native regions burn,
Shou'd in, &c.

Nor ſhou'd there any dare t' approach
Unto my mantling ſparkling ſhrine,
Unto my, &c.
But firſt ſhou'd pay their vows to me,
But firſt, &c.
And ſtile me only god of wine,
And ſtyle, &c.

SONG LXVI.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.


The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee, wi' mony good-
eens and days to me, ſaying goodwiſe, for your cour-te-
ſie, will ye lodge a ſil--ly, ſilly poor man? The night was
cauld, the carle was wat, and down ayont the ingle he
ſat; my daughter's ſhoulders he gan to clap, and cadgily
cadgi-ly ranted and ſang.

O vow! quo' he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
  And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir ſlee twa together were ſay'ng,
  When wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
  And awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quo' ſhe, ann I were as white,
As e'er the ſnaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw and lady-like,
  And awa' wi' thee I would gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raiſe a wee before the cock,
And wilily they ſhot the lock,
  And faſt to the bent are they gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raiſe,
And at her leiſure put on her claiſe;
Syne to the ſervants bed ſhe gaes,
  To ſpeer for the ſilly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The ſtrae was cauld, he was away,
She calpt her hands, cry'd, walladay!
  For ſome of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and ſome to kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd praiſe be bleſt!
  I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the houſe, laſs, and waken my bairn,
  And bid her come quickly ben.

The ſervant gade where the daughter lay,
The ſheets was cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her goodwife did ſay,
  She's aff wi the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride and fy gar rin,
And haſte ye find theſe traytors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
  The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horſe, ſome ran a foot,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
  But ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe bann'd.

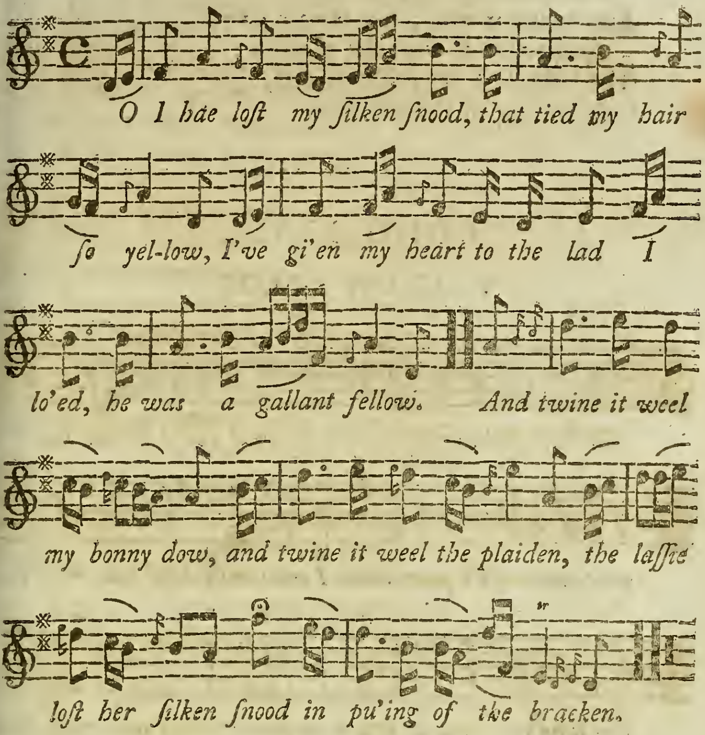
Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' ſnug in a glen where nane could ſee,
The twa with kindly ſport and glee,
  Cut fra a new cheeſe a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith,
Quo' ſhe to leave thee I will be laith,
  My winſom gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Ill-fardly wad ſhe crook her mou',
Sic a poor man ſhe'd never trow,
  After the gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' nae learn'd the beggars tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
  And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And ſpindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
  To carry the gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
  While we ſhall be merry and ſing.

SONG LXVII.

TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

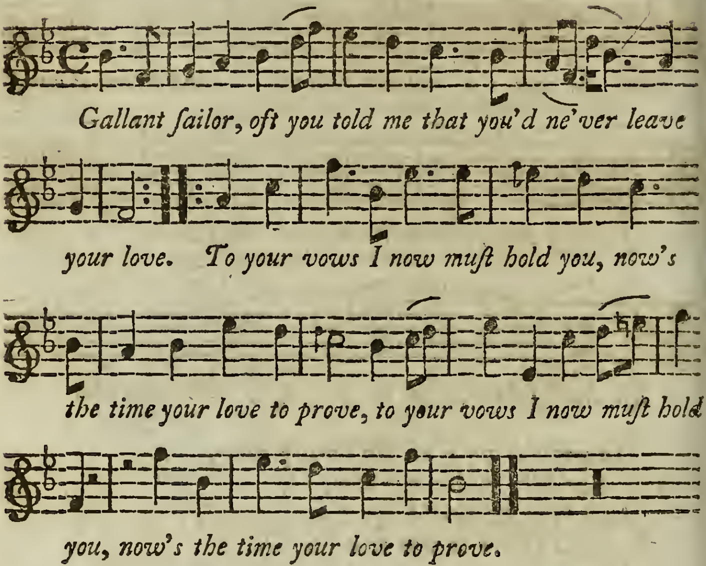

O I hae loſt my ſilken ſnood, that tied my hair
ſo yel-low, I've gi'en my heart to the lad I
lo'ed, he was a gallant fellow. And twine it weel
my bonny dow, and twine it weel the plaiden, the laſſie
loſt her ſilken ſnood in pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my e'en ſae bonny blue,
Sae lilly white my ſkin, O,
And ſyne he prie'd my bonny mou',
And ſwore it was nae ſin, O.
And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
And twine it weel the plaiden;
The laſſie loſt her ſilken ſnood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.

But he has left the laſs he loo'd,
His ain true love forſaken,
Which gars me ſair to greet the ſnood,
I loſt among the bracken,
And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
And twine it weel the plaiden;
The laſſie loſt her ſilken ſnood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.

SONG LXVIII.

GALLANT SAILOR.


Gallant ſailor, oft you told me that you'd ne'ver leave
your love. To your vows I now muſt hold you, now's
the time your love to prove, to your vows I now muſt hold
you, now's the time your love to prove.

SAILOR.

Is not Britain's flag degraded,
Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet?
How can ſailors live upbraided,
While the Frenchmen dare to meet;

How can ſailors live upbraided,
While the Frenchmen dare to meet.

NAN.

Hear me, gallant ſailor, hear me,
While your country has a foe,
He is mine too, never fear me,
I may weep but you muſt go;
I may weep, I may weep,
I may weep, but you ſhall go.

SAILOR.

Though this flow'ry ſeaſon woes you
To the peaceful ſports of May,
And love ſighs ſo long to looſe you,
Love to glory ſhall give way;
Love to glory, love to glory,
Love to glory, muſt give way.

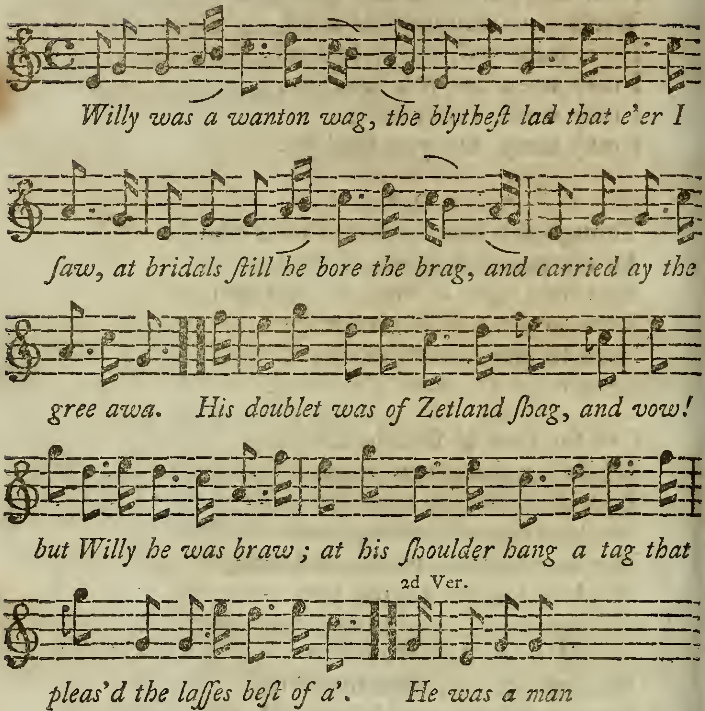
Can the ſons of Britain fail her,
While her daughters are ſo true;
Your ſoft courage muſt avail her,
We love honour loving you;
We love honour, we love honour,
We love honour loving you.

BOATSWAIN.

War and danger now invite us,
Blow ye winds, auſpicious blow;
Ev'ry gale will moſt delight us,
That can waft us to the foe;
Ev'ry gale will moſt delight us,
That can waft us to the foe.

SONG LXIX.

WILLY WAS A WANTON WAG.


Willy was a wanton wag, the blytheſt lad that e'er I
ſaw, at bridals ſtill he bore the brag, and carried ay the
gree awa. His doublet was of Zetland ſhag, and vow!
but Willy he was braw; at his ſhoulder hang a tag that
2d Ver.
pleas'd the laſſes beſt of a'. He was a man

He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw:
And ay whatever Willy ſaid,
It was ſtill hadden as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag,
When he went to the weapon-ſhaw;
Upon the green nane durſt him brag
The fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not Willy well worth gowd,
He wan the love of great and ſma';
For after he the bride had kiſs'd,
He kiſs'd the laſſes hale-ſale a'.
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,
When by the hand he led them a',
And ſmack on ſmack on them beſtow'd,
By virtue of a ſtanding law.

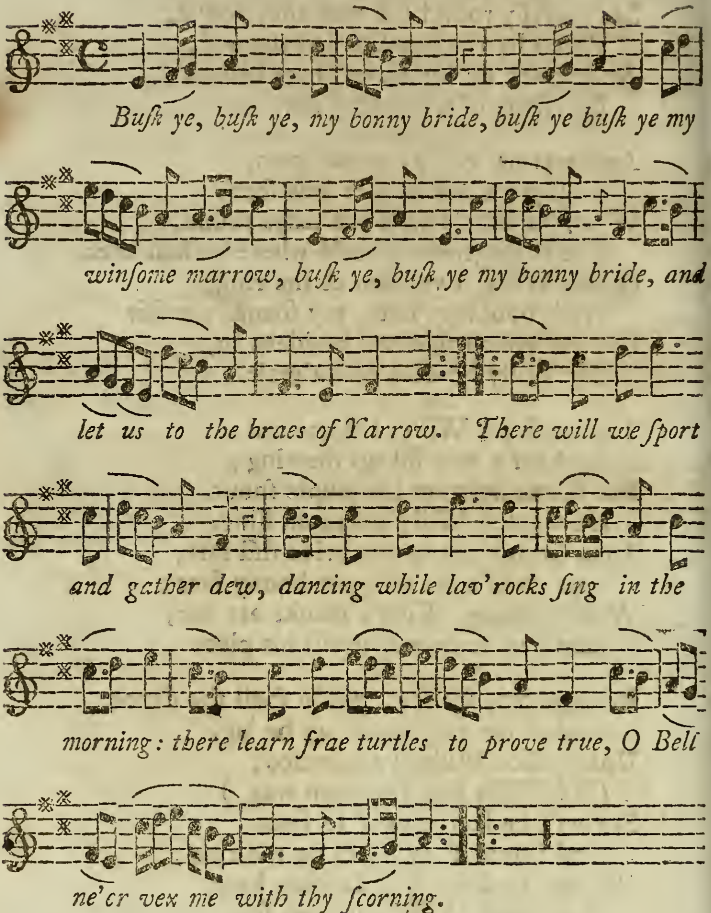
And was na Willy a great lown,
As ſhyre a lick as e'er was ſeen?
When he danc'd with the laſſes round,
The bridegroom ſpeer'd where he had been.
Quoth Willy, I've been at the ring,
With bobbing, faith, my ſhanks are ſair.
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,
For Willy he dow do na mair.

Then reſt ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
And for a wee fill up the ring;
But ſhame light on his ſouple ſnout,
He wanted Willy's wanton fling.
Then ſtraight he to the bride did fare,
Says, well's me on your bonny face;
With bobbing, Willy's ſhanks are ſair,
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, ſhe ſays, you'll ſpoil the dance,
And at the ring you'll ay be lag,
Unleſs, like Willy, ye advance;
(O! Willy has a wanton wag:)
For wi't he learns us a' to ſteer,
And foremoſt ay bears up the ring;
We will find nae ſick dancing here,
If we want Willy's wanton fling.

SONG LXX.

BUSK YE, BUSK YE.


Buſk ye, buſk ye, my bonny bride, buſk ye buſk ye my
winſome marrow, buſk ye, buſk ye my bonny bride, and
let us to the braes of Yarrow. There will we ſport
and gather dew, dancing while lav'rocks ſing in the
morning: there learn frae turtles to prove true, O Bell
ne'er vex me with thy ſcorning.

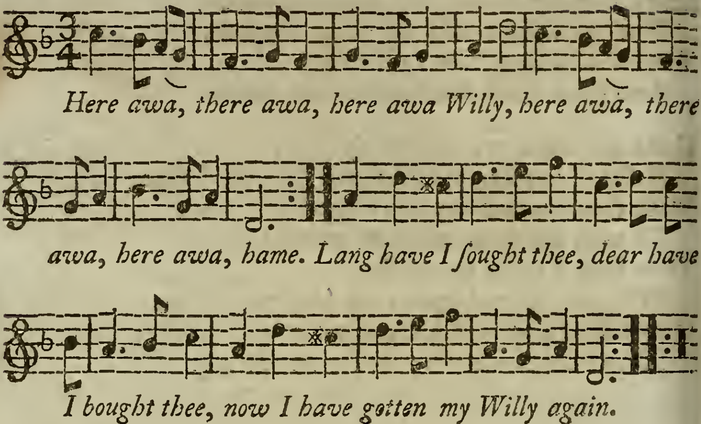
To weſtlin breezes Flora yields,
  And when the beams are kindly warning,
Blythneſs appears o'er all the fields,
  And nature looks mair freſh and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
  Tho' on their banks the roſes bloſſom,
Yet haſtylie they flow to Tweed,
  And pour their ſweetneſs in his boſom.

Haſte ye, haſte ye, my bonny Bell,
  Haſte to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free conſent my fears repel;
  I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus ſang I ſaftly to my fair,
  Wha rais'd my hopes with kind relenting,
O queen of ſmiles, I aſk nae mair
  Since now my bonny Bell's conſenting.

SONG LXXI.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

Plaintive.

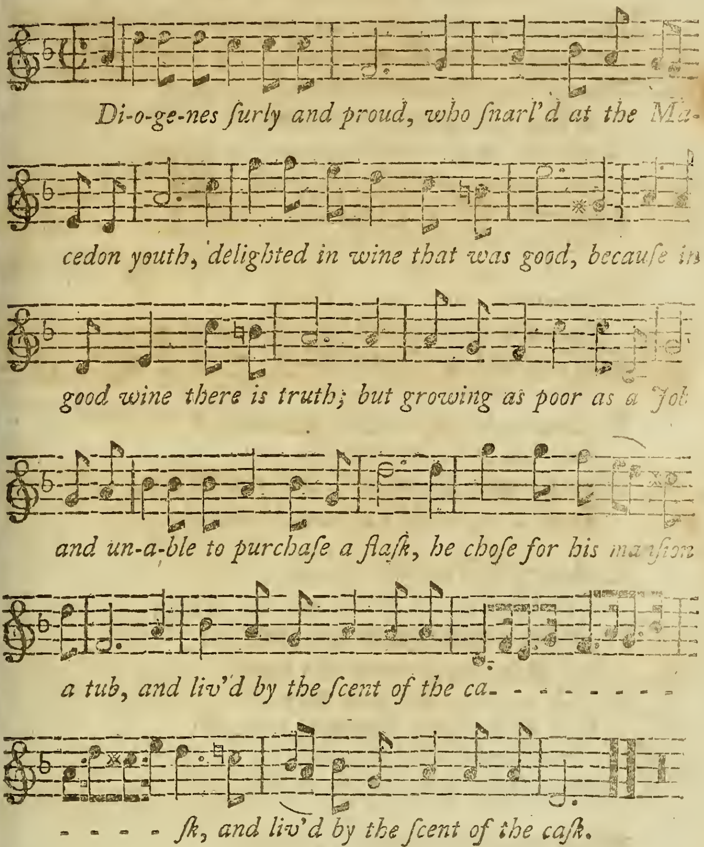

Here awa, there awa, here awa Willy, here awa, there awa, here awa, hame. Lang have I ſought thee, dear have I bought thee, now I have gotten my Willy again.

Through the lang muir I follow'd my Willy,
Through the lang muir I follow'd him hame,
Whate'er betide us, nought ſhall divide us;
Love now rewards all my ſorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willy:
Here awa, there awa, here awa hame;
Come love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
Ilka thing pleaſes while Willy's at hame.

SONG LXXII.

DIOGENES SURLY AND PROUD.


Di-o-ge-nes ſurly and proud, who ſnarl'd at the Ma-
cedon youth, delighted in wine that was good, becauſe in
good wine there is truth; but growing as poor as a Job
and un-a-ble to purchaſe a flaſk, he choſe for his manſion
a tub, and liv'd by the ſcent of the ca- - - - - - - -
- - - - ſk, and liv'd by the ſcent of the caſk.

Heraclitus would never deny
  A bumper to cheriſh his heart;
And, when he was maudlin, would cry,
  Becauſe he had empty'd his quart:

Though ſome were ſo fooliſh to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
When 'twas only his cuſtom to drink
'Till the liquor ran out at his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cheriſh his ſoul;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a jolly full bowl:
While his cellar with wine was well ſtor'd,
His liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And, when he was drunk as a lord,
At thoſe that were ſober he'd laugh.

Copernicus, too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was wiſdom in wine;
And knew that a cup of the beſt
Made reaſon the brighter to ſhine:
With wine he repleniſh'd his veins,
And made his philoſophy reel:
Then fancy'd the world, as his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Ariſtotle, that maſter of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine;
For what we aſcribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine;
His belly, ſome authors agree,
Was as big as a watering-trough:
He therefore leap'd into the ſea,
Becauſe he'd have liquor enough.

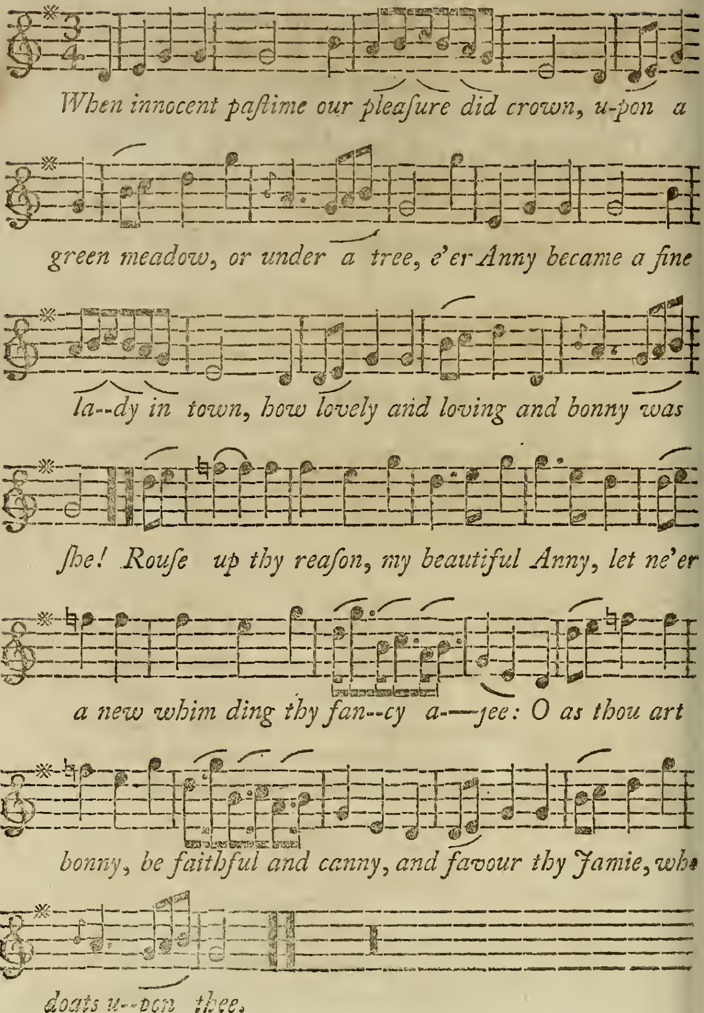
When Pyrrho had taken a glaſs,
He ſaw that no object appear'd
Exactly the ſame as it was
Before he had liquor'd his beard;
For things running round in his drink,
Which ſober he motionleſs found,

Occaſion'd the ſceptic to think
   There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
   Who wiſely to virtue was prone;
But, had it not been for good wine,
   His merit had never been known:
By wine we are generous made;
   It furniſhes fancy with wings;
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
   Philoſophers, poets, or kings.

SONG LXXIII.

WHEN INNOCENT PASTIME.


When innocent paſtime our pleaſure did crown, u-pon a
green meadow, or under a tree, e'er Anny became a fine
la--dy in town, how lovely and loving and bonny was
ſhe! Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Anny, let ne'er
a new whim ding thy fan--cy a-—jee: O as thou art
bonny, be faithful and canny, and favour thy Jamie, who
doats u--pon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Anny the ſpleen?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneaſy to thee?
Can lap-dogs, or monkies, draw tears from theſe een,
 That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me!
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Anny,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me:
O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
 And think upon Jamie wha doats upon thee.

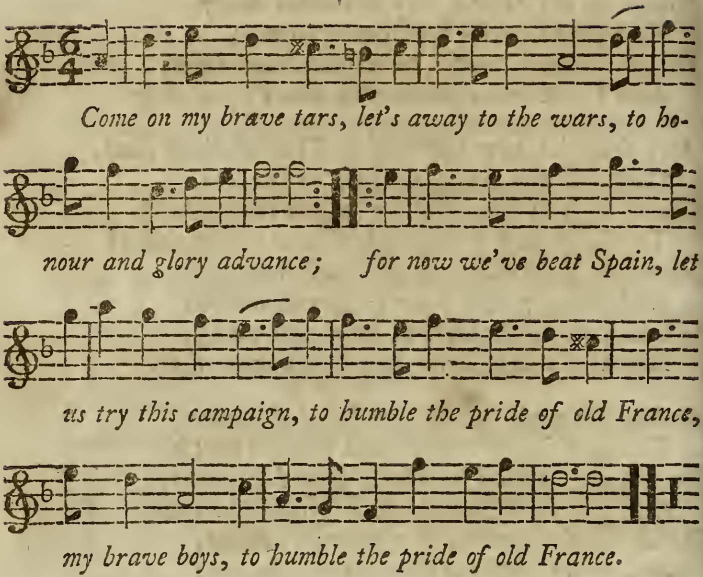
Ah! ſhould a new mantua, or Flanders-lace head,
 Or yet a wee cotty, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed,
 That anes had ſome hope of purchaſing thine?
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Anny,
 And dinna prefer your fleegaries to me:
O! as thou art bonny, be ſolid and canny,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris-edition of new-fangled Sawny,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf he admir'd by fair Anny,
 And aim at theſe bенniſons promis'd to me:
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Anny,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me:
O! as thou art bonny, be conſtant and canny,
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee

O think, my dear charmer, on ilka ſweet hour,
 That ſlade awa' ſaftly between thee and me,
'Ere ſquirrels, or beaux, or fopp'ry, had pow'r
 To rival my love, or impoſe upon thee.
Rouſe up thy reaſon, my beautiful Anny,
 And let thy deſires be a' center'd in me:
O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

SONG LXXIV.

COME ON MY BRAVE TARS.


Come on my brave tars, let's away to the wars, to ho-
nour and glory advance; for now we've beat Spain, let
us try this campaign, to humble the pride of old France,
my brave boys, to humble the pride of old France.

See William, brave prince,
A true blue ev'ry inch,
Who will honour th' illuſtrious name:
May he conqueror be
O'er our empire the ſea,
And tranſmit Britiſh laurels to fame,
My brave boys, &c.

There heroes combin'd,
When the Dons they could find,
Vied who ſhould be foremoſt in battle;
By no lee ſhore affrighted,
Altho' they're benighted,
They made Britiſh thunder to rattle,
Brave boys, &c.

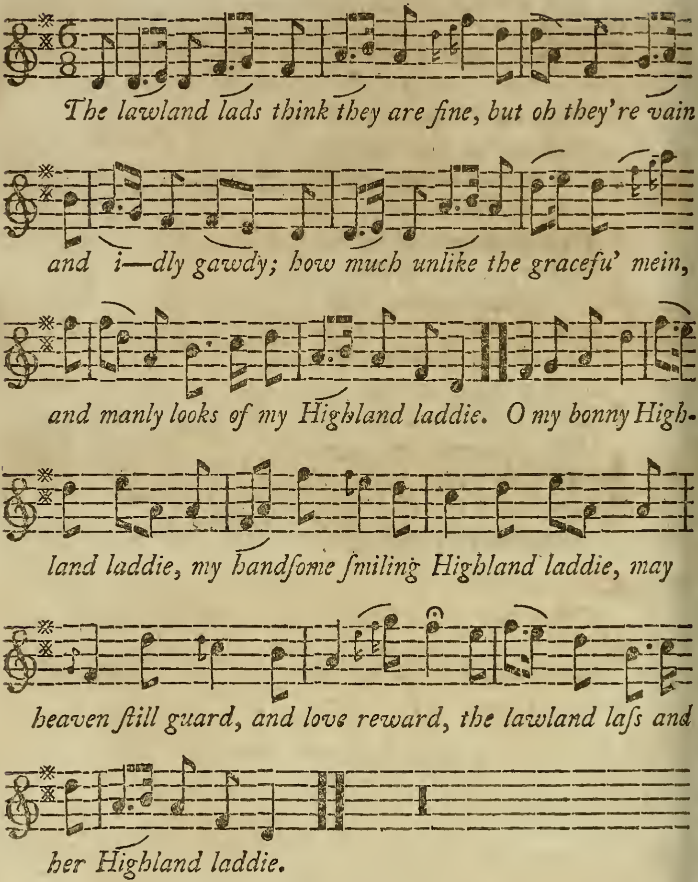
See Dalrymple, Prevoſt,
Gallant Barrington too,
And Farmer who glorioufly fell :
With brave Pearſon, all knew
That the hearts of true blue,
Once rous'd, not the world could excel,
My brave boys, &c.

With ſuch heroes as thoſe,
Tho' we've numberleſs foes,
Britiſh valour reſplendant ſhall ſhine :
And we ſtill hope to ſhow
That their pride will be low,
In eighty, as fam'd fifty-nine,
My brave boys, &c.

Then brave lads enter here,
And partake of our cheer,
You ſhall feaſt and be merry and ſing :
With the grog at your noſe,
Drink ſucceſs to true blues,
Huzza ! and ſay God ſave the king,
My brave boys, &c.

SONG LXXV.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.


The lawland lads think they are fine, but oh they're vain
and i—dly gawdy; how much unlike the graceſu' mein,
and manly looks of my Highland laddie. O my bonny High-
land laddie, my handſome ſmiling Highland laddie, may
heaven ſtill guard, and love reward, the lawland laſs and
her Highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuſe
  To be the wealthieſt lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
  With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
    O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in borough's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and daddy;
Frae winter's cauld and ſummer's ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

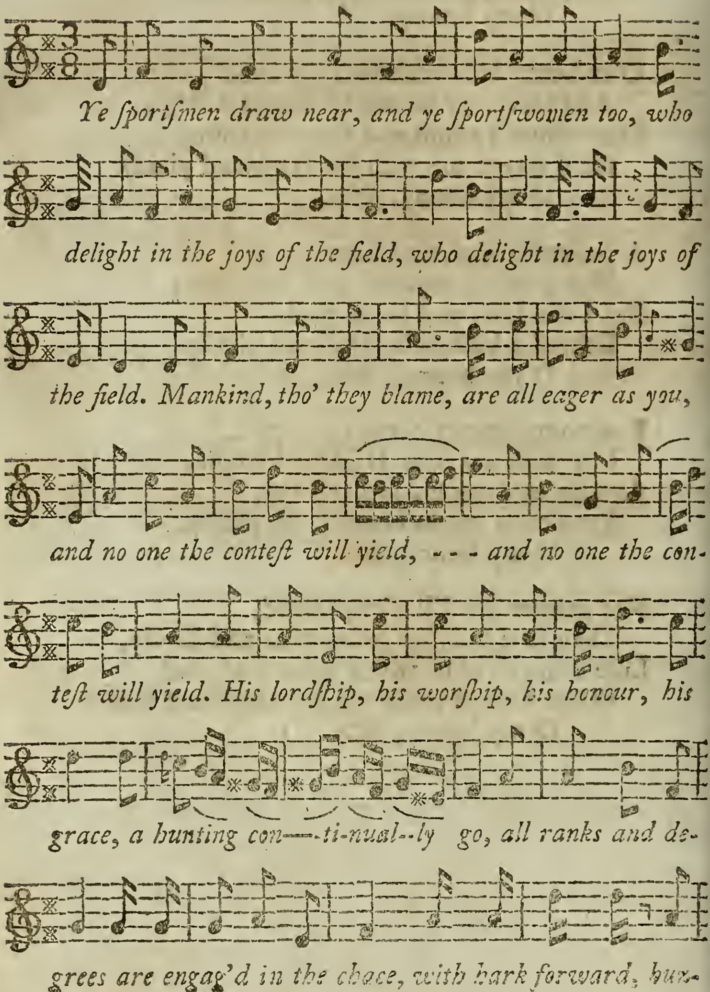
A painted room, and ſilken bed,
May pleaſe a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiſs, and be as glad,
Behind a buſh in's Highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

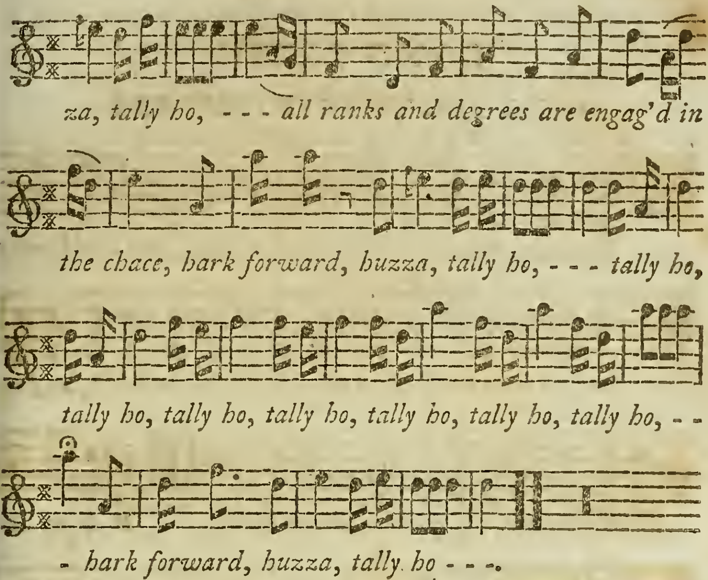
Few compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While heaven preſerves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

SONG LXXVI.

YE SPORTSMEN DRAW NEAR.


Ye ſportſmen draw near, and ye ſportſwomen too, who
delight in the joys of the field, who delight in the joys of
the field. Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
and no one the conteſt will yield, - - - and no one the con-
teſt will yield. His lordſhip, his worſhip, his honour, his
grace, a hunting con—-ti-nual--ly go, all ranks and de-
grees are engag'd in the chace, with hark forward, huz-

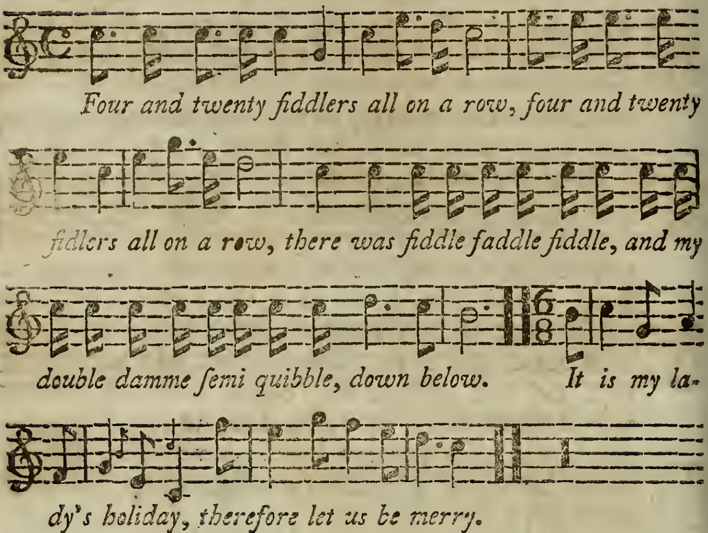

za, tally ho, - - - all ranks and degrees are engag'd in
the chace, hark forward, huzza, tally ho, - - - tally ho,
tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, tally ho, - -
- hark forward, huzza, tally ho - - -.

The lawyer will riſe with the firſt of the morn
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
The huſband gets up at the ſound of the horn
And rides to the commons full ſpeed;
The patriot is thrown in purſuit of the game;
The poet too often lays low,
Who, mounted on Pegaſus, flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

While fearleſs o'er hills and o'er woodlands we ſweep
Tho' prudes on our paſtime may frown,
How oft do they Decency's bounds overleap
And the fences of Virtue break down?
Thus public, or private, for penſion, for place,
For amuſement, for paſſion, for ſhew,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, tally ho.

SONG LXXVII.

FOUR AND TWENTY FIDDLERS.


Four and twenty fiddlers all on a row, four and twenty
fidlers all on a row, there was fiddle faddle fiddle, and my
double damme ſemi quibble, down below. It is my la-
dy's holiday, therefore let us be merry.
6
8

2 Four and twenty drummers all on a row, there was hey rub a dub, ho rub a dub, fiddle faddle, &c.

3 Four and twenty trumpeters all on a row, there was tantara rara, tantara rera, hey rub a dub, &c.

4 Four and twenty coblers all on a row, there was ſtab awl and cobler, and cobler and ſtab awl, tantara rera, &c.

5 Four and twenty fencing maſters all on a row, there was puſh carte and tierce, down at heel, cut him acroſs, ſtab awl and cobler, &c.

6 Four and twenty captains all on a row, there was Oh! d—n me, kick him down ſtairs, puſh carte and tierce, &c.

7 Four and twenty parſons all on a row, there was Lord have mercy upon us! O! d—n me, kick him down ſtairs, &c.

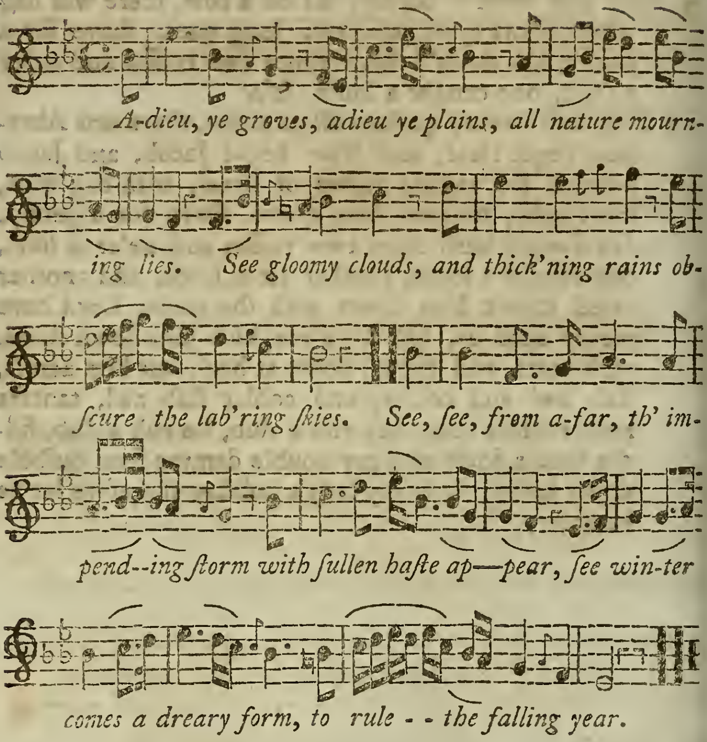
8 Four and twenty taylors all on a row, one caught a louſe, another let it looſe, and another cried knock him down with the gooſe, Lord have mercy upon us, *&c.*

9 Four and twenty barbers all on a row, there was bag whigs, ſhort bobs, toupees, long ques, ſhave for a penny, Oh d—n'd hard times two ruffles and ne'er a ſhirt, one caught a louſe, *&c.*

10 Four and twenty quakers all on a row, there was Abraham begat Iſaac, and Iſaac begat Jacob, and Jacob peopled the twelve tribes of Iſrael, with bag wigs, ſhort bobs, toupees, long quees, ſhave for a penny, Oh d—n'd hard times two ruffles and ne'er a ſhirt, one caught a louſe, another let it looſe, and another cried knock him down with the gooſe, Lord have mercy upon us, Oh d—n me kick him down ſtairs, puſh carte and tierce, down at heel, cut him acroſs, ſtab awl and cobler, and cobler ſtab awl, tantara rara, tantara rera, hey rub a dub, ho rub a dub, fiddle faddle fiddle and my double damme ſemi quibble down below, It is my lady's holiday therefore let us be merry.

SONG LXXIX.

WINTER.


A-dieu, ye groves, adieu ye plains, all nature mourn-
ing lies. See gloomy clouds, and thick'ning rains ob-
ſcure the lab'ring ſkies. See, ſee, from a-far, th' im-
pend--ing ſtorm with ſullen haſte ap—pear, ſee win-ter
comes a dreary form, to rule - - the falling year.

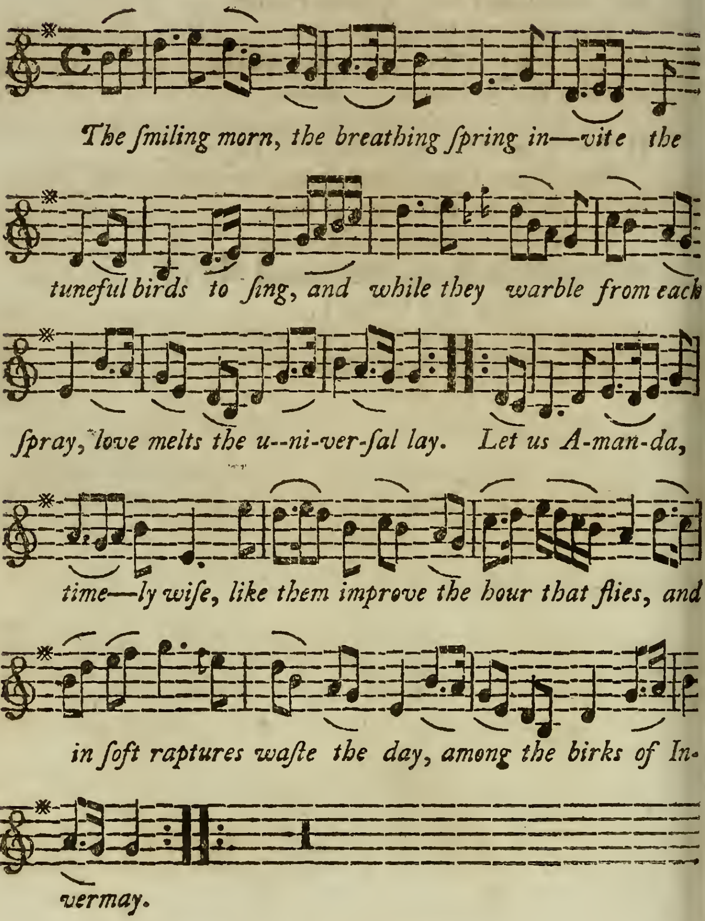
No more the lambs with gameſome bound,
  Rejoice the gladen'd ſight:
No more the gay enamell'd ground,
  Or Silvan ſcenes delight.
Thus lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid,
  Thy early charms muſt fail;
Thy roſe muſt droop the lilly fade,
  And winter ſoon prevail.

Again the lark, ſweet bird of day,
  May riſe on active wing,
Again the ſportive herds may play,
  And hail reviving ſpring.
But youth, my fair, ſees no return,
  The pleaſing bubble's o'er,
In vain it's fleeting joys you mourn,
  They fall to bloom no more.

Haſte, then, dear girl, the time improve,
  Which art can ne'er regain,
In bliſsful ſcenes of mutual love,
  With ſome diſtinguiſh'd ſwain;
So ſhall life's ſpring, like jocund May,
  Paſs ſmiling and ſerene;
Thus ſummer, autumn, glide away,
  And winter ſoon prevail.

SONG LXXIX.

BIRKS OF INVERMAY.


The ſmiling morn, the breathing ſpring in—vite the
tuneful birds to ſing, and while they warble from each
ſpray, love melts the u--ni-ver-ſal lay. Let us A-man-da,
time—ly wiſe, like them improve the hour that flies, and
in ſoft raptures waſte the day, among the birks of In-
vermay.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade;

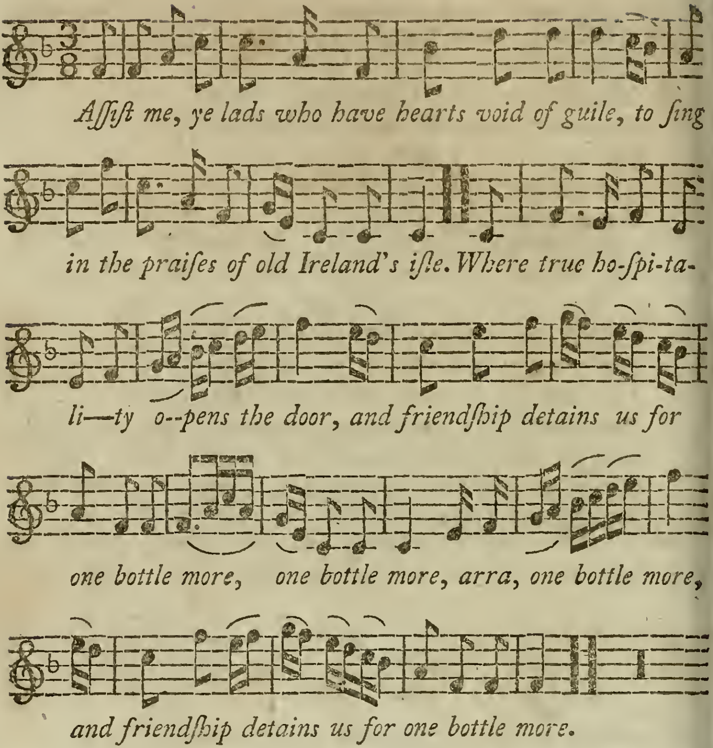
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters are no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
'The wanton kids, and friſking lambs,
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And all the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladneſs call;
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of Invermay.

SONG LXXX.

ONE BOTTLE MORE.


Aſſiſt me, ye lads who have hearts void of guile, to ſing
in the praiſes of old Ireland's iſle. Where true ho-ſpi-ta-
li—ty o--pens the door, and friendſhip detains us for
one bottle more, one bottle more, arra, one bottle more,
and friendſhip detains us for one bottle more.

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear;
With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true and ſincere,
For if but one bottle remain'd in our ſtore,
We have generous hearts, to give that bottle more.

In Candy's, in Church-ſtreet, I'll ſing of a ſett
Of ſix Iriſh blades who together had met;

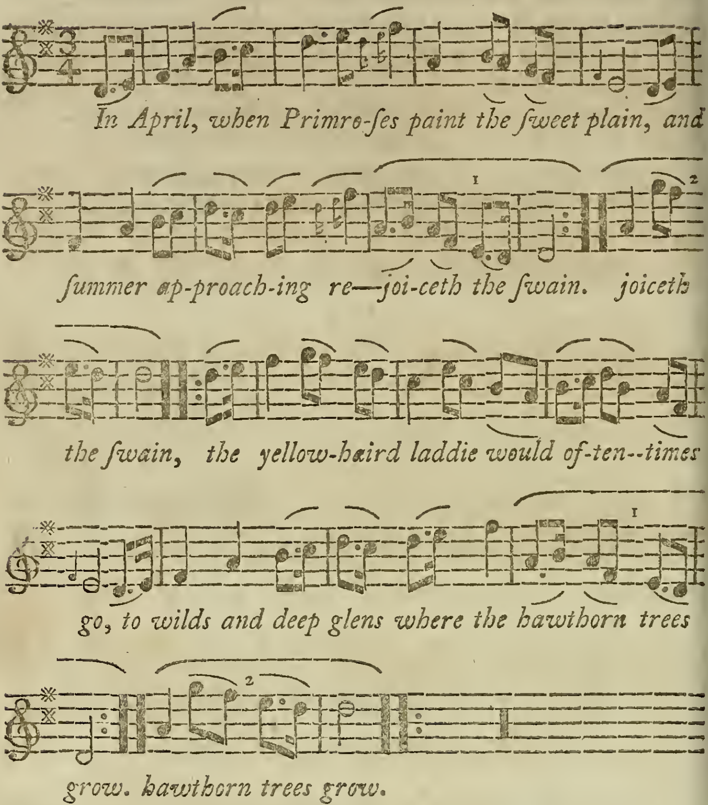
Four bottles a piece made us call for our ſcore,
And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,
For friendſhip had grappled each man by the heart;
Where the leaſt touch you know makes an Iriſhman roar
And the whack from ſhilella, brought ſix bottles more.

Slow Phœbus had ſhone thro' our window ſo bright,
Quite happy to view his bleſt children of light.
So we parted, with hearts neither ſorry nor ſore,
Reſolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

SONG LXXXI.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.


In April, when Primro-ſes paint the ſweet plain, and
ſummer ap-proach-ing re—joi-ceth the ſwain. joiceth
the ſwain, the yellow-haird laddie would of-ten--times
go, to wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees
grow. hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom, he ſung his loves, evening and morn.
He ſang with ſo ſoft and inchanting a ſound;
That Sylvans and Fairies, unſeen, danc'd around.

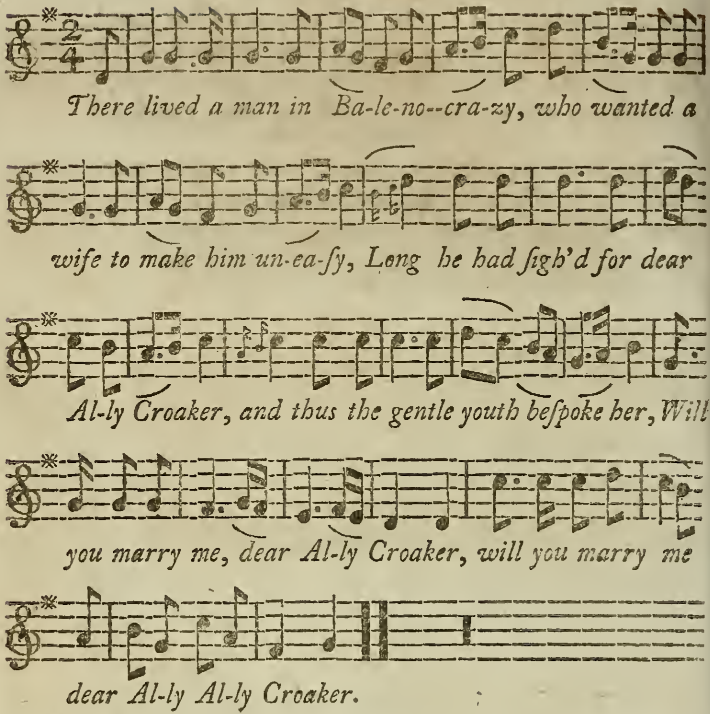
The ſhepherd thus ſung: tho' young Maddie be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornful, proud air:
But Suſie was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing;
Her breath, like the breezes, perfum'd in the ſpring.

That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon, was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth:
But Suſie was faithful, good humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddeſs that ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was aukwardly airy, and frequently ſour:
Then, ſighing, he wiſh'd, would parents agree,
The witty, ſweet Suſie, his miſtreſs might be.

SONG LXXXII.

ALLY CROAKER.


There lived a man in Ba-le-no--cra-zy, who wanted a
wife to make him un-ea-ſy, Long he had ſigh'd for dear
Al-ly Croaker, and thus the gentle youth beſpoke her, Will
you marry me, dear Al-ly Croaker, will you marry me
dear Al-ly Al-ly Croaker.

This artleſs young man, juſt come from his ſchoolery,
A novice in love, and all it's foolery;
Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joker,
And thus the gentle youth beſpoke her,
Will your marry, &c.

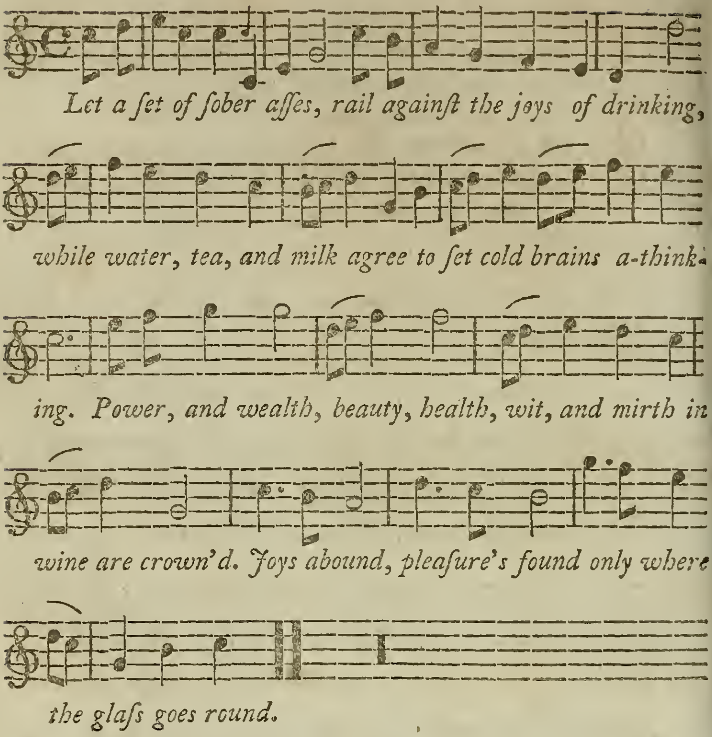
He drank with the father, he talk'd with the mother,
He rompt with the ſiſter, he gam'd with the brother;

He gam'd till he pawn'd his coat to the broker,
Which loſt him the heart of his dear Ally Croaker,
Oh! the fickle, fickle Ally Croaker,
Oh! the fickle Ally, Ally Croaker.

To all ye young men who are fond of gaming,
Who are ſpending your money, whilſt others are ſaving,
Fortune's a jilt, the de'il may choke her,
A jilt more inconſtant than dear Ally Croaker,
Oh! the inconſtant Ally Croaker,
Oh! the inconſtant Ally, Ally Croaker.

SONG LXXXIII.

LET A SET OF SOBER ASSES.


Let a ſet of ſober aſſes, rail againſt the joys of drinking,
while water, tea, and milk agree to ſet cold brains a-think-
ing. Power, and wealth, beauty, health, wit, and mirth in
wine are crown'd. Joys abound, pleaſure's found only where
the glaſs goes round.

The ancient ſects on happineſs
All differ'd in opinion;
But wiſer rules
Of modern ſchools
In wine fix her dominion.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
Makes glow the cheeks of beauty;

Makes poets write,
And ſoldiers fight,
And friendſhip do it's duty.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine was the only Helicon
Whence poets are long-liv'd ſo;
'Twas no other main
Than briſk champaign
Whence Venus was deriv'd too.
Power and wealth, &c.

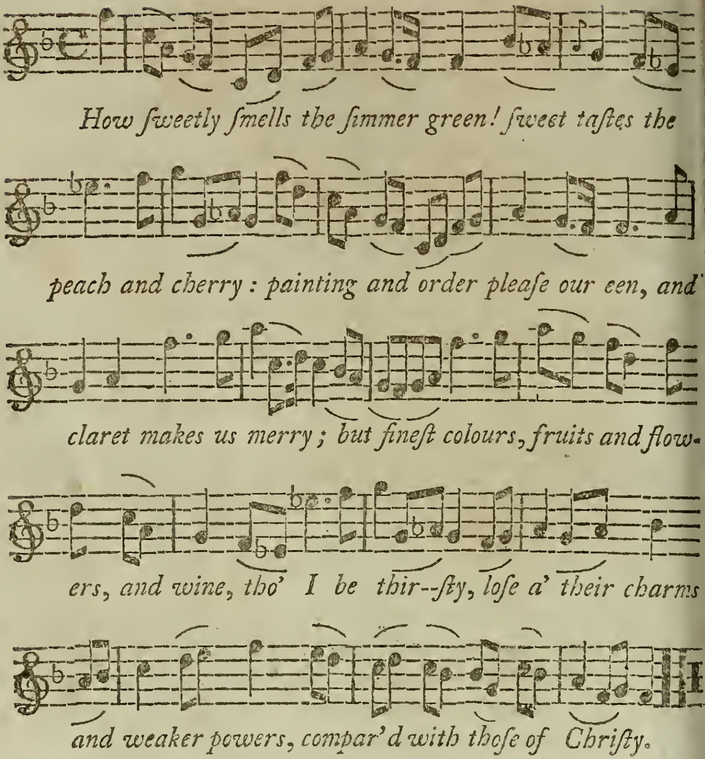
When heaven in Pandora's box
All kinds of ill had ſent us,
In a merry mood
A bottle of good
Was cork'd up to content us.
Power and wealth, &c.

All virtues wine is nurſe to,
Of ev'ry vice deſtroyer;
Gives dullards wit,
Makes juſt the cit,
Truth forces from the lawyer.
Power and wealth, &c.

Wine ſets our joys a-flowing,
Our care and ſorrow drowning.
Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in's ſoul,
And a Chriſtian ne'er ſhould own him.
Power and wealth, &c.

SONG LXXXIV.

BONNY CHRISTY.


How ſweetly ſmells the ſimmer green! ſweet taſtes the
peach and cherry: painting and order pleaſe our een, and
claret makes us merry; but fineſt colours, fruits and flow-
ers, and wine, tho' I be thir--ſty, loſe a' their charms
and weaker powers, compar'd with thoſe of Chriſty.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the lark,
And birds in concert chanting!
But if my Chriſty tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration;
My thoughts with ecſtaſies rejoice,
And drap the haill creation.

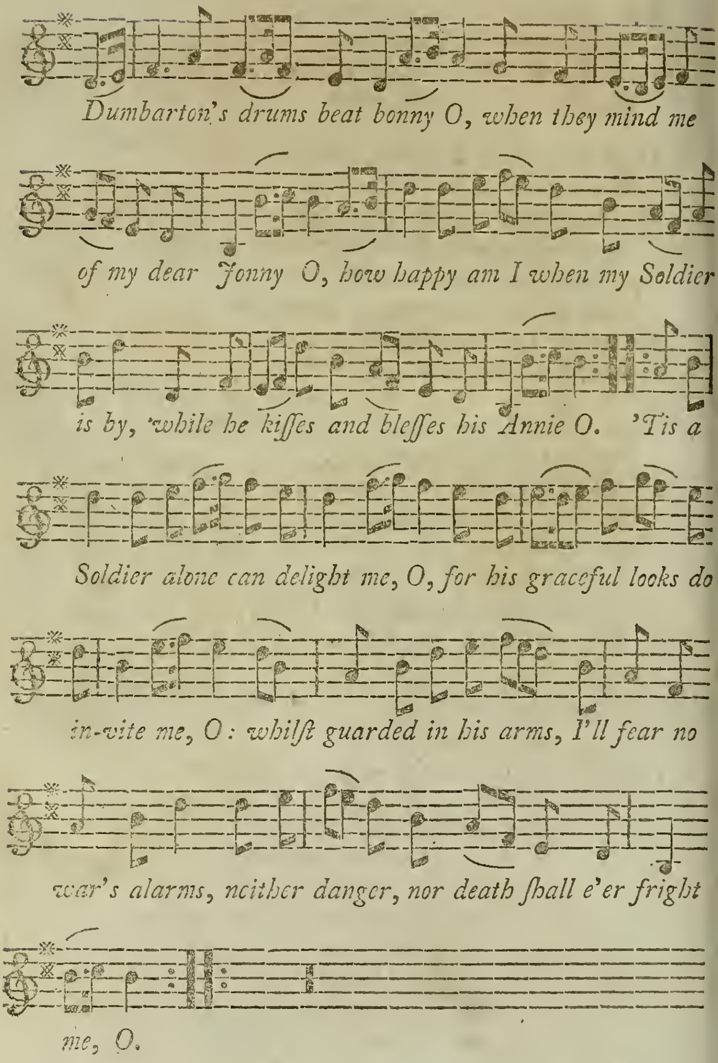
Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly glance,
  I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
  Hoping ſhe'll prove a woman:
But, dubious of my ain deſert,
  My ſentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret ſighs I vex my heart,
  For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate Edie by a burn,
  His Chriſty did o'erhear him;
She doughtna let her lover mourn,
  But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her favour with a look,
  Which left nae room to doubt her:
He wiſely this white minute took,
  And flang his arms about her.

My Chriſty!——witneſs, bonny ſtream,
  Sic joys frae tears ariſing,
I wiſh this mayna be a dream;
  O love the maiſt ſurpriſing!
Time was too precious now for talk;
  This point of a' his wiſhes
He wadna with ſet ſpeeches bauk,
  But war'd it a' on kiſſes.

SONG LXXXV.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

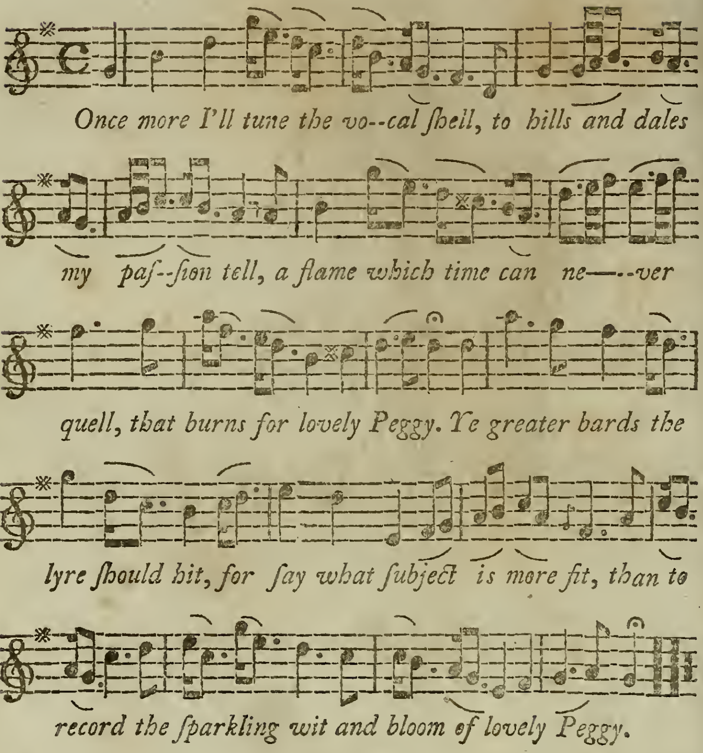

Dumbarton's drums beat bonny O, when they mind me
of my dear Jonny O, how happy am I when my Soldier
is by, while he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie O. 'Tis a
Soldier alone can delight me, O, for his graceful looks do
in-vite me, O: whilſt guarded in his arms, I'll fear no
war's alarms, neither danger, nor death ſhall e'er fright
me, O.

My love is a handſome laddie, O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy, O:
Tho' commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this year,
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a cadie, O.
A ſoldier has honour and bravery, O,
Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery, O:
He minds no other thing,
But the Ladies or the King;
For every other care is but ſlavery O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady, O,
Farewell all my friends and my Daddy, O;
I'll wait no more at home,
But I'll follow with the drum,
And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready, O.
Dumbarton's drums ſound bonny, O;
They are ſprightly, like my dear Jonny, O.
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my ſoldier's knee,
And he kiſſes and bleſſes his Annie, O.

SONG LXXXVI.

ONCE MORE I'LL TUNE.


Once more I'll tune the vo--cal ſhell, to hills and dales
my paſ--ſion tell, a flame which time can ne—--ver
quell, that burns for lovely Peggy. Ye greater bards the
lyre ſhould hit, for ſay what ſubject is more fit, than to
record the ſparkling wit and bloom of lovely Peggy.

The ſun firſt riſing in the morn,
That paints the dew-beſpangled thorn,
Does not ſo much the day adorn,
  As does my lovely Peggy.
And when in Thetis lap to reſt,
He ſtreaks with gold the ruddy weſt,
He's not ſo beauteous, as undreſs'd
  Appears my lovely Peggy.

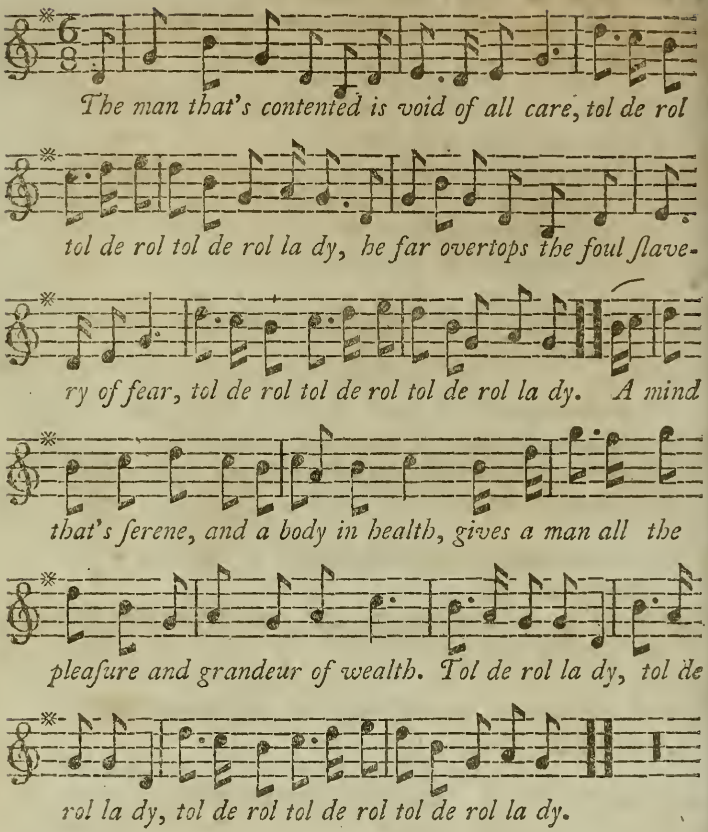
Were ſhe array'd in ruſtic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon mine oaten reed,
  To pleaſe my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when ſhe's in my ſight,
But when ſhe's gone it's endleſs night,
  All's dark without my Peggy.

The zephyr's air the violet blows,
Or breath upon the damaſk roſe,
He does not half the ſweets diſcloſe,
  That does my lovely Peggy.
I ſtole a kiſs the other day,
And truſt me, nought but truth I ſay,
The fragrant breath of blooming May,
  Was not ſo ſweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r ſhall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or ſtately ſwans the waters love,
  So long ſhall I love Peggy.
And when Death with his pointed dart,
Shall ſtrike the blow that rives my heart,
My word ſhall be when I depart,
  Adieu! my lovely Peggy.

SONG LXXXVII.

THE CONTENTED MAN.


The man that's contented is void of all care, tol de rol
tol de rol tol de rol la dy, he far overtops the foul ſlave-
ry of fear, tol de rol tol de rol tol de rol la dy. A mind
that's ſerene, and a body in health, gives a man all the
pleaſure and grandeur of wealth. Tol de rol la dy, tol de
rol la dy, tol de rol tol de rol tol de rol la dy.

Laſt day I went out with a heart full of joy.
  Tol de rol, &c.
Which nothing but vice or ſharp pain could annoy;
  Tol de rol, &c.
The firſt that I meet was a miſer, whoſe gloom
Shew'd a ſoul that was muddy, and ſtraiten'd in room.
  Tol de rol, &c.

In Britain's fair iſland there's none to be ſeen
Tol de rol, *&c.*
Of more ſullen, ſelfiſh, and ſordid a mein;
Tol de rol, *&c.*
Regardleſs of honour, a ſlave to his gold,
Deſpis'd of the young, and contemn'd of the old,
Tol de rol, *&c.*

The next that I met was a profligate aſs,
Tol de rol, *&c.*
Whoſe brains were of cork, and his forehead of braſs;
Tol de rol, *&c.*
By game he was galloping thro' his eſtate,
And mis'ry attended his ſad ſinking fate.

O place me, kind heav'n! in what ſtation you pleaſe,
Tol de rol, *&c.*
So my body's in health, and my ſoul be at eaſe;
Tol de rol, *&c.*
By command of myſelf, independent and free,
Contentment ſhall ſtill be a pleaſure to me.
Tol de rol, *&c.*

O rather in a cottage may I be fed
Tol de rol, *&c.*
With roots the moſt common, and coarſeſt brown bread,
Tol de rol, *&c.*
Than to riot with luxury, fopp'ry, and vice,
They're the loſs of contentment, too precious a price.
Tol de rol, *&c.*

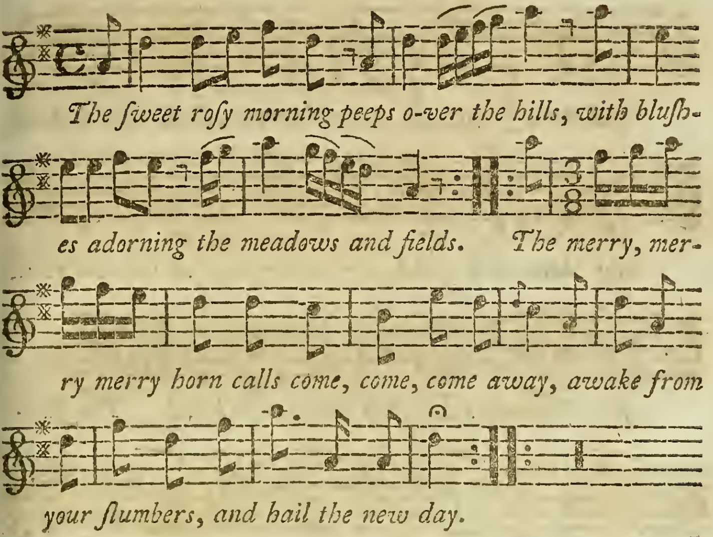
Let rakes ramble after their harlots and wine,
Tol de rol, *&c.*
'Till with poxes and palſies their carcaſes dwine;
Tol de rol, *&c.*
Grow old while they're young, and have waſted their ſtore,
While the vot'ries of virtue are blithe at fourſcore.
Tol de rol, &c.

The thunder may roar, and the hurricanes make
Tol de rol, &c.
The ocean to boil, and the foreſts to ſhake;
Tol de rol, &c.
The light'ning may flaſh, and the rocks may be rent,
But nothing can ruffle the mind that's content.

This world's well freighted with wonders in ſtore,
Tol de rol, &c.
And we're ſent into it to think and explore;
Tol de rol, &c.
And when the due ſummons ſhall call us away,
No more's to be ſaid, but contented obey.
Tol de rol, &c.

SONG LXXXVIII.

THE SWEET ROSY MORNING.

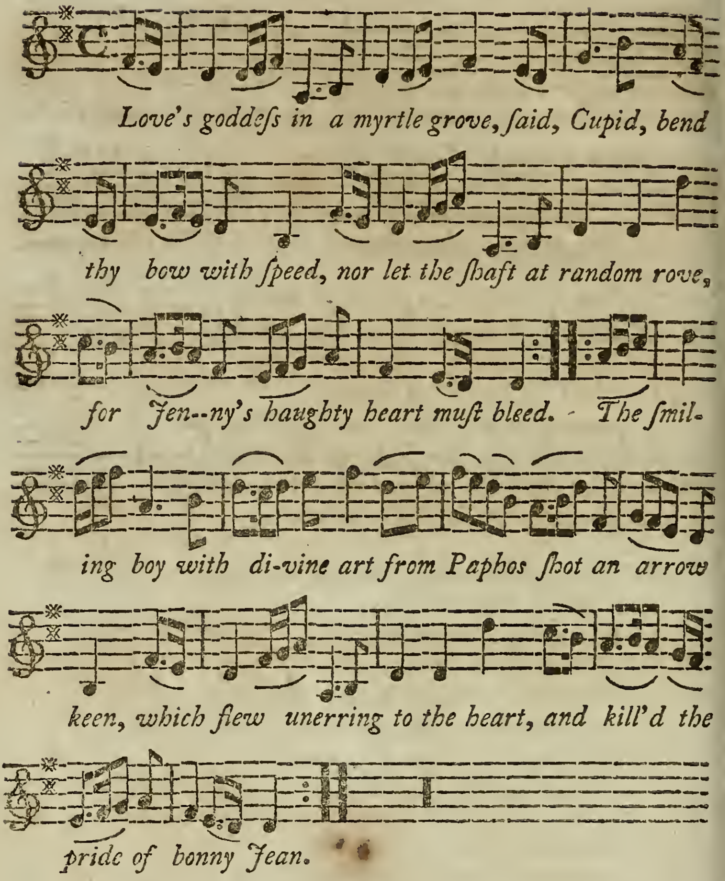

The ſweet roſy morning peeps o-ver the hills, with bluſh-
es adorning the meadows and fields. The merry, mer-
ry merry horn calls come, come, come away, awake from
your ſlumbers, and hail the new day.

The ſtag rous'd before us,
Away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the chorus,
Of hounds in full cry.
Cho. Then follow follow follow follow,
The muſical chace,
Where pleaſure and vigour,
And health all embrace.

The day's ſport when over,
Makes blood circle right,
And gives the briſk lover,
Freſh charms for the night.
Cho. Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can while we may;
Let love crown the night,
As our ſports crown the day.

SONG LXXXIX.

BONNY JEAN.


Love's goddeſs in a myrtle grove, ſaid, Cupid, bend
thy bow with ſpeed, nor let the ſhaft at random rove,
for Jen--ny's haughty heart muſt bleed. The ſmil-
ing boy with di-vine art from Paphos ſhot an arrow
keen, which flew unerring to the heart, and kill'd the
pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuſes Willy's kind addreſs;
Her yielding bluſhes ſhew no care,
But too much fondneſs to ſuppreſs.

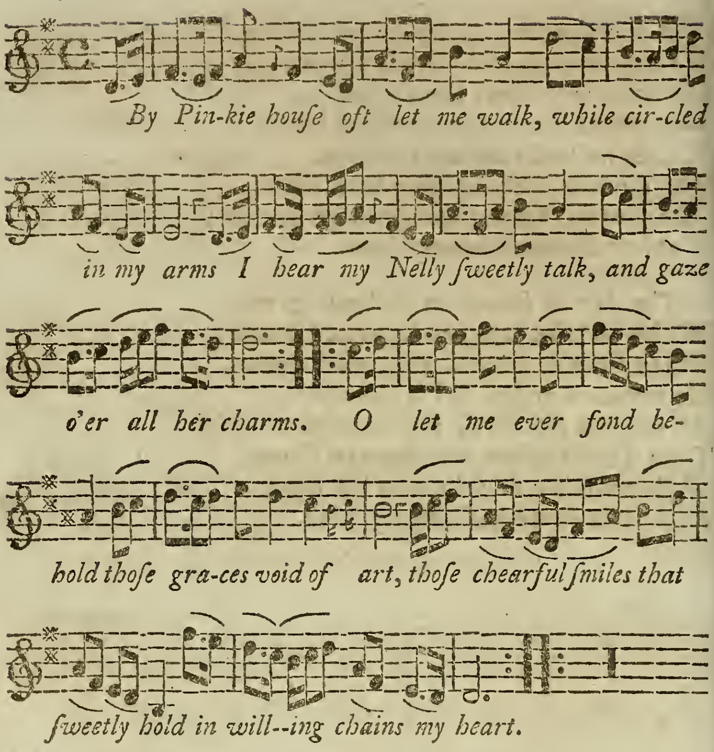
No more the youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the green,
Whilſt every day he ſpies ſome new
Surprizing charms in bonny Jean.

A thouſand tranſports crowd his breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former ſorrows ſeem a jeſt
Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind.
Riches he looks on with diſdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn gives pain;
If abſent from his bonny Jean.

The day he ſpends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in ſummer ſhort'ned ſeems;
When ſunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than Troy's prize, the Spartan Queen.
With breaking day, he lifts his ſight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

SONG XC.

PINKY HOUSE.


By Pin-kie houſe oft let me walk, while cir-cled
in my arms I hear my Nelly ſweetly talk, and gaze
o'er all her charms. O let me ever fond be-
hold thoſe gra-ces void of art, thoſe chearful ſmiles that
ſweetly hold in will--ing chains my heart.

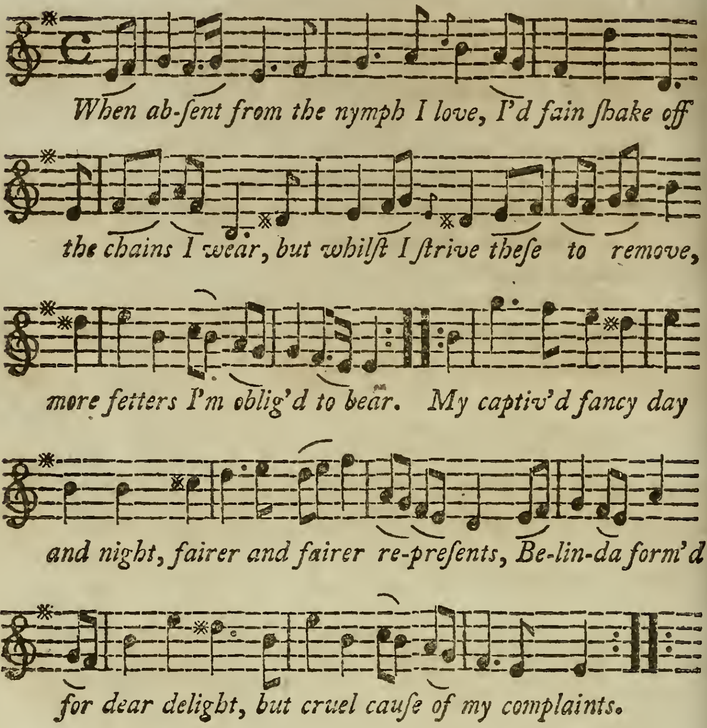
O come, my love! and bring a-new
  That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulneſs of air, in you,
  By nature's hand deſign'd;
That beauty like the bluſhing roſe,
  Firſt lighted up this flame;
Which, like the ſun, for ever glows
  Within my breaſt the ſame.

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How ſeldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O gather from my Nelly's charms,
That ſweet, that graceful eaſe;
That bluſhing modeſty that warms;
That native art to pleaſe!

Come then, my love! O come along,
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inſpirer of my ſong,
O fill my longing arms.
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, ſo bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair, both pleaſe the eye,
And fill the ſoul divine!

SONG XCI.

WHEN ABSENT FROM THE NYMPH.


When ab-ſent from the nymph I love, I'd fain ſhake off
the chains I wear, but whilſt I ſtrive theſe to remove,
more fetters I'm oblig'd to bear. My captiv'd fancy day
and night, fairer and fairer re-preſents, Be-lin-da form'd
for dear delight, but cruel cauſe of my complaints.

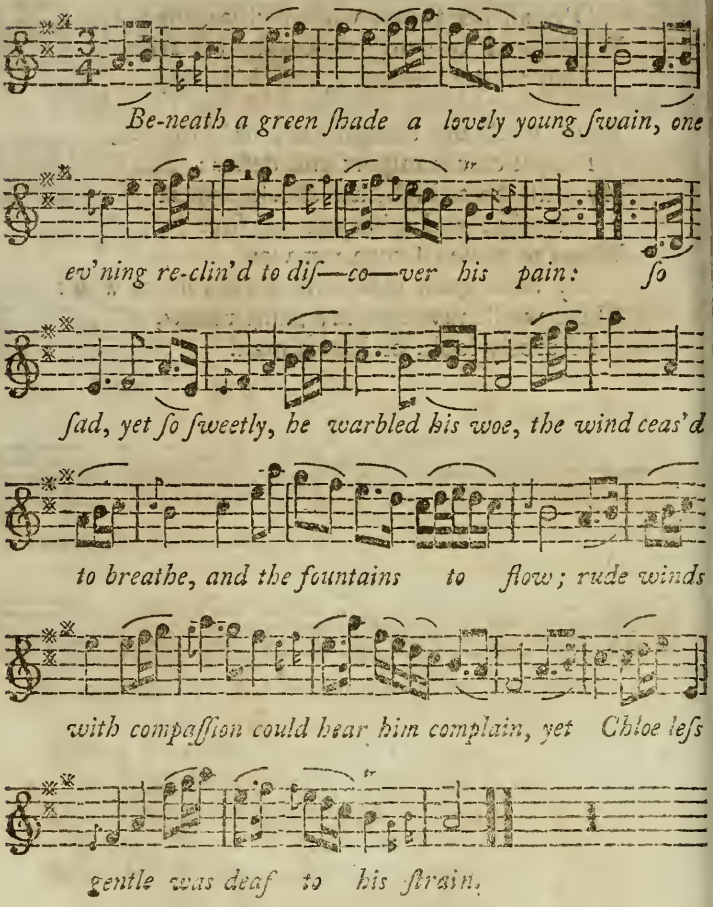
All day I wander through the groves,
And, ſighing, hear from ev'ry tree,
The happy birds chirping their loves;
Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
When gently ſleep with balmy wings,
To reſt fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
A thouſand fears my fancy brings,
That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the goddeſs fair,
And all the graces in her train,
With melting ſmiles and killing air,
Appears the cauſe of all my pain.
A while my mind delighted flies
O'er all her ſweets with thrilling joy;
Whilſt want of worth makes doubts ariſe,
That all my trembling hopes deſtroy.

Thus, while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
I'm all o'er tranſport and deſire;
My pulſe beats high, my cheeks appear
All roſes, and mine eyes all fire.
When to myſelf I turn my view,
My veins grow chill, my cheeks looks wan:
Thus, whilſt my fears my pains renew,
I ſcarcely look, or love a man.

SONG XCII.

BRAES OF BALLENDEAN.


Be-neath a green ſhade a lovely young ſwain, one
ev'ning re-clin'd to diſ—co—ver his pain: ſo
ſad, yet ſo ſweetly, he warbled his woe, the wind ceas'd
to breathe, and the fountains to flow; rude winds
with compaſſion could hear him complain, yet Chloe leſs
gentle was deaf to his ſtrain.

How happy he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms firſt flaſh'd in my view!
Thoſe eyes, then, with pleaſure, the dawn could ſurvey;
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning more chearful than they.

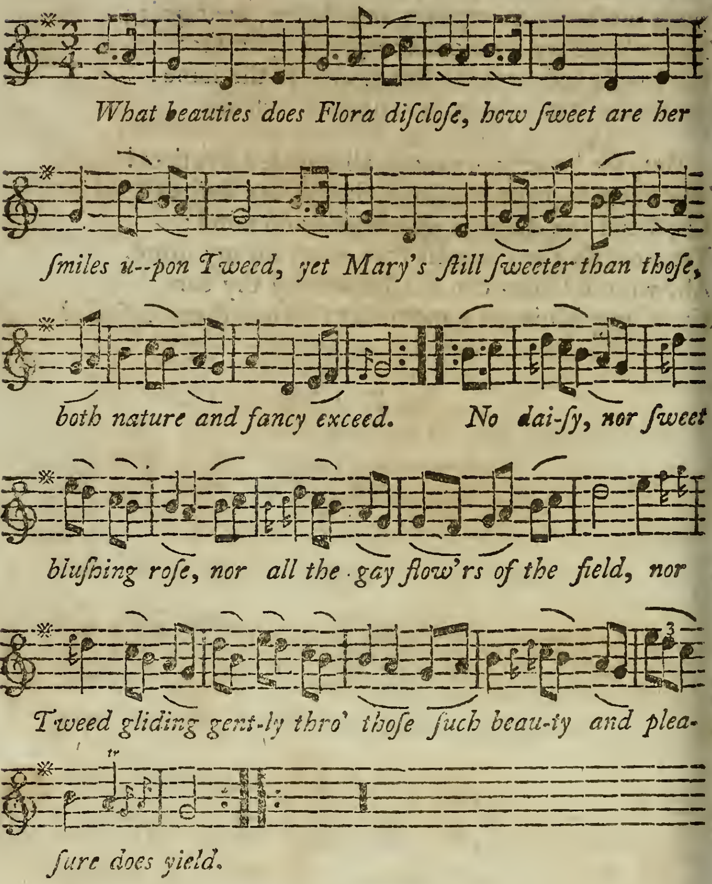
Now, ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight:
I ſicken in pleaſure, and languiſh in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I purſue:
All, all, but conſpire, my griefs to renew:
From ſunſhine, to zephyrs and ſhades, we repair;
To ſunſhine we fly from too piercing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame!
No winter can cool it, no ſummer inflame.

But, ſee! the pale moon, all clouded, retires!
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's deſires!
I fly from the dangers of tempeſt and wind:
Yet nouriſh the madneſs that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care,
Since length'ning it's moments but lengthens deſpair?

SONG XCIII.

TWEED-SIDE.


What beauties does Flora diſcloſe, how ſweet are her
ſmiles u--pon Tweed, yet Mary's ſtill ſweeter than thoſe,
both nature and fancy exceed. No dai-ſy, nor ſweet
bluſhing roſe, nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, nor
Tweed gliding gent-ly thro' thoſe ſuch beau-ty and plea-
ſure does yield.
tr

The warblers are heard in the grove.
The linnet, the lark, and the thruſh,
The blackbird and ſweet cooing dove,
With muſic enchant every buſh.

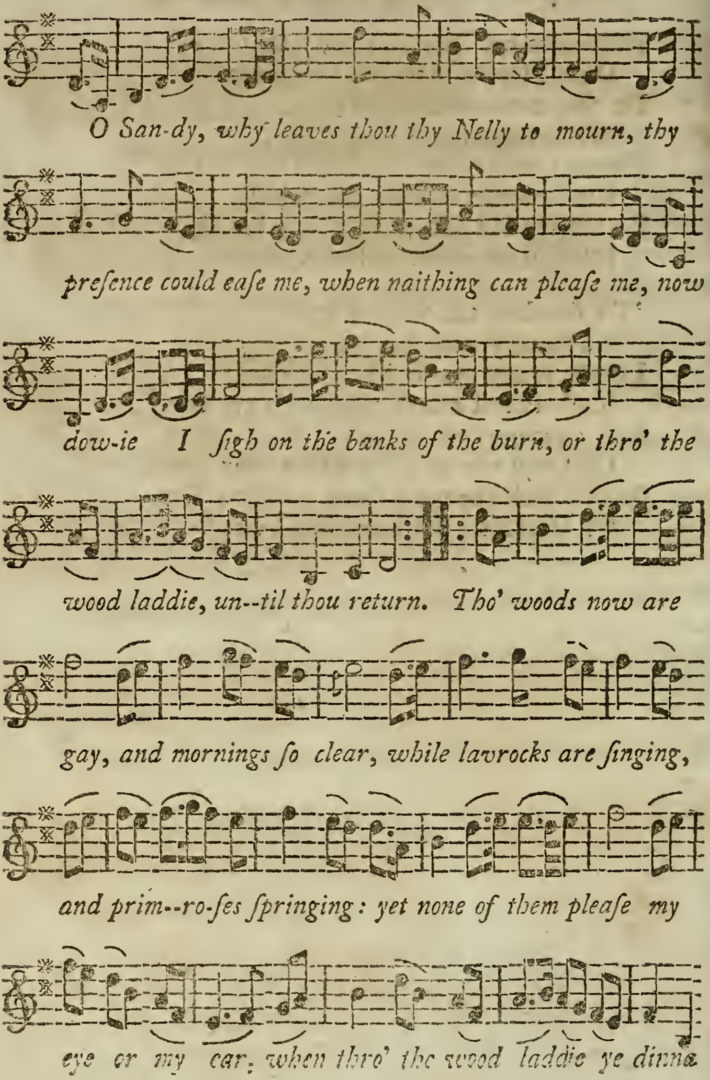
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us ſee how the primroſes ſpring;
We'll lodge in ſome village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks ſing,

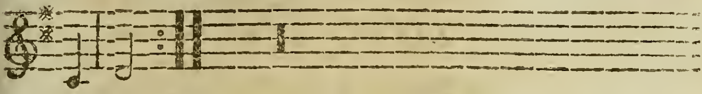
How does my love paſs the lang day?
Does Mary not tend a few ſheep?
Do they never careleſsly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſaft pains of my breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell:
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks ſtray,
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or pleaſanter banks of the Tweed.

SONG XCIV.

THRO' THE WOOD LADDIE.


O San-dy, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn, thy
preſence could eaſe me, when naithing can pleaſe me, now
dow-ie I ſigh on the banks of the burn, or thro' the
wood laddie, un--til thou return. Tho' woods now are
gay, and mornings ſo clear, while lavrocks are ſinging,
and prim--ro-ſes ſpringing: yet none of them pleaſe my
eye or my ear; when thro' the wood laddie ye dinna

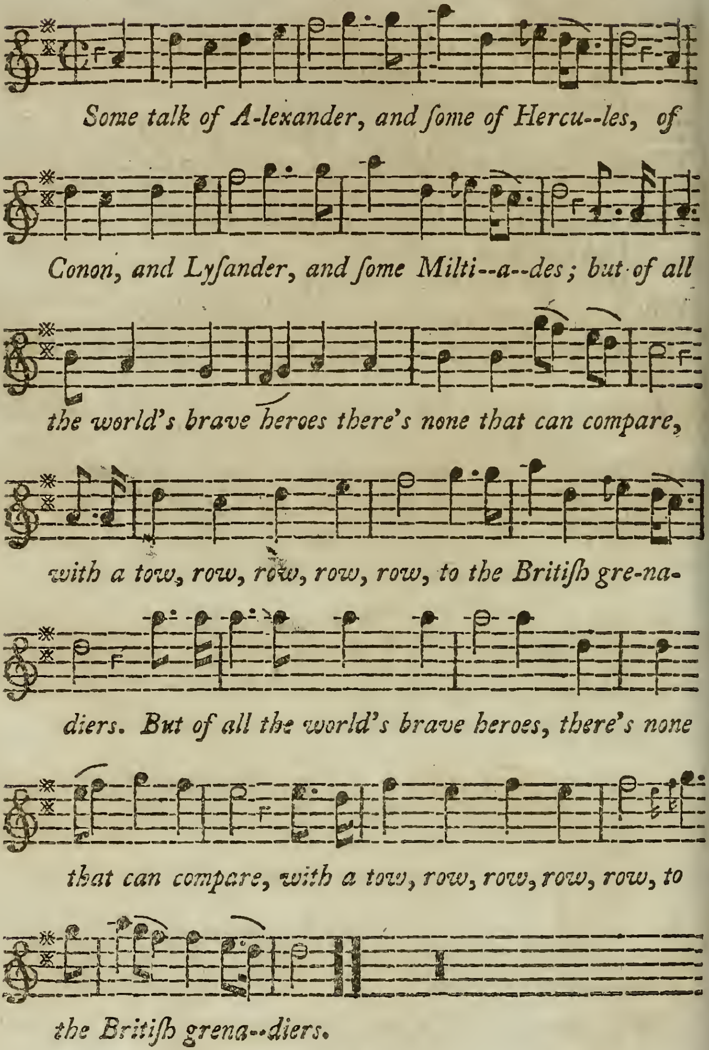


That I am forſaken, ſome ſpare na to tell:
I'm faſh'd wi' their ſcorning,
Baith evening and morning;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander myſell.

Then ſtay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haſte here to thy marrow;
Wha's living in langour, till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, ſing and play.

SONG XCV.

BRITISH GRENADIERS.


Some talk of A-lexander, and ſome of Hercu--les, of
Conon, and Lyſander, and ſome Milti--a--des; but of all
the world's brave heroes there's none that can compare,
with a tow, row, row, row, row, to the Britiſh gre-na-
diers. But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none
that can compare, with a tow, row, row, row, row, to
the Britiſh grena--diers.

None of thoſe ancient heroes e'er ſaw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to ſlay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and baniſh all their fears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the Britiſh Grenadiers.
But our brave boys, *&c.*

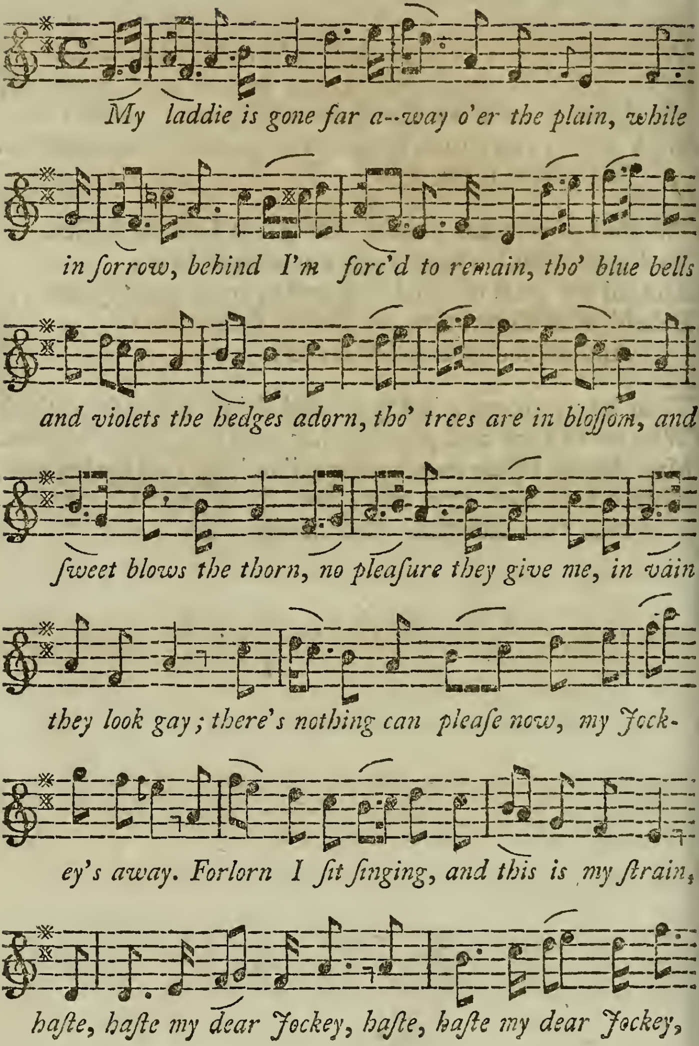
Whene'er we are commanded to ſtorm the Paliſades,
Our leaders march with fuſees, and we with hand granades,
We throw them from the glacis about our enemies ears,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the Britiſh Grenadiers.
We throw them, *&c.*

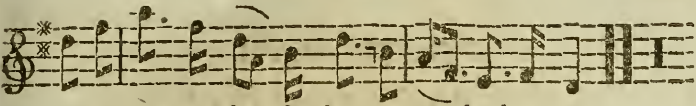
The god of war was pleaſed, and great Bellona ſmiles,
To ſee theſe noble heroes, of our Britiſh Iſles;
And all the gods celeſtial, deſcended from their ſpheres,
Beheld with admiration the Britiſh Grenadiers.
And all the gods celeſtial, *&c.*

Then let us crown a bumper, and drink a health to thoſe
Who carry caps and pouches that wear the looped clothes.
May they and their commanders, live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, the Britiſh Grenadiers.
May they and their commanders, *&c.*

SONG XCVI.

MY JOCKEY.


My laddie is gone far a--way o'er the plain, while
in ſorrow, behind I'm forc'd to remain, tho' blue bells
and violets the hedges adorn, tho' trees are in bloſſom, and
ſweet blows the thorn, no pleaſure they give me, in vain
they look gay; there's nothing can pleaſe now, my Jock-
ey's away. Forlorn I ſit ſinging, and this is my ſtrain,
haſte, haſte my dear Jockey, haſte, haſte my dear Jockey,



When lads, and their laſſes, are on the green met;
They dance, and they ſing; and they laugh, and they chat;
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee:
I can't without envy, their merriment ſee.
Thoſe paſtimes offend me; my ſhepherd's not there:
No pleaſure I reliſh, that Jockey don't ſhare.
It makes me to ſigh; I from tears ſcarce refrain,
  I wiſh my dear Jockey,
  I wiſh my dear Jockey,
  I wiſh my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope ſhall ſuſtain me; nor will I deſpair:
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here.
On fond expectation my wiſhes I'll feaſt;
For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haſte.
Then, farewell, each care: and, adieu, each vain ſigh:
Who'll then be ſo bleſt, or ſo happy, as I?
I'll ſing on the meadows, and alter my ſtrain.
  When Jockey returns,
  When Jockey returns,
  When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

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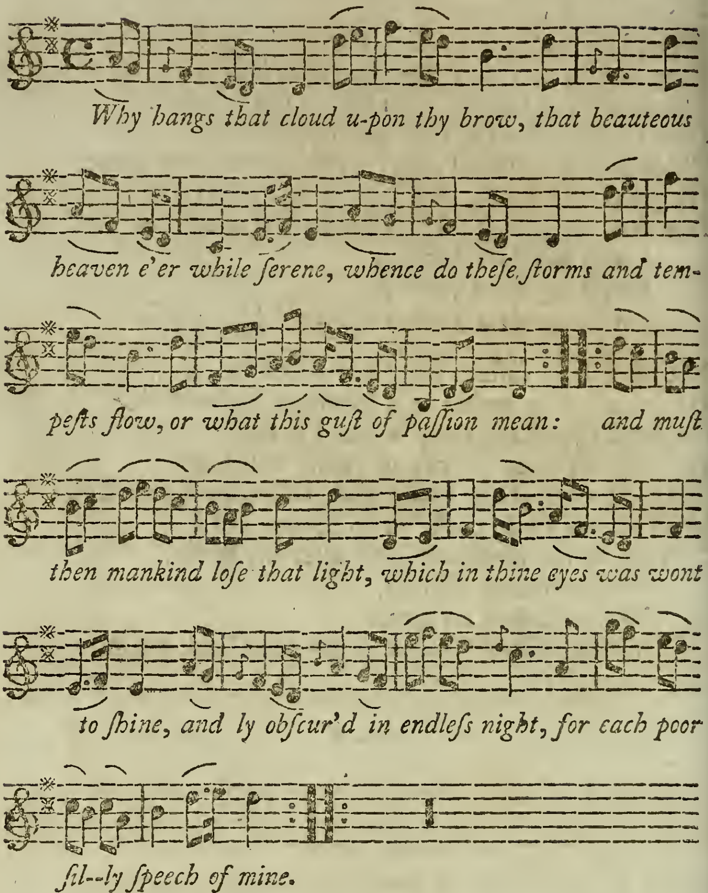
SONG XCVII.

WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD.


Why hangs that cloud u-pon thy brow, that beauteous
heaven e'er while ſerene, whence do theſe ſtorms and tem-
peſts flow, or what this guſt of paſſion mean: and muſt
then mankind loſe that light, which in thine eyes was wont
to ſhine, and ly obſcur'd in endleſs night, for each poor
ſil--ly ſpeech of mine.

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledged at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends;

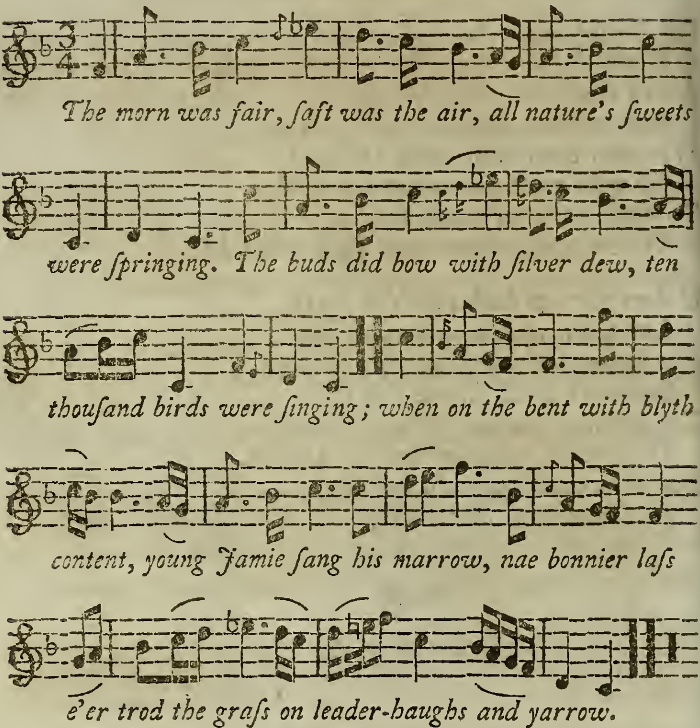
Or if I durſt profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to it's aid.

For Venus every heart t' enſnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
And Pallas with unuſual care,
Bids wiſdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure!
Or who muſt not reſign the field
To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' ſhield?

If then to thee ſuch pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we muſt ſin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itſelf appeas'd beſtows,
As the reward of penitence.

SONG XCVIII.

LEADER-HAUGHS AND YARROW.


The morn was fair, ſaft was the air, all nature's ſweets
were ſpringing. The buds did bow with ſilver dew, ten
thouſand birds were ſinging; when on the bent with blyth
content, young Jamie ſang his marrow, nae bonnier laſs
e'er trod the graſs on leader-haughs and yarrow.

How ſweet her face, where ev'ry grace
  In heavenly beauty's planted!
Her ſmiling een, and comely mein,
  That nae perfection wanted.
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,
  But bleſs my bonny marrow:
If her dear ſmile my doubts beguile,
  My mind ſhall ken nae ſorrow.

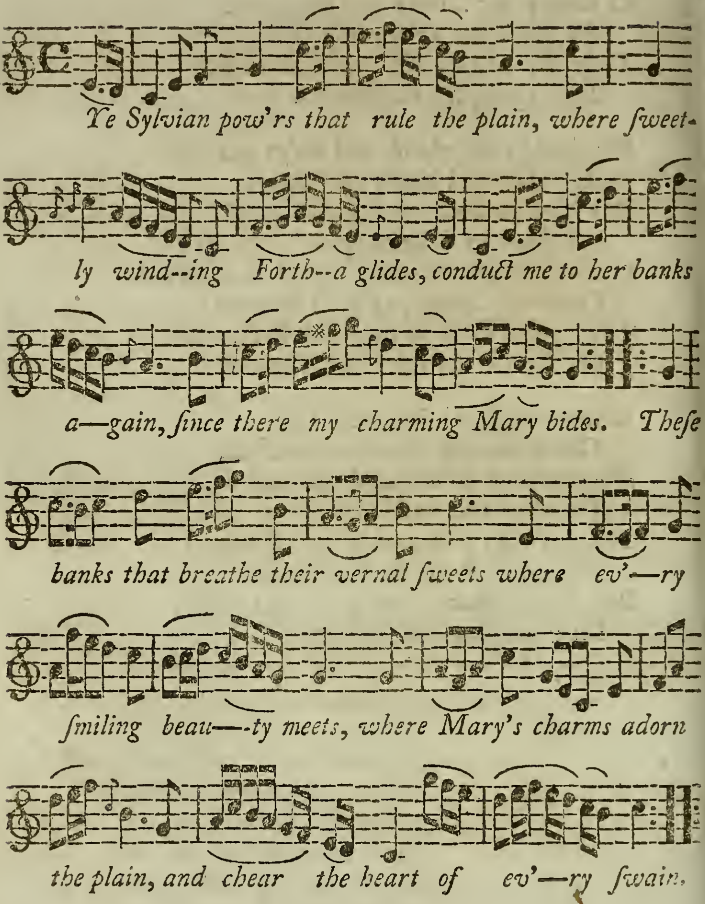
Yet tho' ſhe's fair, and has full ſhare
Of ev'ry charm inchanting,
Each good turns ill, and ſoon will kill
Poor me, if love be wanting.
O bonny laſs! have but the grace
To think ere ye gae further,
Your joys maun flit, if you commit
The crying ſin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaiſt will ne'er get reſt,
And day and night affright ye;
But if ye're kind, and joyful mind,
I'll ſtudy to delight ye.
Our years around with love thus crown'd,
From all things joy ſhall borrow:
Thus none ſhall be more bleſt than we,
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O ſweeteſt Sue! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wiſhes,
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this beſt of bliſſes.
Thou art my ſun, and thy leaſt frown
Would blaſt me in the bloſſom:
But if thou ſhine, and make me thine,
I'll flouriſh in thy boſom.

SONG XCIX.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.


Ye Sylvian pow'rs that rule the plain, where ſweet-
ly wind--ing Forth--a glides, conduct me to her banks
a—gain, ſince there my charming Mary bides. Theſe
banks that breathe their vernal ſweets where ev'—ry
ſmiling beau—-ty meets, where Mary's charms adorn
the plain, and chear the heart of ev'—ry ſwain.

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their muſic chirp aloud,
Alternately we ſing our loves,
And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.

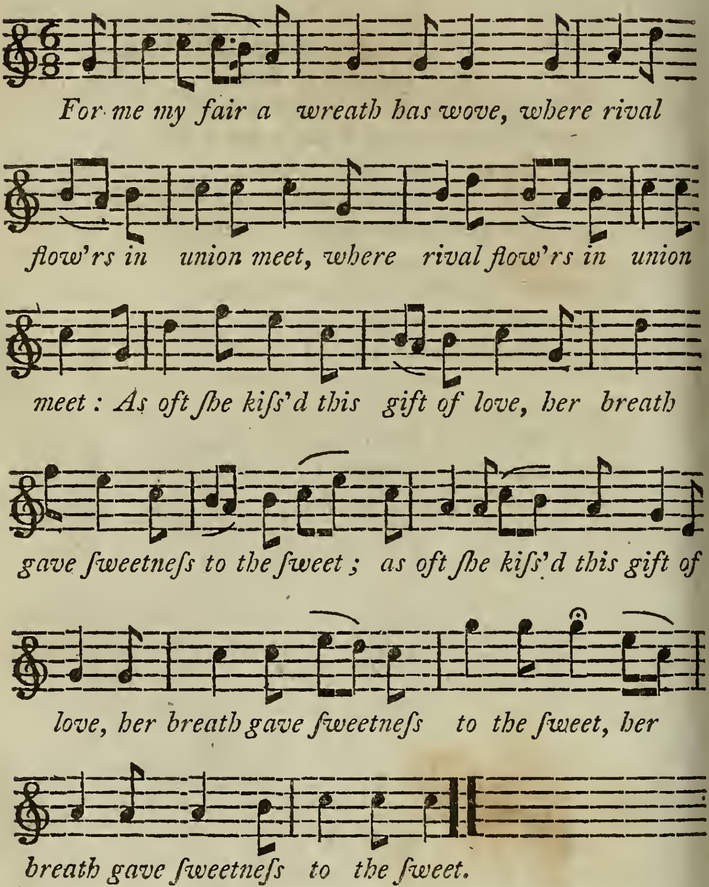
The meadows wore a gen'ral ſmile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely proſpect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the ſky.

Once on the graſſy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming Mary lull'd aſleep.
My heart then leap'd with inward bliſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd and ſtole a kiſs;
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, and gently blam'd,
Why, Damon! are you not aſham'd?

Ye Sylvan Pow'rs, ye Rural Gods,
To whom we ſwains our cares impart,
Reſtore me to theſe bleſs'd abodes,
And eaſe, oh! eaſe my love-ſick heart:
Theſe happy days again reſtore,
When Mall and I ſhall part no more;
When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing arms,
And crown my bliſs with all her charms.

SONG C.

FOR ME MY FAIR.

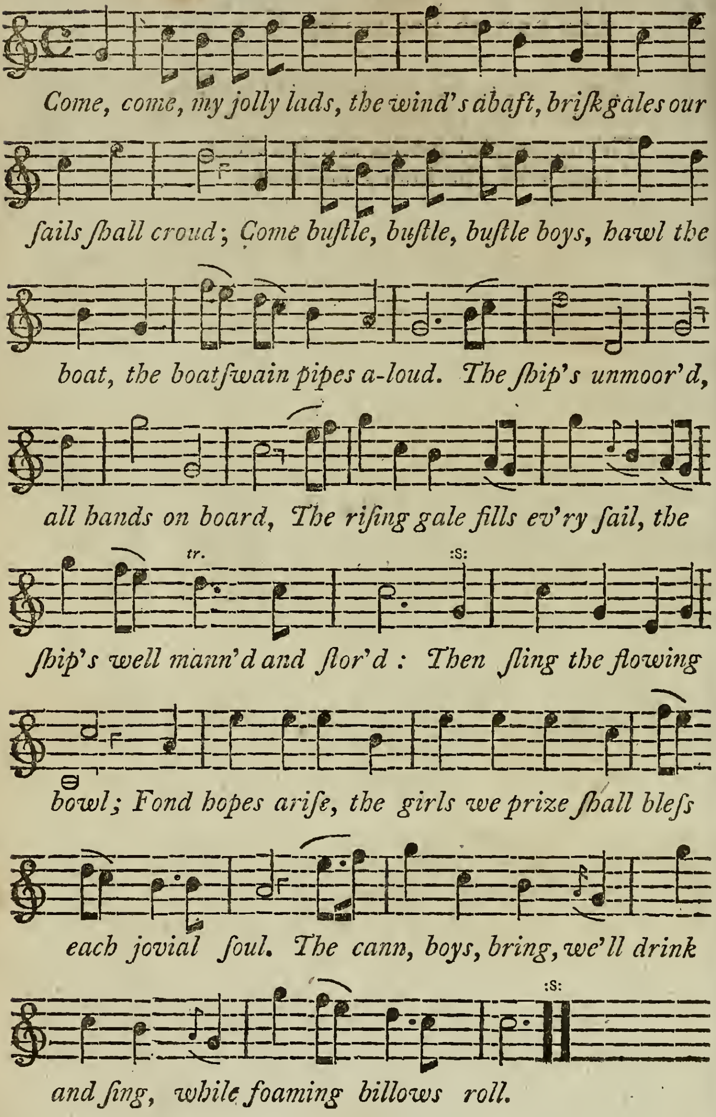

For me my fair a wreath has wove, where rival
flow'rs in union meet, where rival flow'rs in union
meet: As oft ſhe kiſs'd this gift of love, her breath
gave ſweetneſs to the ſweet; as oft ſhe kiſs'd this gift of
love, her breath gave ſweetneſs to the ſweet, her
breath gave ſweetneſs to the ſweet.

A bee within a damaſk roſe
  Had crept, the nectar'd dew to ſip;
But leſſer ſweets the thief forgoes,
  And fixes on Louiſa's lip.

There, taſting all the bloom of ſpring,
  Wak'd by the rip'ning breath of May,
Th' ungrateful ſpoiler left his ſting,
  And with the honey fled away.

SONG CI.

COME, COME, MY JOLLY LADS.


Come, come, my jolly lads, the wind's abaft, briſk gales our
ſails ſhall croud; Come buſtle, buſtle, buſtle boys, hawl the
boat, the boatſwain pipes a-loud. The ſhip's unmoor'd,
all hands on board, The riſing gale fills ev'ry ſail, the
tr.
ſhip's well mann'd and ſtor'd: :S: Then ſling the flowing
bowl; Fond hopes ariſe, the girls we prize ſhall bleſs
each jovial ſoul. The cann, boys, bring, we'll drink
and ſing, while foaming billows roll. :S:

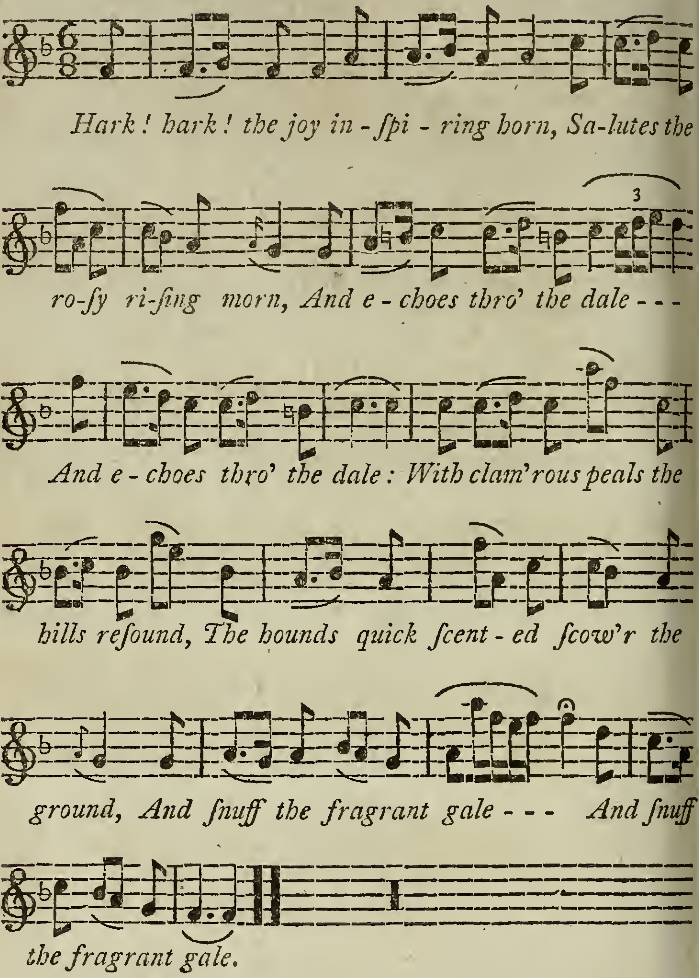
Tho' to the Spaniſh coaſt
  We're bound to ſteer,
We'll ſtill our rights maintain ;
Then bear a hand, be ſteady boys,
  Soon we'll ſee
Old England once again :
  From ſhore to ſhore,
  While cannons roar,
Our tars ſhall ſhow
The haughty foe
  Britannia rules the main.

Then fling the flowing bowl ;
  Fond hopes ariſe,
  The girls we prize
Shall bleſs each jovial ſoul :
  The cann, boys, bring,
  We'll drink and ſing,
While foaming billows roll.

Cho. Then fling the, &c.

SONG CII.

HARK! HARK!


Hark! hark! the joy in - ſpi - ring horn, Sa-lutes the
ro-ſy ri-ſing morn, And e - choes thro' the dale - - -
And e - choes thro' the dale: With clam'rous peals the
hills reſound, The hounds quick ſcent - ed ſcow'r the
ground, And ſnuff the fragrant gale - - - And ſnuff
the fragrant gale.

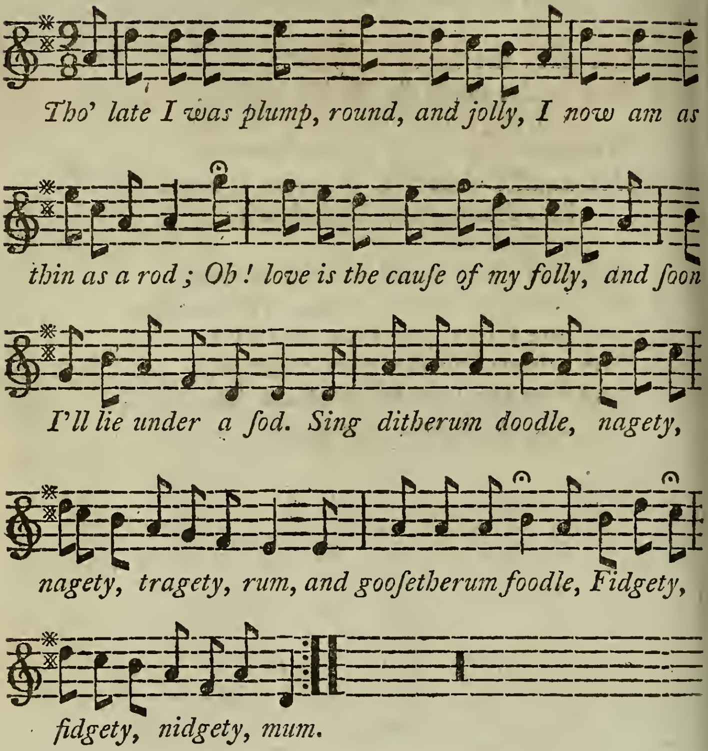
Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The briſk high-mettl'd ſtarting ſteed,
The jovial pack purſue;
Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
The diſtant hills with ſpeed he gains,
And ſees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forſakes,
And to the copſe for ſhelter makes,
There pants a while for breath;
When now the noiſe alarms her ear,
Her haunt's deſcry'd, her fate is near,
She ſees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim ſeize;
She faints, ſhe falls, ſhe dies:
The diſtant courſers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
Till echo rend the ſkies.

SONG CIII.

THO' LATE I WAS PLUMP.


Tho' late I was plump, round, and jolly, I now am as
thin as a rod; Oh! love is the cauſe of my folly, and ſoon
I'll lie under a ſod. Sing ditherum doodle, nagety,
nagety, tragety, rum, and gooſetherum foodle, Fidgety,
fidgety, nidgety, mum.

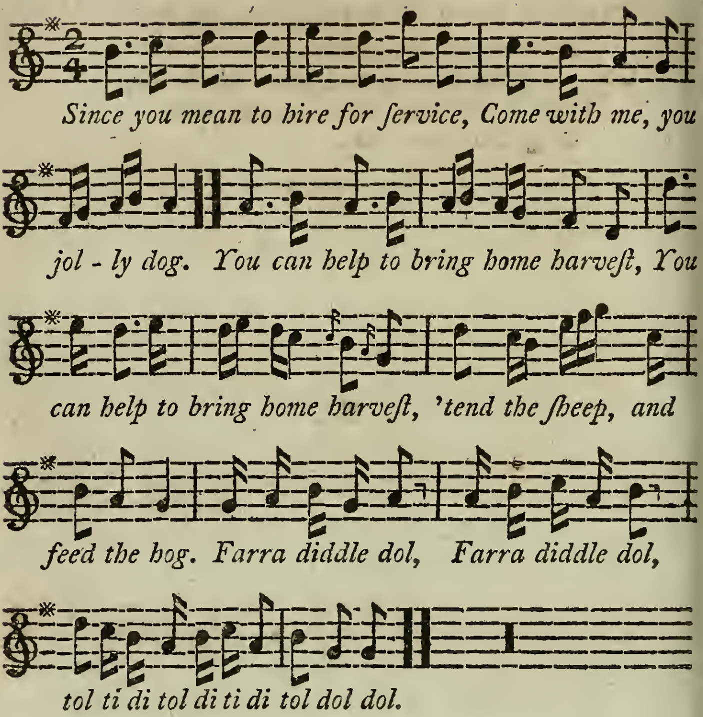
Dear Kathleen, then why did you flout me,
  A lad that's ſo coſey and warm?
Oh! ev'ry thing's handſome about me,
  My cabin and ſnug little farm.
    Sing ditherum, &c.

What tho' I have ſcrap'd up no money?
No duns at my chamber attend;
On Sunday I ride on my poney,
And ſtill have a bit for a friend.
Sing ditherum, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
The ſparrow, the pigeon, and dove;
Oh! how all this courting confounds me,
When I look and think of my love.
Sing ditherum, &c.

SONG CIV.

SINCE YOU MEAN


Since you mean to hire for ſervice, Come with me, you
jol - ly dog. You can help to bring home harveſt, You
can help to bring home harveſt, 'tend the ſheep, and
feed the hog. Farra diddle dol, Farra diddle dol,
tol ti di tol di ti di tol dol dol.

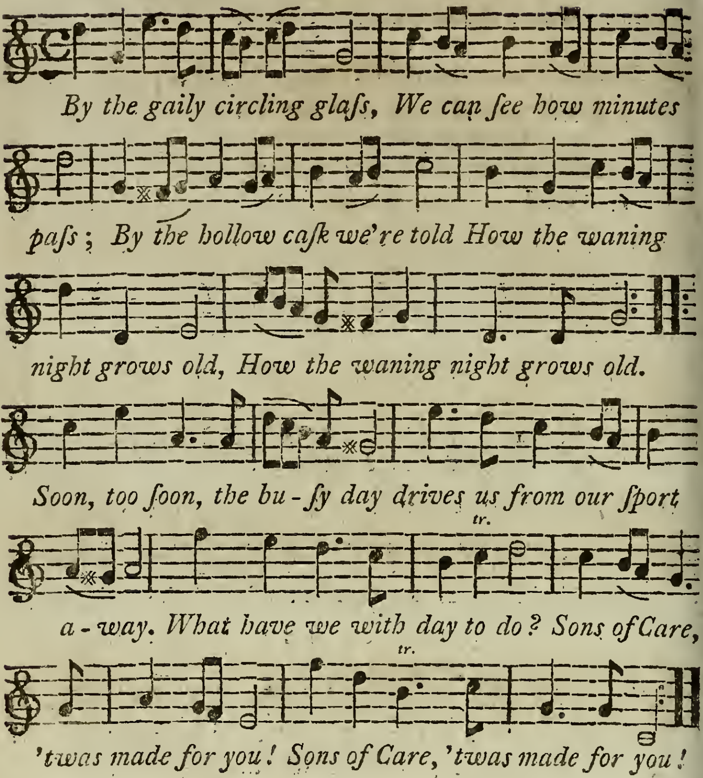
With three crowns, your ſtanding wages,
You ſhall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, ſalt-beef, and cabbage,
Butter-milk, and oaten bread.
Farra diddle, &c.

Come, ſtrike hands, you'll live in clover
  When we get you once at home;
And when daily labour's over
  We'll all dance to your ſtrum ſtrum.
    Farra diddle, &c.

Done; ſtrike hands, I take your offer;
  Farther on I may fare worſe;
Zooks! I can no longer ſuffer
  Hungry guts and empty purſe.
    Farra diddle, &c.

SONG CV.

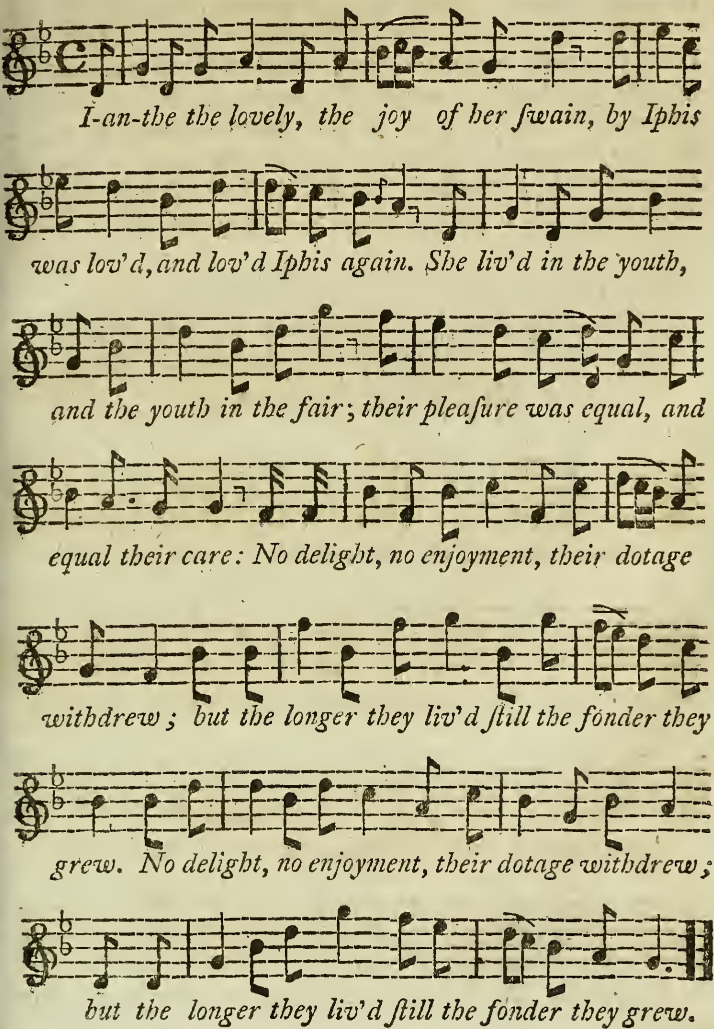
BY THE GAILY


By the gaily circling glaſs, We can ſee how minutes
paſs; By the hollow caſk we're told How the waning
night grows old, How the waning night grows old.
Soon, too ſoon, the bu - ſy day drives us from our ſport
tr.
a - way. What have we with day to do? Sons of Care,
tr.
'twas made for you! Sons of Care, 'twas made for you!

By the ſilence of the owl,
By the chirping on the thorn,
By the butts that empty roll,
We foretel th' approach of morn.
Fill, then, fill the vacant glaſs,
Let no precious moment ſlip;
Flout the moralizing aſs;
Joys find entrance at the lip.

SONG CVI.

IANTHE THE LOVELY.

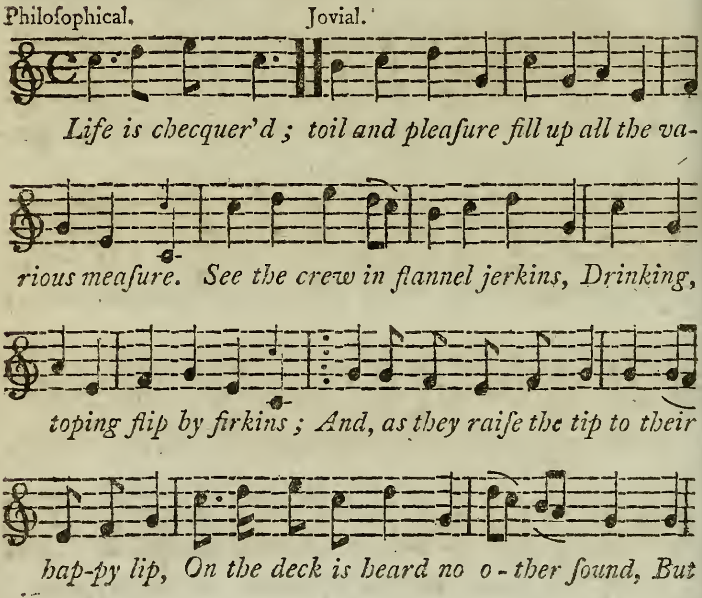

I-an-the the lovely, the joy of her ſwain, by Iphis
was lov'd, and lov'd Iphis again. She liv'd in the youth,
and the youth in the fair; their pleaſure was equal, and
equal their care: No delight, no enjoyment, their dotage
withdrew; but the longer they liv'd ſtill the fonder they
grew. No delight, no enjoyment, their dotage withdrew;
but the longer they liv'd ſtill the fonder they grew.

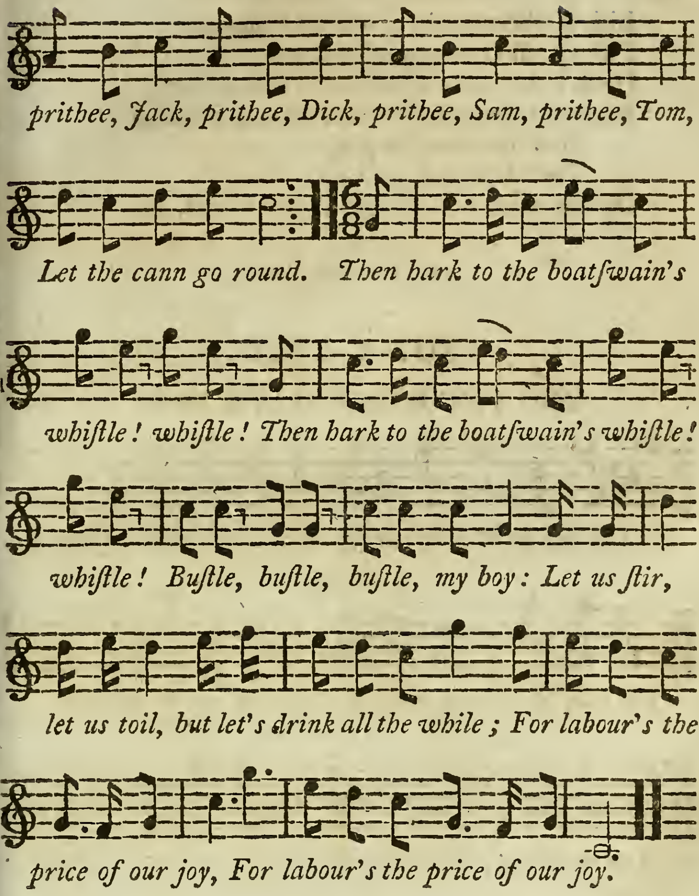
A paſſion ſo happy alarm'd all the plain:
Some envy'd the nymph; but more envy'd the ſwain:
Some ſwore 'twou'd be pity their loves to invade,
That the lovers alone for each other were made.
But all, all conſented, that none ever knew
A nymph be more kind, or a ſhepherd ſo true.

Love ſaw them with pleaſure, and vow'd to take care
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent pair;
What either might want he bid either to move;
But they wanted nothing but ever to love.
He ſaid all to bleſs them his godhead cou'd do,
That they ſtill ſhou'd be kind and they ſhou'd be true.

SONG CVII.

LIFE IS CHECQUER'D.


Philoſophical.
Jovial.
Life is checquer'd; toil and pleaſure fill up all the va-
rious meaſure. See the crew in flannel jerkins, Drinking,
toping flip by firkins; And, as they raiſe the tip to their
hap-py lip, On the deck is heard no o-ther ſound, But

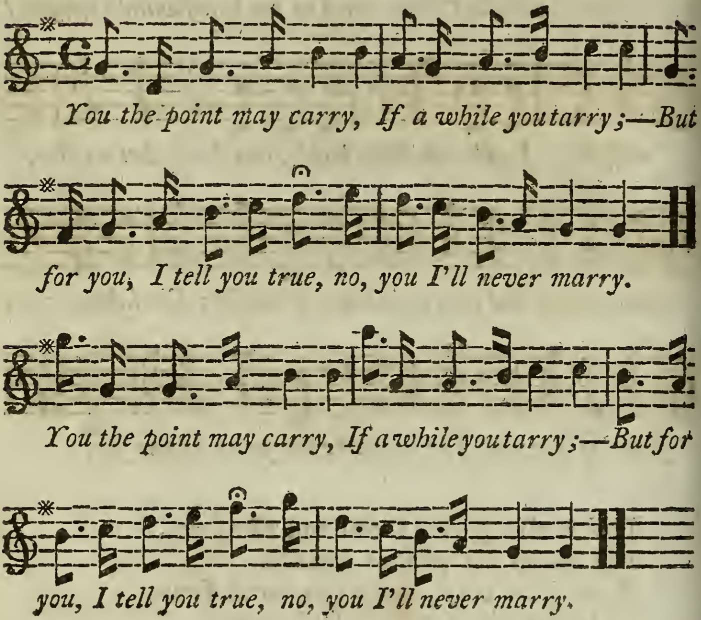

prithee, Jack, prithee, Dick, prithee, Sam, prithee, Tom,
Let the cann go round. Then hark to the boatſwain's
whiſtle! whiſtle! Then hark to the boatſwain's whiſtle!
whiſtle! Buſtle, buſtle, buſtle, my boy: Let us ſtir,
let us toil, but let's drink all the while; For labour's the
price of our joy, For labour's the price of our joy.

Life is checquer'd; toil and pleaſure
Fill up all the various meaſure.
Hark! the crew, with ſun-burnt faces,
Chanting black-ey'd Suſan's graces:
And, as they raiſe their notes
Thro' their ruſty throats,
On the deck is heard no other ſound, &c. &c.

Life is checquer'd ; toil and pleaſure
Fill up all the various meaſure.
Hark ! the crew their cares diſcarding
With huſtle-cap, or with chuck-farthing :
Still in a merry pin,
Let them loſe or win,
On the deck is heard no other ſound, &c. &c.

SONG CVIII.

YOU THE POINT MAY CARRY.


You the point may carry, If a while you tarry ;—But
for you, I tell you true, no, you I'll never marry.
You the point may carry, If a while you tarry ;—But for
you, I tell you true, no, you I'll never marry.

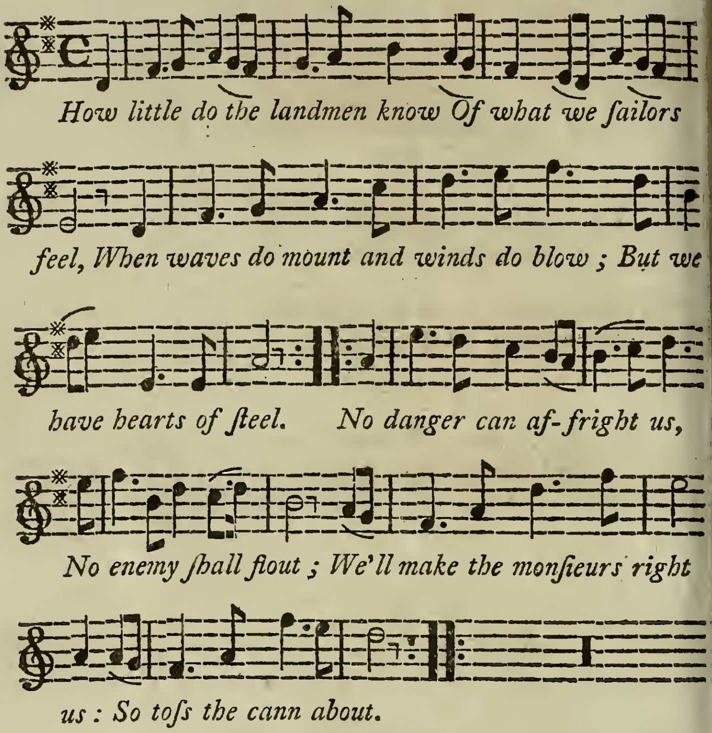
Care our ſouls diſowning,
Punch our ſorrows drowning,
Laugh and love,
And ever prove
Joys our wiſhes crowning.
Care our, &c.

To the church I'll hand her.
Then thro' the world I'll wander:
I'll ſob and ſigh
Until I die
A poor forſaken gander.
To the church, &c.

Each pious prieſt ſince Moſes
One mighty truth diſcloſes;
You're never vex't
If this his text,
Go fuddle all your noſes.
Each pious, &c.

SONG CIX.

HOW LITTLE DO THE LANDMEN KNOW.


How little do the landmen know Of what we ſailors
feel, When waves do mount and winds do blow; But we
have hearts of ſteel. No danger can af-fright us,
No enemy ſhall ſlout; We'll make the monſieurs right
us: So toſs the cann about.

Stick ſtout to orders, meſſmates;
  We'll plunder, burn, and ſink.
Then, France, have at your firſt-rates:
  For Britons never ſhrink.
We'll rummage all we fancy;
  We'll bring them in by ſcores:
And Moll and Kate and Nancy
  Shall roll in Louis d'ors.

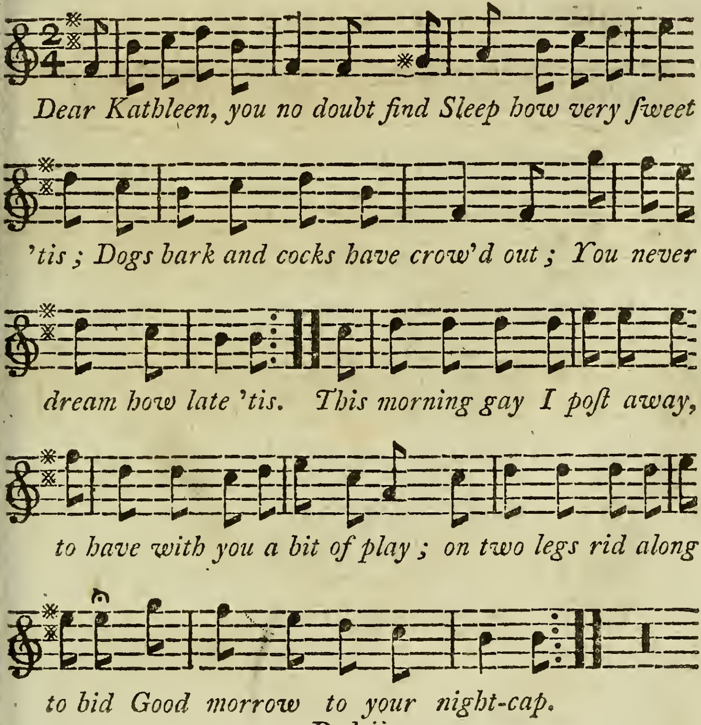
I

While here at Deal we're lying
With our noble commodore,
We'll ſpend our wages freely, boys,
And then to ſea for more.
In peace we'll drink and ſing, boys;
In war we'll never fly.
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family.

* * *

SONG CX.

GOOD MORROW TO YOUR NIGHT-CAP.

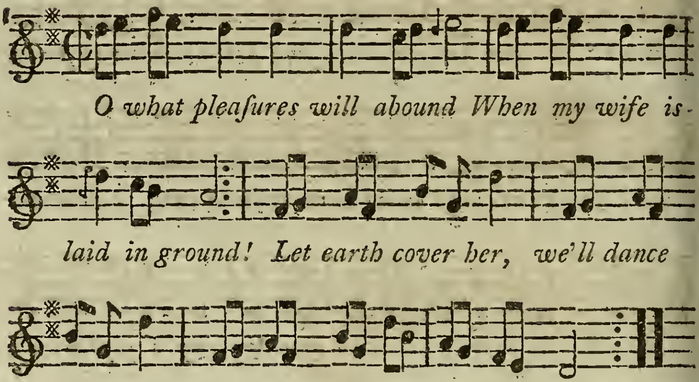

Dear Kathleen, you no doubt find Sleep how very ſweet
'tis; Dogs bark and cocks have crow'd out; You never
dream how late 'tis. This morning gay I poſt away,
to have with you a bit of play; on two legs rid along
to bid Good morrow to your night-cap.

Laſt night a little bouſy
  With whiſky, ale, and cyder,
I aſk'd young Betty Blouſy
  To let me ſit beſide her.
    Her anger roſe;
    And, ſour as ſloes,
  The little gipſey cock'd her noſe.
Yet here I've rid along to bid
  Good morrow to your night-cap.

⁂

SONG CXI.

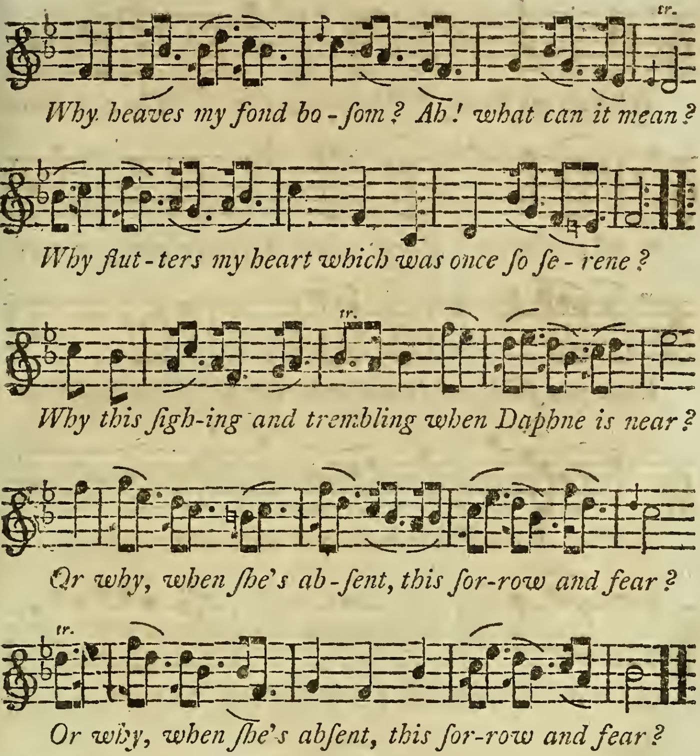
WHEN MY WIFE IS LAID IN GROUND.


O what pleaſures will abound When my wife is-
laid in ground! Let earth cover her, we'll dance
over her, When my wife is laid in ground.

Oh how happy ſhou'd I be
Would little Nyſa pig with me!
How I'd mumble her, touze and tumble her,
Wou'd little Nyſa pig with me!

SONG CXII.

WHY HEAVES.

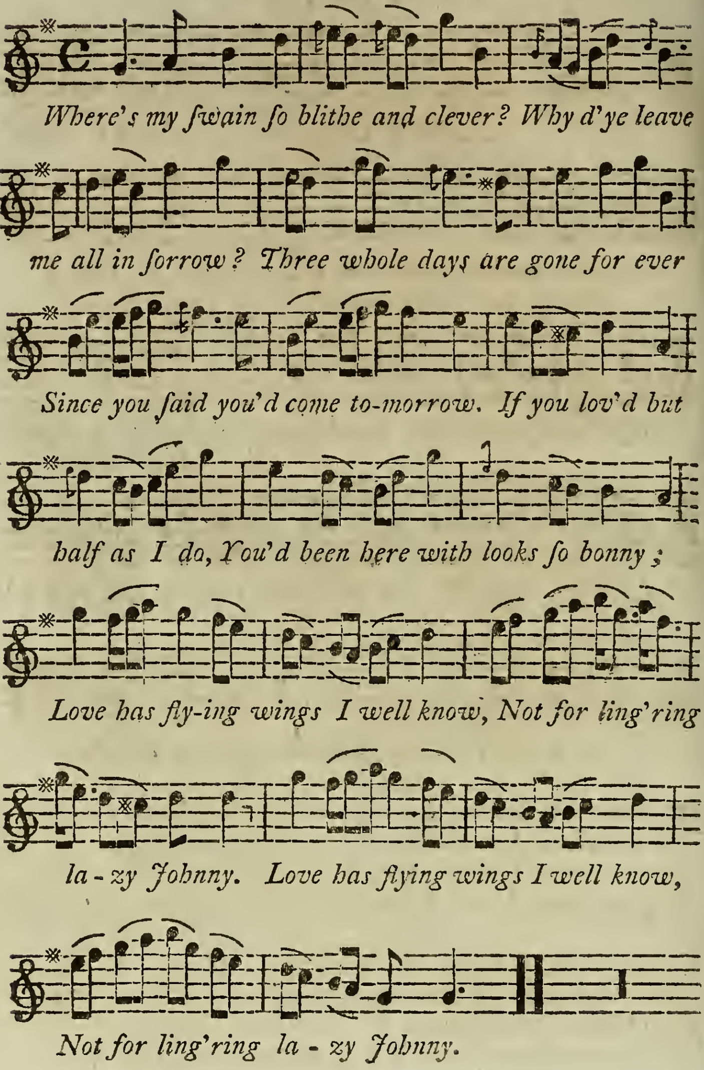

tr.
Why heaves my fond bo-ſom? Ah! what can it mean?
Why flut-ters my heart which was once ſo ſe-rene?
tr.
Why this ſigh-ing and trembling when Daphne is near?
Or why, when ſhe's ab-ſent, this ſor-row and fear?
tr.
Or why, when ſhe's abſent, this ſor-row and fear?

For ever, methinks, I with wonder could trace
The thouſand ſoft charms that embelliſh thy face.
Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find:
With thy face I am charm'd; but enſlav'd by thy mind.

Untainted with folly; unſullied by pride:
There native good humour and virtue reſide.
Pray Heaven that virtue thy ſoul may ſupply
With compaſſion for him who without thee muſt die.

SONG CXIII.

WHERE'S MY SWAIN.


Where's my ſwain ſo blithe and clever? Why d'ye leave
me all in ſorrow? Three whole days are gone for ever
Since you ſaid you'd come to-morrow. If you lov'd but
half as I do, You'd been here with looks ſo bonny;
Love has fly-ing wings I well know, Not for ling'ring
la - zy Johnny. Love has flying wings I well know,
Not for ling'ring la - zy Johnny.

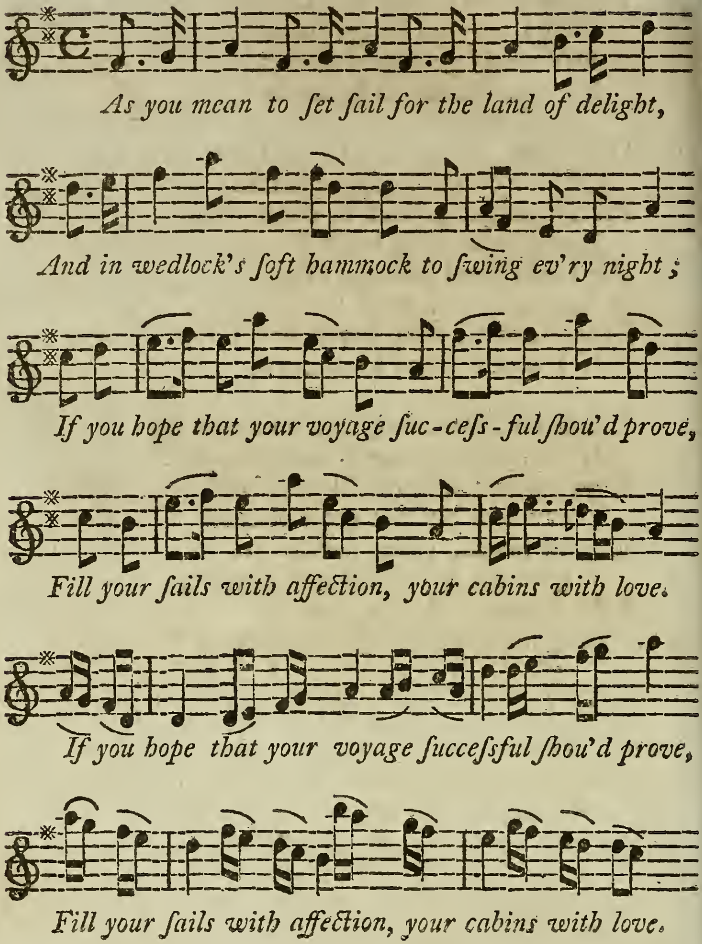
What can he be now a-doing?
  Is he with the laſſes Maying?
He had better here be wooing
  Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
  That I may no longer ſorrow.
If he's weary grown of loving,
  Let him tell me ſo to-morrow.

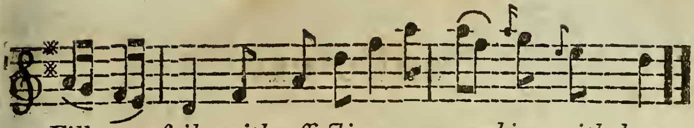
Does ſome fav'rite rival hide thee?
  Let her be the happy creature:
I'll not plague myſelf to chide thee,
  Nor diſpute with her a feature.
But I can't and will not tarry,
  Nor will kill myſelf with ſorrow:
I may loſe the time to marry
  If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, ſhepherd, thus to brave me:
  If I'm yours, pray wait no longer:
If you won't, another 'll have me.
  I may cool but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forſake ye,
  Whine not in deſpair and ſorrow;
Bleſt another lad may make ye.
  Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

SONG CXIV.

THE LAND OF DELIGHT.


As you mean to ſet ſail for the land of delight,
And in wedlock's ſoft hammock to ſwing ev'ry night;
If you hope that your voyage ſuc-ceſs-ful ſhou'd prove,
Fill your ſails with affection, your cabins with love.
If you hope that your voyage ſucceſsful ſhou'd prove,
Fill your ſails with affection, your cabins with love.



Let your heart, like the main-maſt, be ever upright,
And the union you boaſt, like our tackle, be tight;
Of the ſhoals of indiff'rence be ſure to keep clear,
And the quickſands of jealouſy never come near.

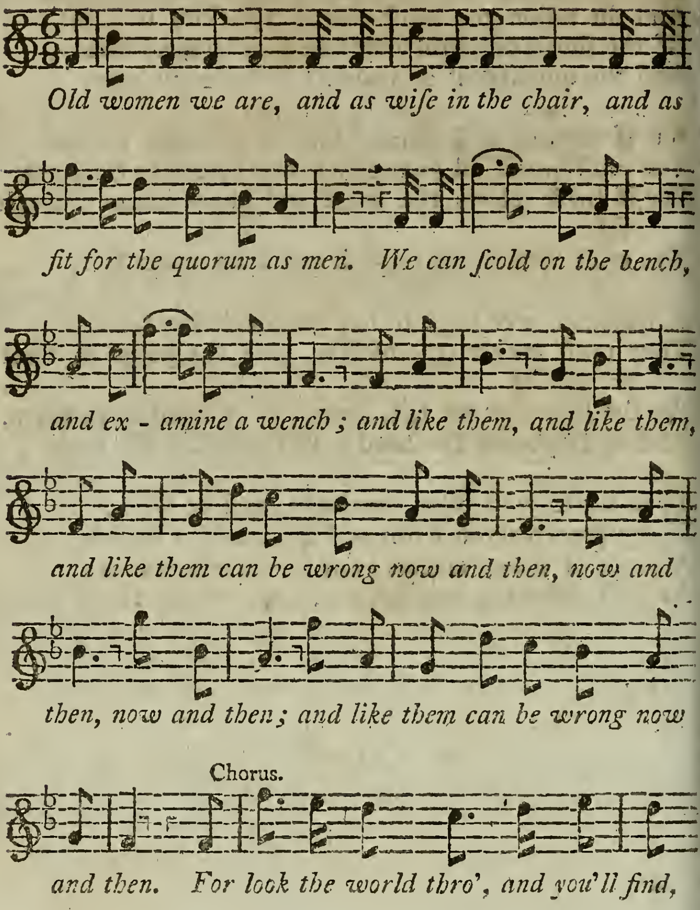
But if vapours and whims, like ſea-ſickneſs, prevail,
You muſt ſpread all your canvas and catch the freſh gale:
For if briſk blows the wind and there comes a rough ſea,
You muſt lower your top-ſail and ſcud under lee.

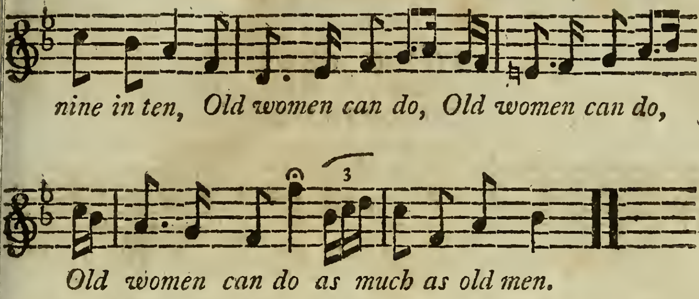
If huſbands e'er hope to live peaceable lives,
They muſt reckon themſelves, give the helm to their wives:
For the ſmoother we ſail, boys, we're ſafeſt from harm,
And on ſhipboard the head is ſtill rul'd by the helm.

Then liſt to your pilot, my boys, and be wiſe;
If my precepts you ſcorn and my maxims deſpiſe,
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn;
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

SONG CXV.

THE OLD WOMAN's SONG.


Old women we are, and as wiſe in the chair, and as
fit for the quorum as men. We can ſcold on the bench,
and ex - amine a wench; and like them, and like them,
and like them can be wrong now and then, now and
then, now and then; and like them can be wrong now
Chorus.
and then. For look the world thro', and you'll find,

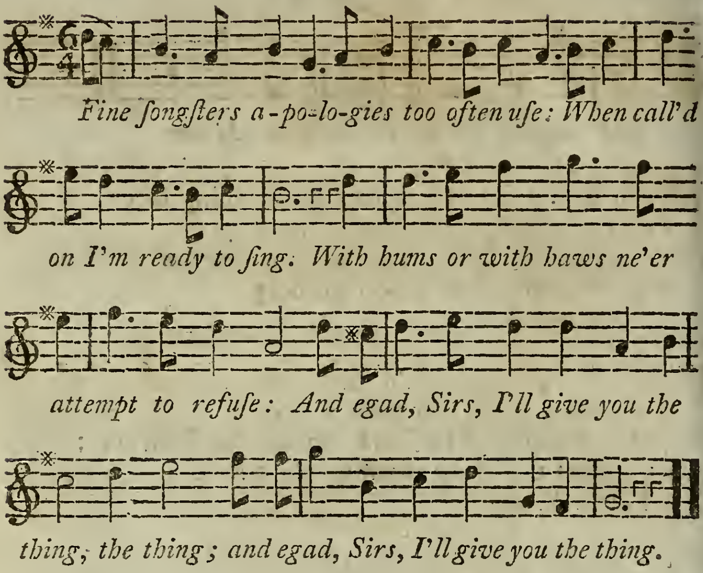

nine in ten, Old women can do, Old women can do,
3
Old women can do as much as old men.

We can hear a ſad caſe with a no-meaning face,
And tho' ſhallow yet ſeem to be deep:
Leave all to the clerk; and when matters grow dark,
Their worſhips had better go ſleep.
For look, &c.

When our wiſdom is taſk'd, and hard queſtions are aſk'd,
We anſwer them beſt with a ſnore;
We can mump a tit bit, and can joke without wit:
And what can their worſhips do more?
For look, &c.

SONG CXVI.

THE THING.


Fine ſongſters a-po-lo-gies too often uſe: When call'd
on I'm ready to ſing: With hums or with haws ne'er
attempt to refuſe: And egad, Sirs, I'll give you the
thing, the thing; and egad, Sirs, I'll give you the thing.

Conceited our beaux arm in arm walk the ſtreet;
  In idleneſs take their full ſwing:
Each levels his glaſs when a lady they meet;
  And if handſome, they ſwear—ſhe's the thing.

Thus at Smithfield the jockey his nag will commend:
  What a ſhape! why, he's fit for the king!
He's ſound wind and limb, on the word of a friend;
  And for ſpirits—he's really the thing.

With ſmile of ſelf-intereſt the landlord imparts,
  Butt-entire I always do bring:
Old ſtingo I draw that will cheriſh your hearts;
  And in flavour indeed—'tis the thing.

See Jenny with Jocky to playhouſe repair
  Miſs Brent to hear warble and ſing ;
Pretenders to muſic, they praiſe ev'ry air
  With I vow and proteſt—ſhe's the thing.

The ſportſman with joy views the hare in full ſpeed,
  In ecſtaſy hears the ſky ring ;
With cry of the hounds, and of each neighing ſteed,
  And in tranſport he cries—'tis the thing.

The prude her own perſon conſults in the glaſs,
  Admiring her finger and ring ;
Then concludes that her beauty all others ſurpaſs,
  And that man muſt confeſs—ſhe's the thing.

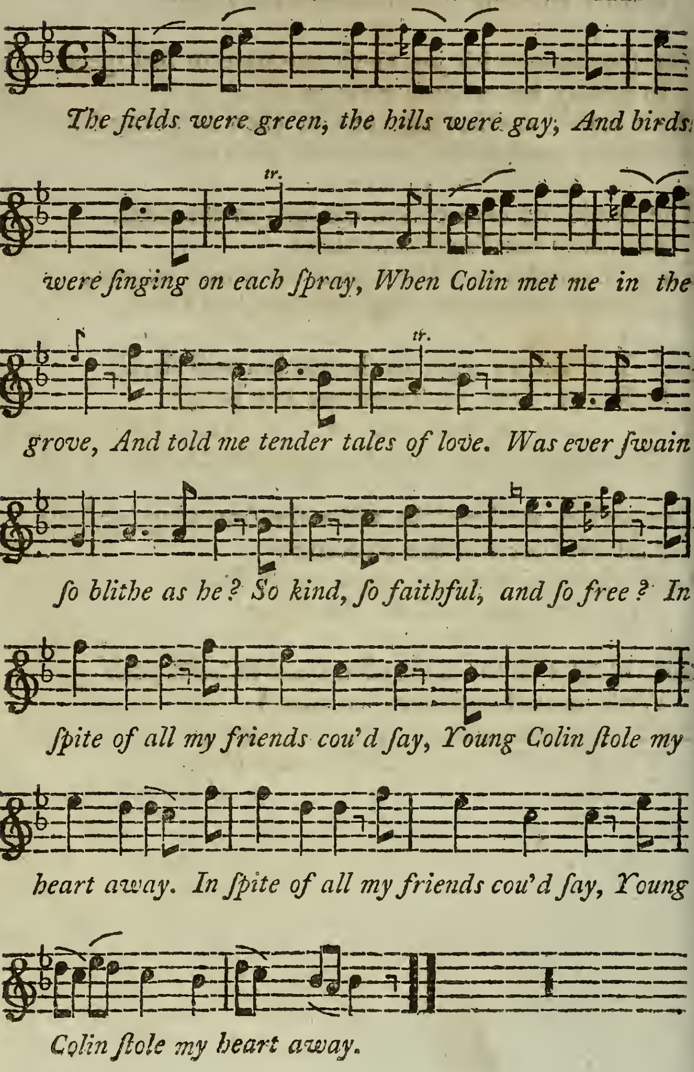
Jack Tar, full of glee, to the garden will ſtroll,
  In ſearch, Sirs, of ſomething like l—g ;
There boards on Moll Jenkins, and ſwears by his ſoul
  She's rigg'd, fore and aft—quite the thing.

The parſon, well pleas'd, trims the ſmoaking Sir Loin,
  And ſlyly leers at the pudding ;
Lord bleſs me, he cries, how nobly I dine !
  O pudding and beef is—the thing !

But, claſp'd in the arms of a good-natur'd pair,
  With mutual embraces we cling ;
That enjoyment alone diſpels ev'ry care,
  Which you all muſt allow is—the thing.

SONG CXVII.

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

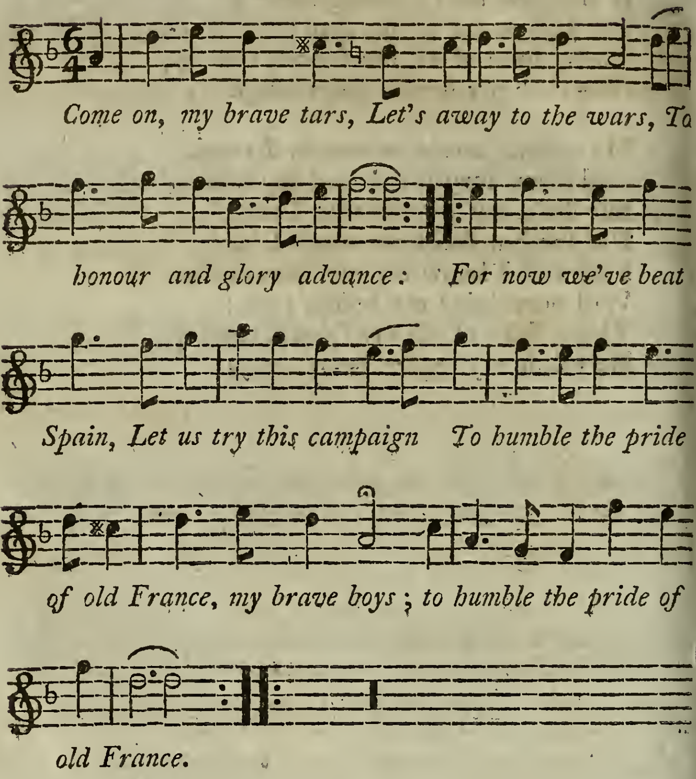

The fields were green, the hills were gay, And birds
were ſinging on each ſpray, When Colin met me in the
grove, And told me tender tales of love. Was ever ſwain
ſo blithe as he? So kind, ſo faithful, and ſo free? In
ſpite of all my friends cou'd ſay, Young Colin ſtole my
heart away. In ſpite of all my friends cou'd ſay, Young
Colin ſtole my heart away.
tr.
tr.

Whene'er he trips the meads along
He ſweetly joins the woodlark's ſong;
And when he dances on the green
There's none ſo blithe as Colin ſeen.
If he's but by I nothing fear;
For I alone am all his care:
Then, ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
And ſeems ſurpris'd I quit my home:
But ſhe'd not wonder that I rove,
Did ſhe but feel how much I love.
Full well I know the gen'rous ſwain
Will never give my boſom pain:
Then, ſpite of all my friends can ſay,
He's ſtole my tender heart away.

SONG CXVIII.

COME ON, MY BRAVE TARS.


Come on, my brave tars, Let's away to the wars, To
honour and glory advance: For now we've beat
Spain, Let us try this campaign To humble the pride
of old France, my brave boys; to humble the pride of
old France.

See William, brave prince,
A true blue ev'ry inch,
Who will honour th' illuſtrious name.
May he conqueror be
O'er our empire the ſea,
And tranſmit Britiſh laurels to fame,
My brave boys, &c.

  Three heroes combin'd,
  When the Dons they cou'd find,
Vied who ſhou'd be foremoſt in battle:
  By no lee-ſhore affrighted,
  Altho' they're benighted,
They made Britiſh thunder to rattle,
    Brave boys, &c.

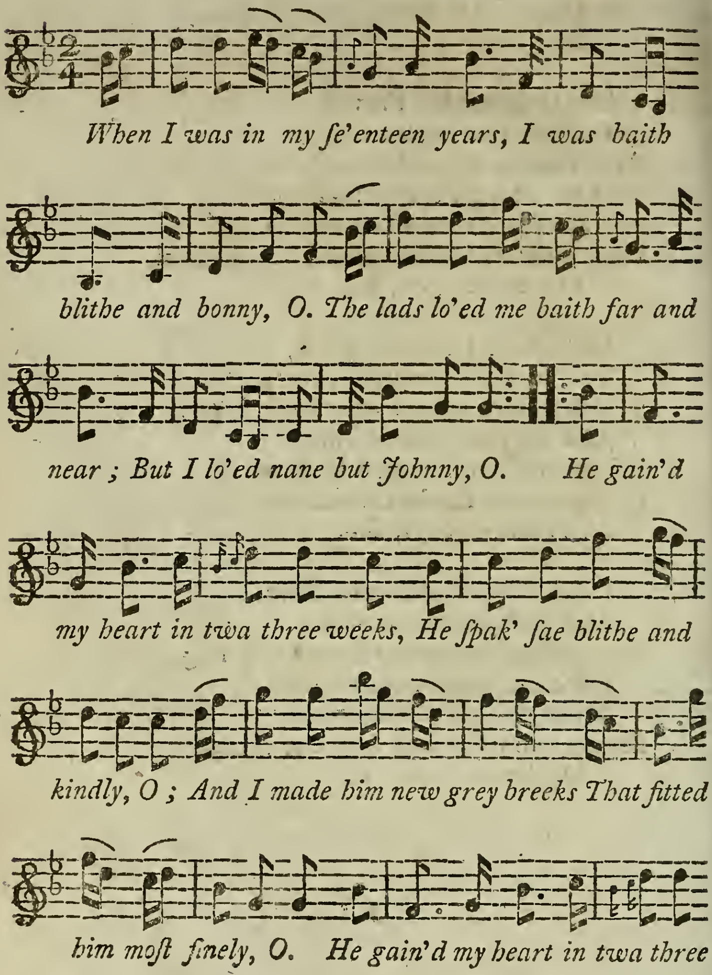
  See Dalrymple, Prevoſt,
  Gallant Barrington too,
And Farmer who glorioſly fell;
  With brave Pearſon: all knew
  That the hearts of true blue,
Once rouz'd, not the world cou'd excel,
    My brave boys, &c.

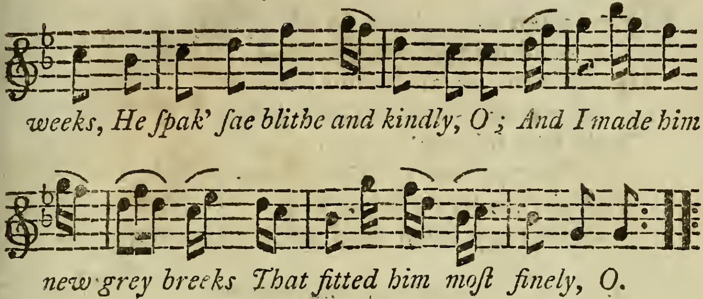
  With ſuch heroes as thoſe,
  Tho' we've numberleſs foes,
Britiſh valour reſplendent ſhall ſhine:
  And we ſtill hope to ſhow
  That their pride will be low
In eighty, as fam'd fifty-nine,
    My brave boys, &c.

  Then, brave lads, enter here,
  And partake of our cheer;
You ſhall feaſt and be merry and ſing.
  With the grog at your noſe
  Drink ſucceſs to true blues:
Huzza! and ſay God ſave the King!
    My brave boys, &c.

SONG CXIX.

JOHNNY's GREY BREEKS.


When I was in my ſe'enteen years, I was baith
blithe and bonny, O. The lads lo'ed me baith far and
near; But I lo'ed nane but Johnny, O. He gain'd
my heart in twa three weeks, He ſpak' ſae blithe and
kindly, O; And I made him new grey breeks That fitted
him moſt finely, O. He gain'd my heart in twa three


weeks, He ſpak' ſae blithe and kindly, O; And I made him
new grey breeks That fitted him moſt finely, O.

He was a handſome fellow;
  His humour was baith frank and free:
His bonny locks ſae yellow,
  Like gou'd they glitter'd in my ee'.
His dimpl'd chin and roſy cheeks,
  And face ſae fair and ruddy, O;
And then a-days his grey breeks
  Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they are thread-bare worn;
  They're wider than they wont to be;
They're taſhed like and ſair torn;
  And clouted ſair on ilka knee.
But gin I had a ſummer's day,
  As I have had right mony, O,
I'll mak' a web o' new grey
  To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
  And better gin I had to gi'e;
And I'll tak' pains upo' them;
  Frae fau'ts I'll ſtrive to keep them free.
To clead him weel ſhall be my care,
  And pleaſe him a' my ſtudy, O;
But he maun wear the auld pair
  A wee, tho' they be duddy, O.

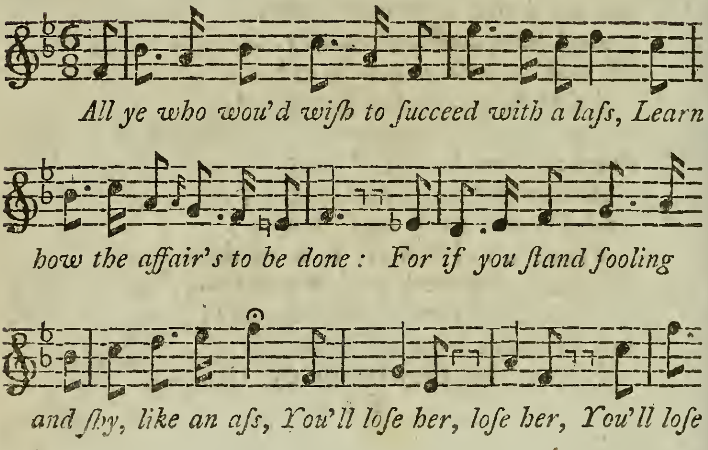
For when the lad was in his prime,
  Like him there was nae mony, O.
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing:
  Say, wha wou'd nae lo'e Johnny, O?
Sae I lo'e Johnny's grey breeks
  For a' the care they've gi'en me yet;
And gin we live anither year
  We'll keep them haill between us yet.

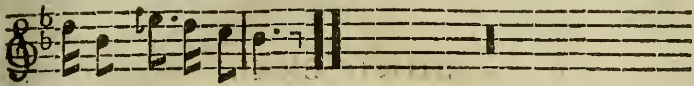
Now, to conclude his grey breeks;
  I'll ſing them up wi' mirth and glee.
Here's luck to a' the grey ſteeks
  That ſhow themſelves upo' the knee:
And if wi' health I'm ſpared
  A wee while, as I wiſh I may,
I ſhall ha'e them prepared
  As weel as ony that's o' grey.

* * *

SONG CXX.

ALL YE WHO WOU'D WISH.


All ye who wou'd wiſh to ſucceed with a laſs, Learn
how the affair's to be done: For if you ſtand fooling
and ſhy, like an aſs, You'll loſe her, loſe her, You'll loſe



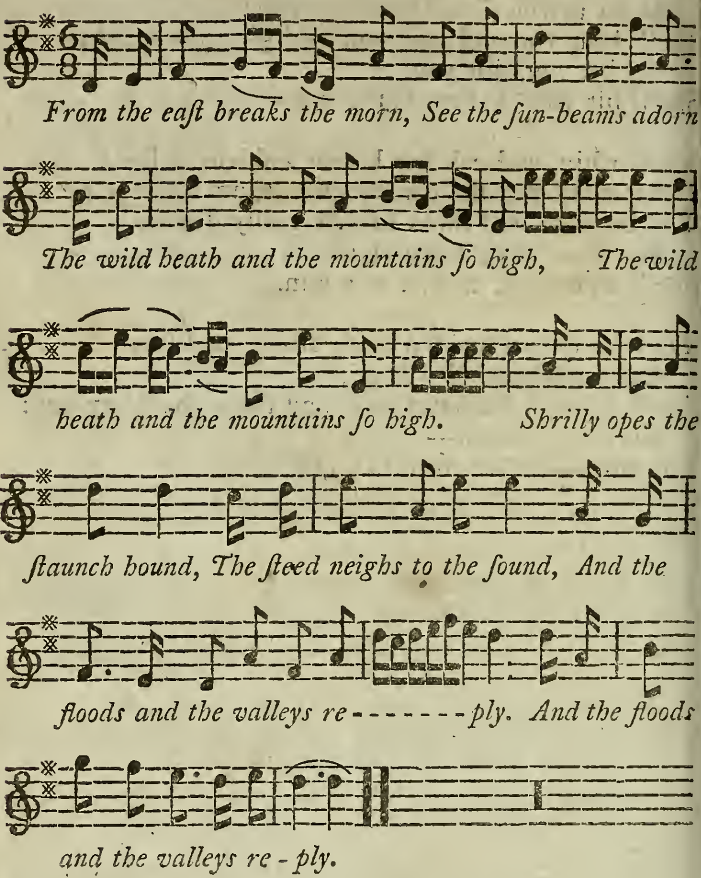
With whining, and ſighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you pleaſe you may run:
She'll hear you and jeer you, and give you a pat;
But jilt you, jilt you,
She'll jilt you, as ſure as a gun.

To worſhip, and call her bright goddeſs, is fine;
But mark you the conſequence, mum:
The baggage will think herſelf really divine,
And ſcorn you, ſcorn you,
She'll ſcorn you, as ſure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and ſtout,
And no opportunity ſhun:
She'll tell you ſhe hates you, and ſwear ſhe'll cry out:
But mum—mum—
But mum—ſhe's as ſure as a gun.

SONG CXXI.

FROM THE EAST BREAKS THE MORN.


From the eaſt breaks the morn, See the ſun-beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains ſo high, The wild
heath and the mountains ſo high. Shrilly opes the
ſtaunch hound, The ſteed neighs to the ſound, And the
floods and the valleys re - - - - - - - -ply. And the floods
and the valleys re - ply.

Our forefathers, ſo good,
Prov'd their greatneſs of blood
By encount'ring the pard and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and youth urg'd the chace,
And taught woodlands and foreſts to roar.

Hence of noble deſcent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the boſom of nature's reveal'd;
Tho' in life's buſy day
Man of man make a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

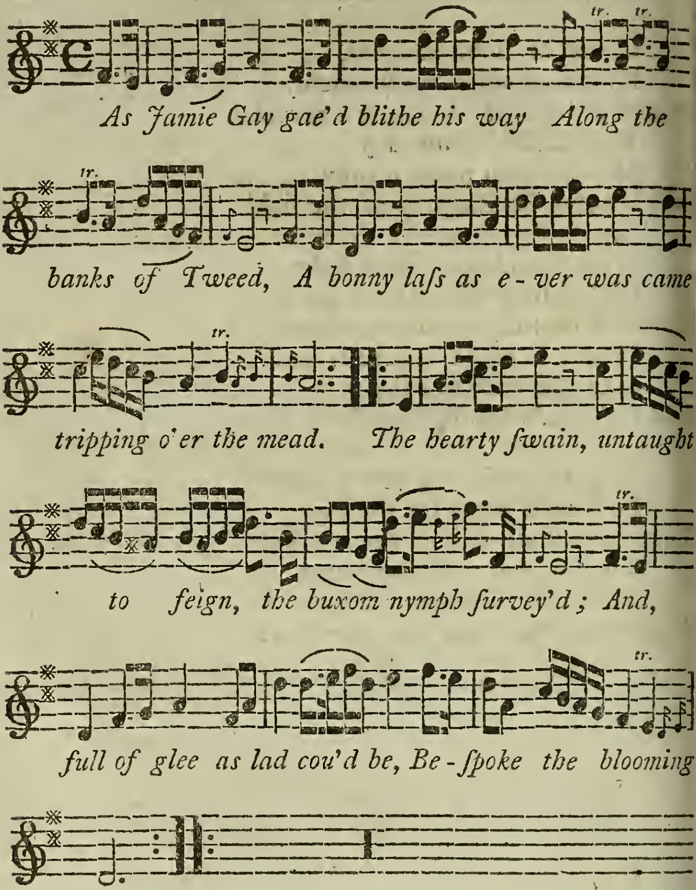
With the chace in full ſight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mutual ſenſations refine!
Where is care? where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's loſt in ſomething divine.

Now to horſe, my brave boys:
Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon ſhall enliven the whole:
Then at eve we'll diſmount,
Toils and pleaſures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

SONG CXXII.

JAMIE GAY.

Affettuoſo.


tr.
As Jamie Gay gae'd blithe his way Along the
banks of Tweed, A bonny laſs as e-ver was came
tripping o'er the mead. The hearty ſwain, untaught
to feign, the buxom nymph ſurvey'd; And,
full of glee as lad cou'd be, Be-ſpoke the blooming
maid.

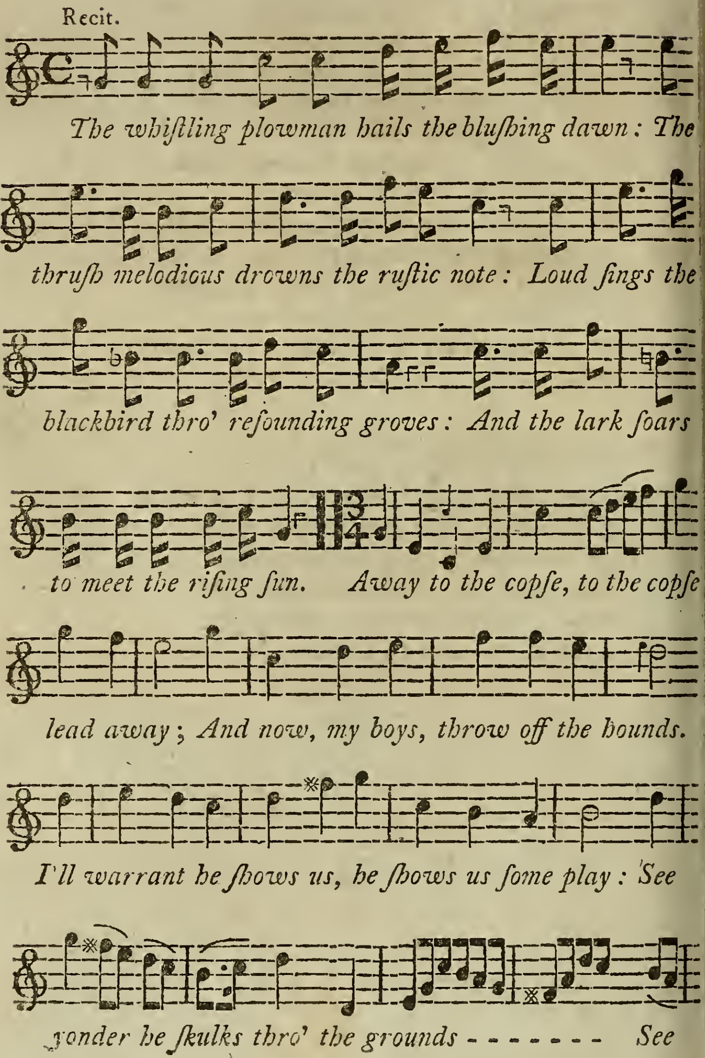
Dear laſſie, tell, why by thyſell
  Thou lonely wander'ſt here?
My ewes, ſhe cry'd, are ſtraying wide;
  Canſt tell me, laddie, where?
To town I hie, he made reply,
  Some pleaſing ſport to ſee:
But thou'rt ſo neat, ſo trim, ſo ſweet,
  I'll ſeek thy ewes with thee.

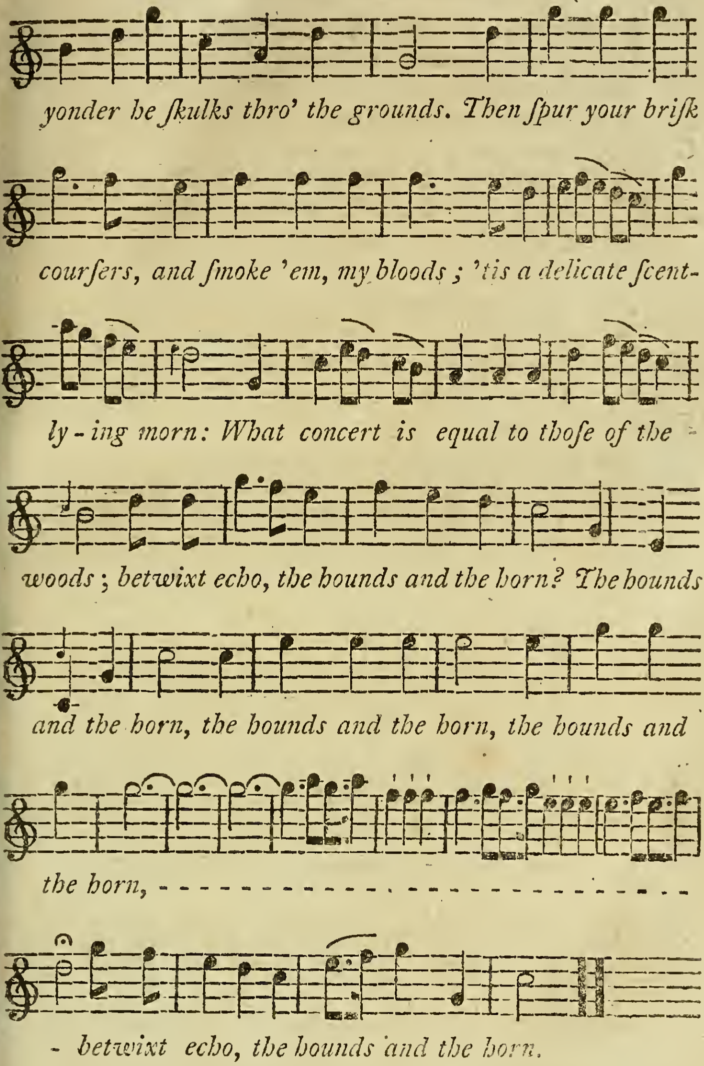
She gave her hand, nor made a ſtand;
  But lik'd the youth's intent:
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
  Right merrily they went.
The birds ſang ſweet, the pair to greet,
  And flow'rets bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
  And lovers joys when crown'd.

And now the ſun had roſe to noon,
  The zenith of his pow'r,
When to the ſhade their ſteps they made
  To paſs the mid-day hour.
The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
  The laſs, who ſcorn'd to frown:
She ſoon forgot the ewes ſhe ſought,
  And he to gang to town.

SONG CXXIII.

THE WHISTLING PLOWMAN.


Recit.
The whiſtling plowman hails the bluſhing dawn: The
thruſh melodious drowns the ruſtic note: Loud ſings the
blackbird thro' reſounding groves: And the lark ſoars
to meet the riſing ſun. Away to the copſe, to the copſe
lead away; And now, my boys, throw off the hounds.
I'll warrant he ſhows us, he ſhows us ſome play: See
yonder he ſkulks thro' the grounds - - - - - - - See

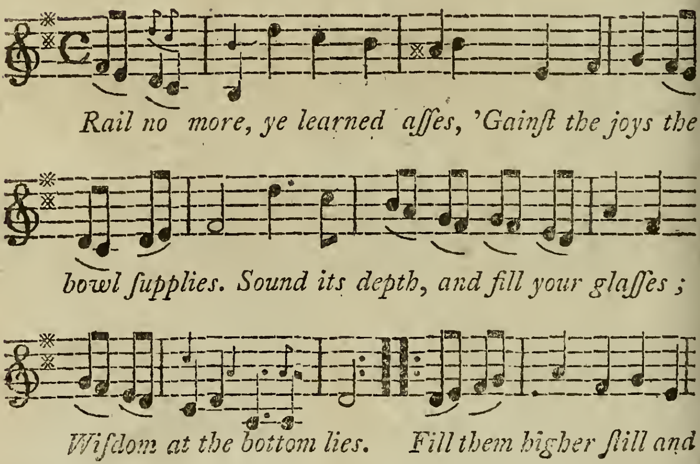

yonder he ſkulks thro' the grounds. Then ſpur your briſk
courſers, and ſmoke 'em, my bloods; 'tis a delicate ſcent-
ly - ing morn: What concert is equal to thoſe of the -
woods; betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn? The hounds
and the horn, the hounds and the horn, the hounds and
the horn, -
- betwixt echo, the hounds and the horn.

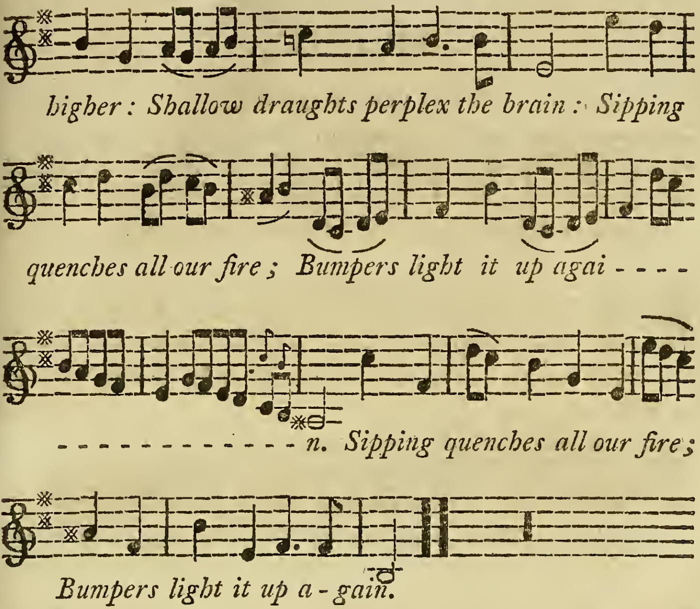
Each earth, ſee, he tries at in vain,
The cover no ſafety can find;
So he breaks it and ſcow'rs amain,
And leaves us at diſtance behind.
O'er rocks and o'er rivers and hedges we fly;
All hazard and danger we ſcorn.
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die:
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he ſcarce creeps thro' the dale;
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
His ſpeed can no longer prevail;
Nor his life can his cunning prolong.
From our ſtaunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that he fled:
See his bruſh falls bemir'd forlorn!
The farmers with pleaſure behold him lie dead,
And ſhout to the ſound of the horn.

SONG CXXIV.

RAIL NO MORE.

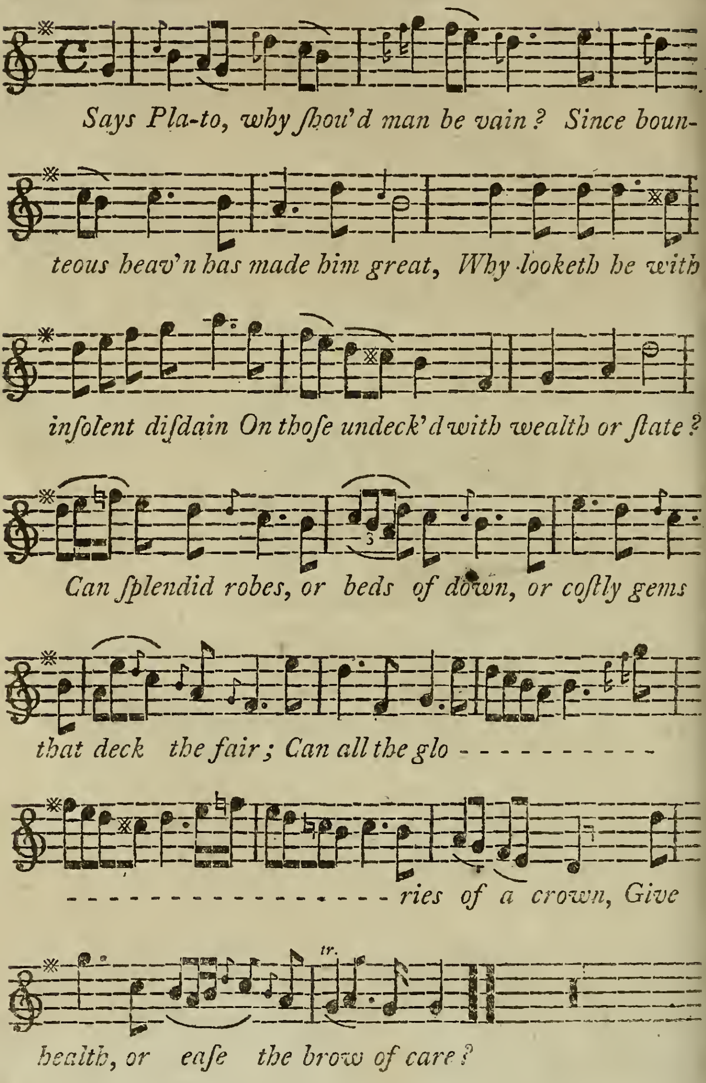

Rail no more, ye learned aſſes, 'Gainſt the joys the
bowl ſupplies. Sound its depth, and fill your glaſſes;
Wiſdom at the bottom lies. Fill them higher ſtill and


higher: Shallow draughts perplex the brain: Sipping
quenches all our fire; Bumpers light it up agai - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - n. Sipping quenches all our fire;
Bumpers light it up a - gain.

Draw the ſcene for wit and pleaſure;
  Enter jollity and joy;
We for thinking have no leiſure;
  Manly mirth is our employ.
Since in life there's nothing certain,
  We'll the preſent hour engage;
And, when death ſhall drop the curtain,
  With applauſe we'll quit the ſtage.

SONG CXXV.

PLATO's ADVICE.

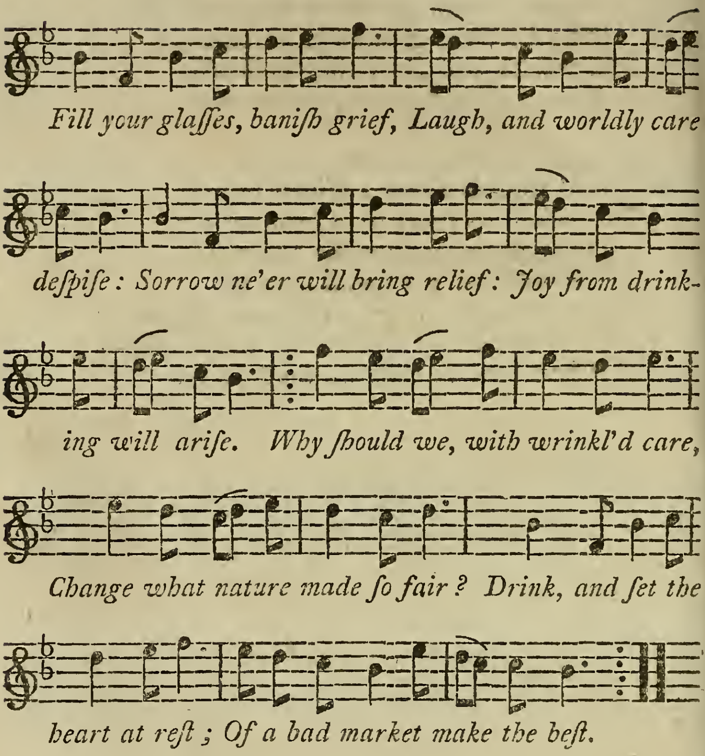

Says Pla-to, why ſhou'd man be vain? Since boun-
teous heav'n has made him great, Why looketh he with
inſolent diſdain On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate?
Can ſplendid robes, or beds of down, or coſtly gems
that deck the fair; Can all the glo - - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ries of a crown, Give
health, or eaſe the brow of care?
tr.

The ſcepter'd king, the burthen'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty, die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt, without diſtinction, lie.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles bore:
The wealth and glory they poſſeſs'd,
And all their honours, are no more.

So glides the meteor thro' the ſky,
And ſpreads along a gilded train;
But, when its ſhort-liv'd beauties die,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls!—
Let friendſhip reign while here we ſtay;
Let's crown our joys with flowing bowls,—
When Jove us calls we muſt away.

SONG CXXVI.

FILL YOUR GLASSES.


Fill your glaſſes, baniſh grief, Laugh, and worldly care
deſpiſe: Sorrow ne'er will bring relief: Joy from drinking will ariſe. Why ſhould we, with wrinkl'd care,
Change what nature made ſo fair? Drink, and ſet the
heart at reſt; Of a bad market make the beſt.

Buſy brains, we know, alas!
  With imaginations run,
Like the ſands i' th' hour-glaſs,
  Turn'd, and turn'd, and ſtill run on;
Never knowing where to ſtay,
But uneaſy ev'ry way.
Drink, and ſet the heart at reſt;
Peace of mind is always beſt.

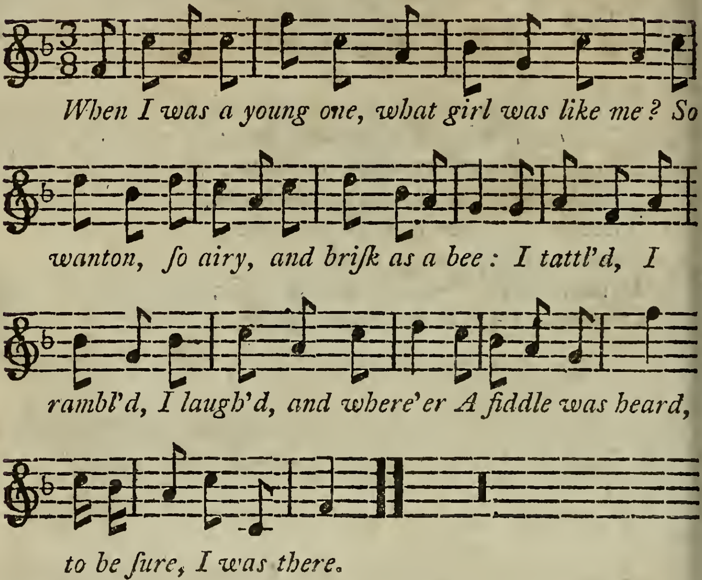
3

Some purſue the winged wealth ;
Some to honours high aſpire :
Give me freedom, give me health ;
There's the ſum of my deſire.
What the world can more preſent
Will not add to my content :
Drink, and ſet the heart at reſt ;
Peace of mind is always beſt.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free ;
Should it ſnow, or rain, or ſhine,
Still the ſame thing 'tis with me.
There's no fence againſt our fate ;
Changes daily on us wait.
Drink, and ſet your hearts at reſt ;
Of a bad market make the beſt.

SONG CXXVII.

WHEN I WAS A YOUNG ONE.


When I was a young one, what girl was like me? So
wanton, ſo airy, and briſk as a bee: I tattl'd, I
rambl'd, I laugh'd, and where'er A fiddle was heard,
to be ſure, I was there.

To all that came near I had ſomething to ſay.
'Twas this, Sir! and that, Sir! but ſcarce ever nay:
And Sundays dreſt out in my ſilks and my lace:
I warrant I ſtood by the beſt in the place.

At twenty I got me a huſband—poor man!
Well reſt him—we all are as good as we can:
Yet he was ſo peeviſh, he'd quarrel for ſtraws,
And jealous—tho' truly I gave him ſome cauſe.

I

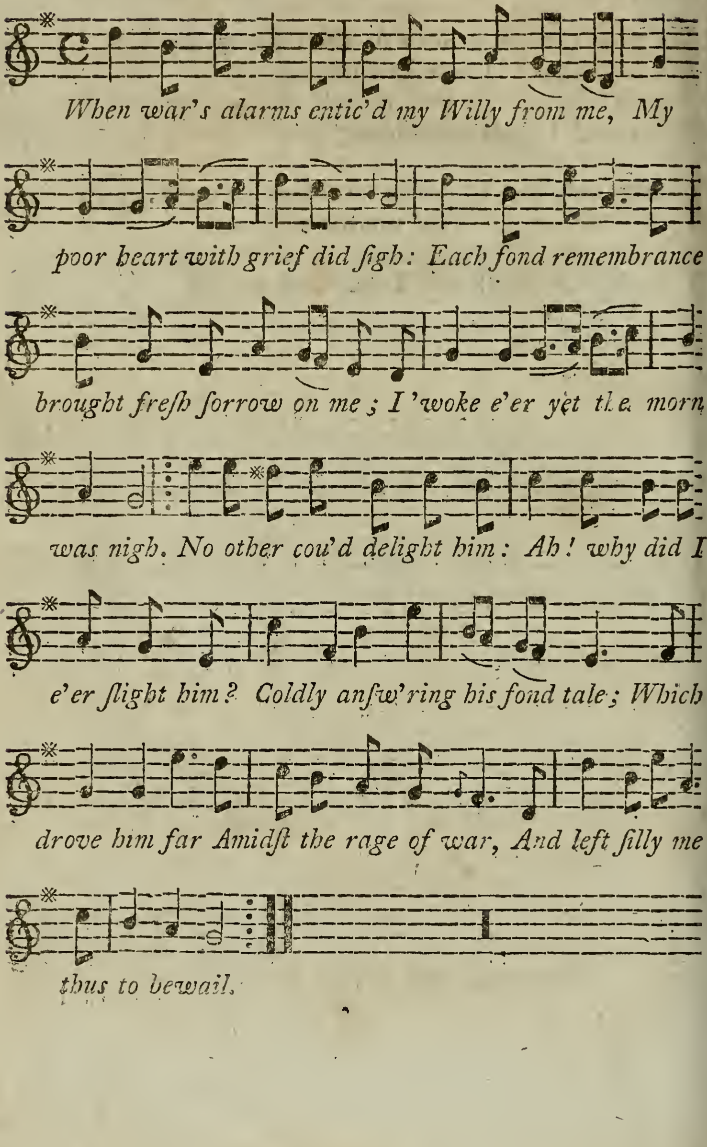
He ſnub'd me and huff'd me—but let me alone,
Egad I've a tongue—and I paid him his own :
Ye wives take the hint, and, when ſpouſe is untow'rd,
Stand firm to our charter—and have the laſt word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe,
I'm not what I was forty ſummers ago :
This Time's a ſore foe, there's no ſhunning his dart ;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.

Grown old, yet I hate to be fitting mum chance ;
I ſtill love a tune, tho' unable to dance :
And, books of devotion laid by on the ſhelf,
I teach that to others—I once did myſelf.

SONG CXXVIII.

WHEN WAR's ALARMS.

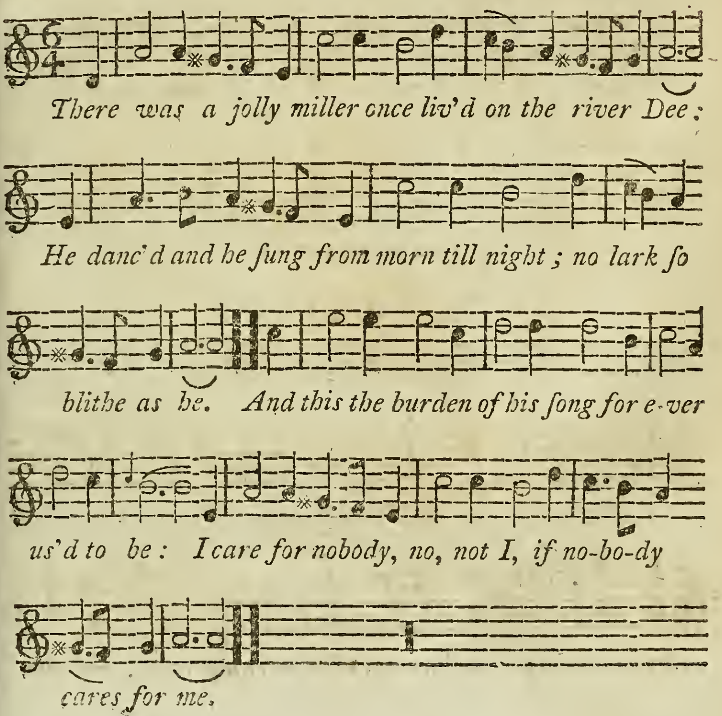

When war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me, My
poor heart with grief did ſigh: Each fond remembrance
brought freſh ſorrow on me; I'woke e'er yet the morn
was nigh. No other cou'd delight him: Ah! why did I
e'er ſlight him? Coldly anſw'ring his fond tale; Which
drove him far Amidſt the rage of war, And left ſilly me
thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forſaken,
Thus will mourn like yonder dove:
For, 'ere the lark to-morrow ſhall awaken
I will ſeek my abſent love.
The hoſtile country over
I'll fly to ſeek my lover,
Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear;
Nor diſtant ſhore,
Nor cannon's roar,
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

* * *

SONG CXXIX.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.


There was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river Dee:
He danc'd and he ſung from morn till night; no lark ſo
blithe as he. And this the burden of his ſong for e-ver
us'd to be: I care for nobody, no, not I, if no-bo-dy
cares for me.

I live by my mill, God bleſs her! ſhe's kindred, child, and wife;
I would not change my ſtation for any other in life.
No lawyer, ſurgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me.
I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.

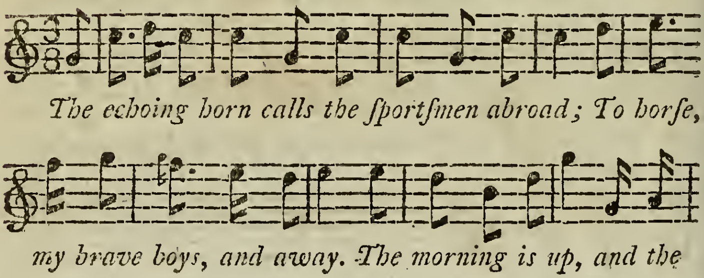
When ſpring begins its merry career, oh! how his heart grows gay!
No ſummer's drouth alarms his fears, nor winter's ſad decay;
No foreſight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to ſing and ſay,
Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to day.

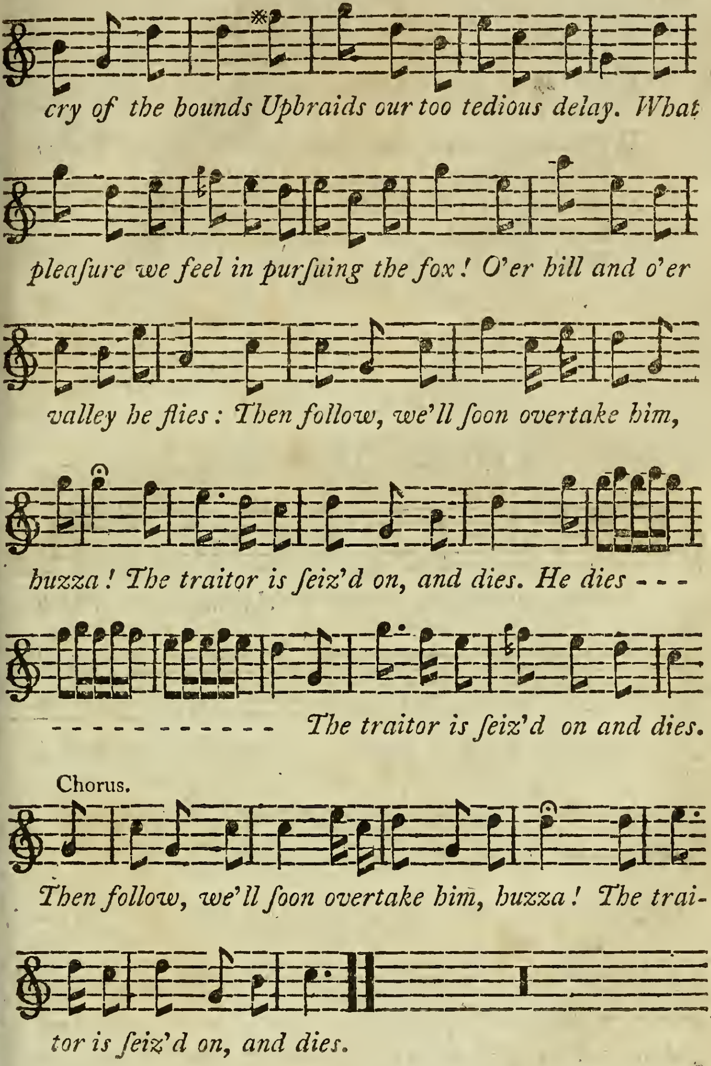
Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice and ſing:
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the wing.
This ſong ſhall paſs from me to thee, along this jovial ring:
Let heart and voice and all agree, to ſay,—long live the King!

* * *

SONG CXXX.

THE ECHOING HORN.

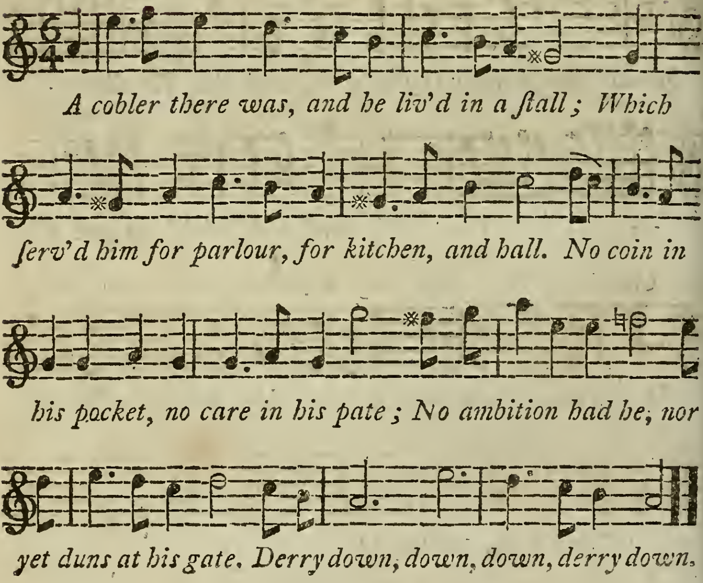

The echoing horn calls the ſportſmen abroad; To horſe,
my brave boys, and away. The morning is up, and the


cry of the hounds Upbraids our too tedious delay. What
pleaſure we feel in purſuing the fox! O'er hill and o'er
valley he flies: Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him,
huzza! The traitor is ſeiz'd on, and dies. He dies - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies.
Chorus.
Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him, huzza! The trai-
tor is ſeiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like Bacchanals, ſhouting and gay;
How ſweet with a bottle and laſs to refreſh,
And drown the fatigues of the day!
With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours.
Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flow'rs.
With flow'rs; lets ſtrew, &c.

SONG CXXXI.

A COBLER THERE WAS.


A cobler there was, and he liv'd in a ſtall; Which
ſerv'd him for parlour, for kitchen, and hall. No coin in
his pocket, no care in his pate; No ambition had he, nor
yet duns at his gate. Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd; and he thought himſelf happy
If at night he could purchaſe a cup of brown nappy:
He'd laugh, then, and whiſtle, and ſing, too, moſt ſweet;
Saying, juſt to a hair I've made both ends to meet.
Derry down, &c.

But love, the diſturber of high and of low,
That ſhoots at the peaſant as well as the beau,
He ſhot the poor cobler quite thorough the heart.
I wiſh it had hit ſome more ignoble part.
Derry down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
Where a buxom young damſel continually lay:
Her eyes ſhone ſo bright, when ſhe roſe ev'ry day,
That ſhe ſhot the poor cobler quite over the way.
Derry down, &c.

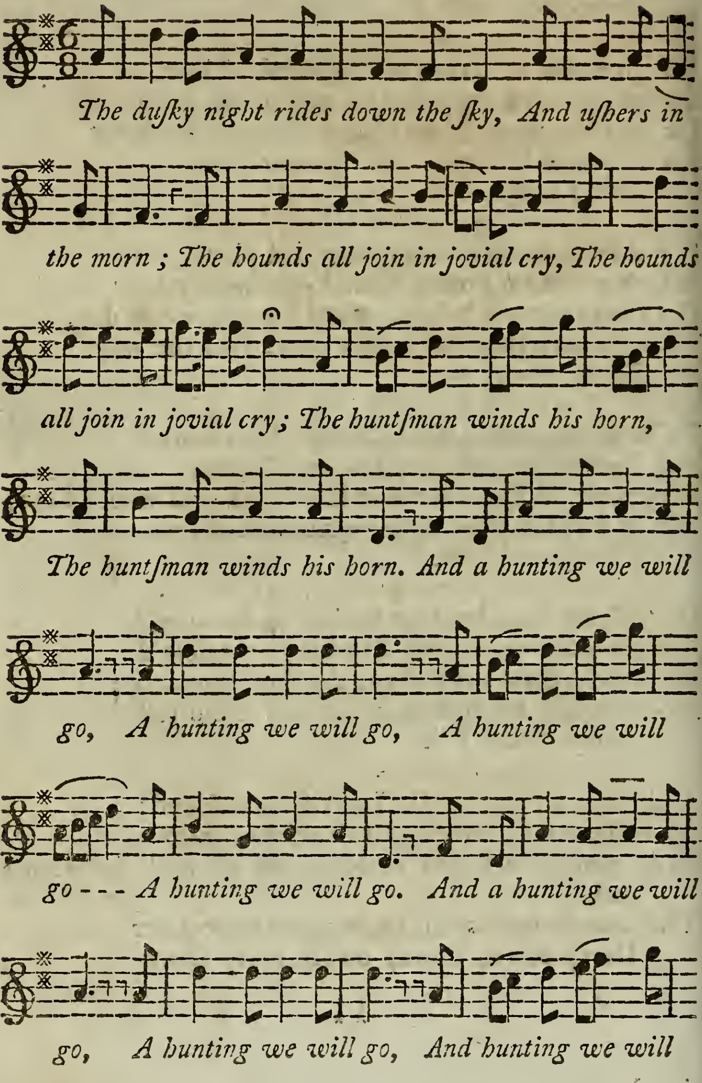
He ſung her love-ſongs as he ſat at his work;
But ſhe was as hard as a Jew or a Turk.
Whenever he ſpoke ſhe would flounce and would fleer;
Which put the poor cobler quite into deſpair.
Derry down, &c.

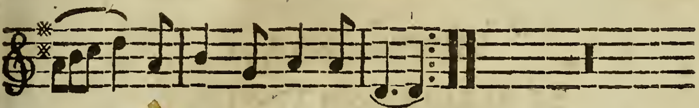
He took up his AWL that he had in the world,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd:
He pierc'd thro' his body inſtead of the SOLE;
So the cobler he died, and the bell it did toll.
Derry down, &c.

And now, in good-will, I adviſe as a friend:
All coblers take notice of this cobler's END:
Keep your hearts out of love; for we find, by what's paſt,
That love brings us all to an END at the LAST.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

SONG CXXXII.

THE DUSKY NIGHT.


The duſky night rides down the ſky, And uſhers in
the morn; The hounds all join in jovial cry, The hounds
all join in jovial cry; The huntſman winds his horn,
The huntſman winds his horn. And a hunting we will
go, A hunting we will go, A hunting we will
go - - - A hunting we will go. And a hunting we will
go, A hunting we will go, And hunting we will



The wife around her huſband throws
  Her arms to make him ſtay:
My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,
  You cannot hunt to-day.
    Yet a hunting, &c.

Sly Reynard now like light'ning flies,
  And ſweeps acroſs the vale;
But when the hounds too near he ſpies
  He drops his buſhy tail.
    Then a hunting, &c.

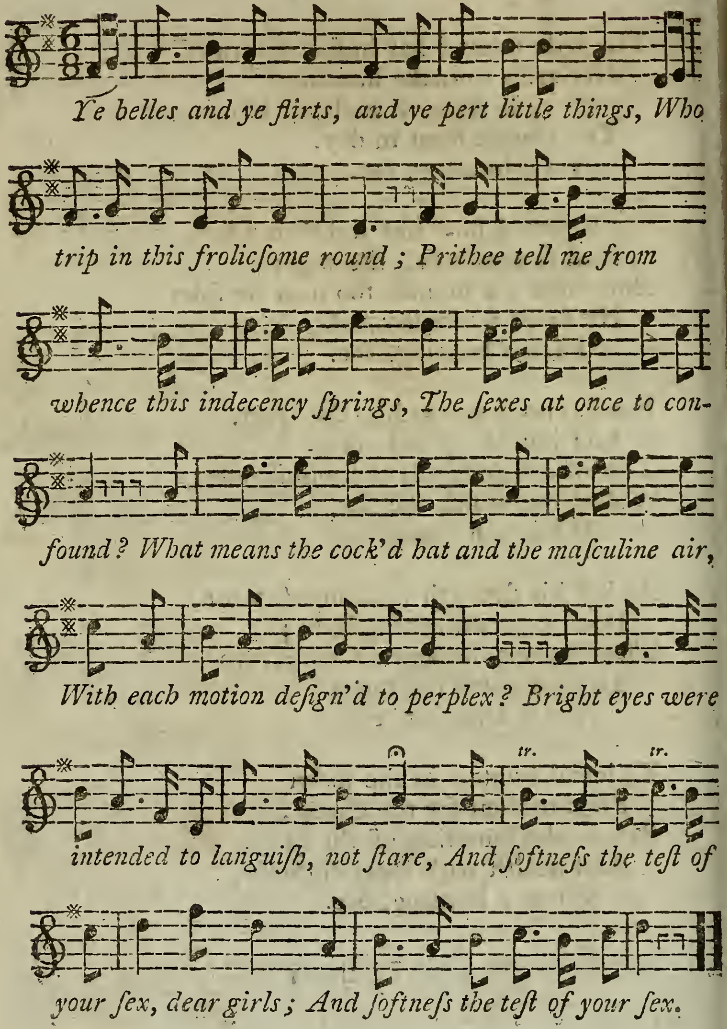
Fond echo ſeems to like the ſport,
  And join the jovial cry;
The woods and hills the ſound retort,
  And muſic fills the ſky,
    When a hunting, &c.

At laſt his ſtrength to faintneſs worn,
  Poor Reynard ceaſes flight;
Then hungry homeward we return
  To feaſt away the night.
    And a drinking, &c.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn
  Prepare then for the chace;
Riſe at the ſounding of the horn,
  And health with ſport embrace,
    When a hunting, &c.

SONG CXXXIII.

YE BELLES AND YE FLIRTS.


Ye belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things, Who
trip in this frolicſome round; Prithee tell me from
whence this indecency ſprings, The ſexes at once to con-
found? What means the cock'd hat and the maſculine air,
With each motion deſign'd to perplex? Bright eyes were
intended to languiſh, not ſtare, And ſoftneſs the teſt of
your ſex, dear girls; And ſoftneſs the teſt of your ſex.
tr.
tr.

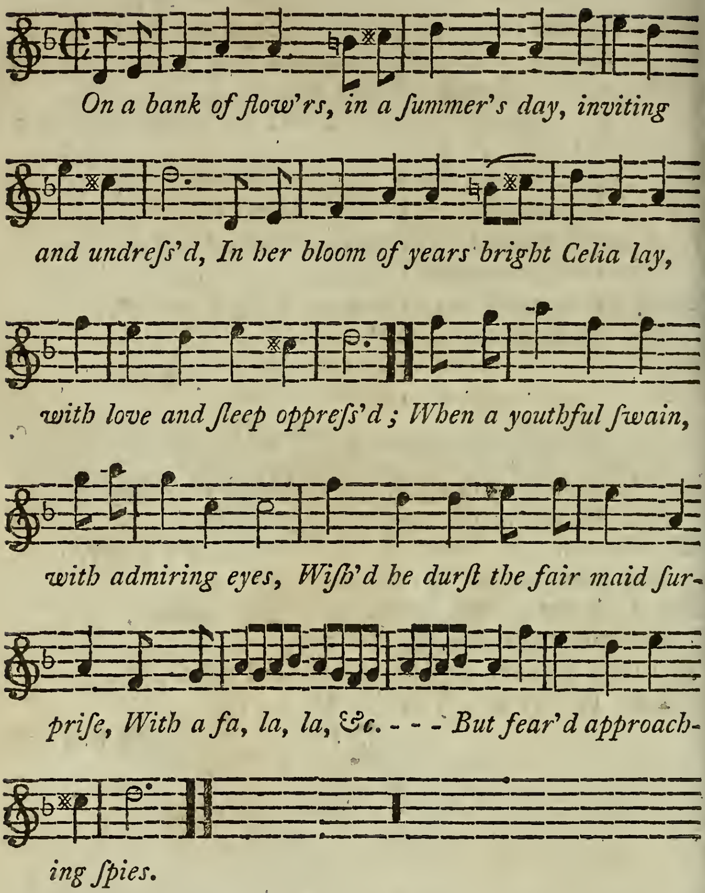
The girl who on beauty depends for ſupport
  May call ev'ry art to her aid;
The boſom diſplay'd, and the petticoat ſhort,
  Are ſamples ſhe gives of her trade:
But you on whom fortune indulgently ſmiles,
  And whom pride has preſerv'd from the ſnare,
Should ſlyly attack us with coyneſs and wiles,
  Not with open and inſolent airs,
Brave girls, not with, &c.

The Venus, whoſe ſtatue delights all mankind,
  Shrinks modeſtly back from the view;
And kindly ſhou'd ſeem by the artiſt deſign'd
  To ſerve as a model for you.
Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air,
  Nor venture too much to reveal:
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
  And double each charm you conceal,
Sweet girls, and double, &c.

The bluſhes of morn and the mildneſs of May
  Are charms which no art can procure.
Oh! be but yourſelves and our homage we'll pay,
  And your empire is ſolid and ſure.
But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
  And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for ſiſters and aunts;
  But, believe me, you'll never be wives,
Poor girls, believe me, &c.

SONG CXXXIV.

ON A BANK OF FLOW'RS.


On a bank of flow'rs, in a ſummer's day, inviting
and undreſs'd, In her bloom of years bright Celia lay,
with love and ſleep oppreſs'd; When a youthful ſwain,
with admiring eyes, Wiſh'd he durſt the fair maid ſur-
priſe, With a fa, la, la, &c. - - - But fear'd approach-
ing ſpies.

As he gaz'd a gentle breeze aroſe
  That fann'd her robes aſide;
And the ſleeping nymph did charms diſcloſe
  Which, waking, ſhe would hide;

Then his breath grew ſhort, and his pulſe beat high;
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to ſpy,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But durſt not yet draw nigh.

All amaz'd he ſtood, with her beauties fir'd,
And bleſs'd the courteous wind;
Then in whiſpers ſigh'd, and the gods deſir'd
That Celia might be kind.
Then, with hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain:
But ſhe laugh'd aloud in a dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Repell'd the tim'rous ſwain.

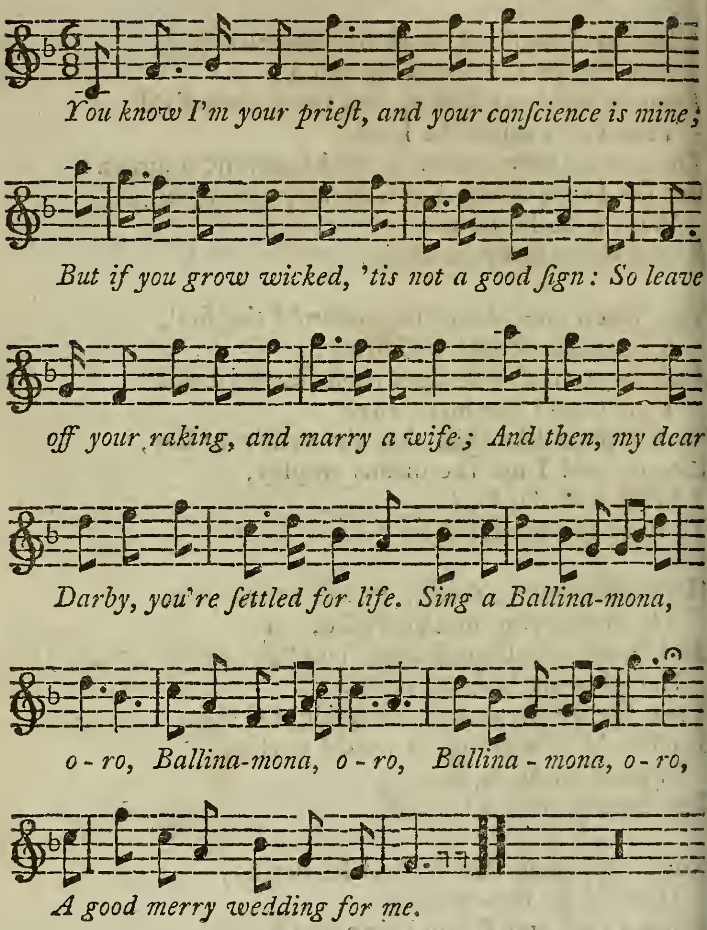
Yet, when once deſire has inflam'd the ſoul,
All modeſt doubts withdraw;
And the god of love does each fear controul
That would the lover awe.
Shall a prize like this, ſays the vent'rous boy,
Eſcape, and I not the means employ,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
To ſeize the proffer'd joy?

Here the glowing youth, to relieve his pain,
The ſlumb'ring maid careſs'd,
And, with trembling hands, (oh! the ſimple ſwain!)
Her glowing boſom preſs'd.
Then the virgin wak'd and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wiſhing he would purſue,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But Damon miſs'd his cue.

Now, repenting that he had let her fly,
Himſelf he thus accus'd:
What a dull and ſtupid thing was I
That ſuch a chance abus'd!
To my ſhame 'twill now on the plains be ſaid,
Damon a virgin aſleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Yet let her go a maid!

SONG CXXXV.

YOU KNOW I'M YOUR PRIEST.


You know I'm your prieſt, and your conſcience is mine;
But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good ſign: So leave
off your raking, and marry a wife; And then, my dear
Darby, you're ſettled for life. Sing a Ballina-mona,
o-ro, Ballina-mona, o-ro, Ballina-mona, o-ro,
A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publiſh'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and the bridegroom, in coats white as ſnow;
So modeſt her air, and ſo ſheepiſh your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.
  Sing Ballinamona, &c.
  A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away;
She bluſhes at love, and ſhe whiſpers obey;
You take her dear hand to have and to hold;
I ſhut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
  Sing Ballinamona, &c.
  That ſnug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wiſh joy to the bridegroom and bride;
The pipers before us, you march ſide by ſide;
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face;
The piper plays up, and myſelf I ſay grace.
  Sing Ballinamona, &c.
  A good wedding-dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the ſtocking is thrown;
The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone;
'Tis then, my dear boy, I believe you're at home;
And hey for a chriſtening at nine months to come.
  Sing Ballinamona, &c.
  A good merry chriſtening for me.

SONG CXXXVI.

BALLINAMONA.

To the foregoing tune.

WHerever I'm going, and all the day long,
At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,
I find that my paſſion's ſo lively and ſtrong,
That your name, when I'm ſilent, ſtill runs in my ſong,
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
A kiſs of your ſweet lips for me.

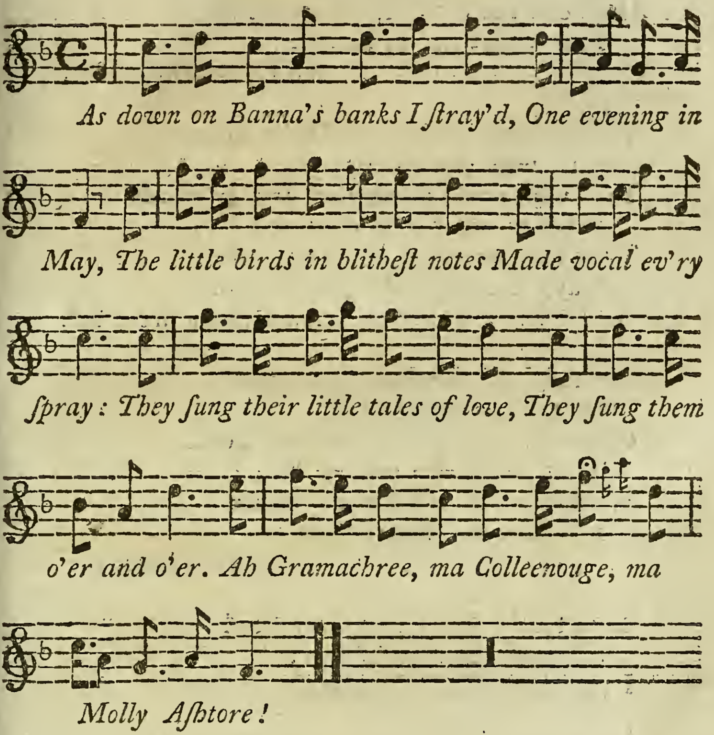
Since the firſt time I ſaw you I take no repoſe;
I ſleep all the day to forget half my woes;
So hot is the flame in my ſtomach that glows,
By St Patrick! I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conſcience I fear I ſhall die in my grave,
Unleſs you comply and poor Phelim will ſave,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your ſlave.
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
With a ſwinging long ſword, how I'll ſtrut and I'll ſtride!
With coach and ſix horſes with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your ſide.
Sing Ballinamona, &c.
Your lily-white fiſt for me.

SONG CXXXVII.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.


As down on Banna's banks I ſtray'd, One evening in
May, The little birds in blitheſt notes Made vocal ev'ry
ſpray: They ſung their little tales of love, They ſung them
o'er and o'er. Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenouge, ma
Molly Aſhtore!

The daiſy pied, and all the ſweets
  The dawn of nature yields;
The primroſe pale, the vi'let blue,
  Lay ſcatt'red o'er the fields:
Such fragrance in the boſom lies
  Of her whom I adore.
      Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my ſad fate,
That doom'd me thus the ſlave of love
And cruel Molly's hate:
How can ſhe break the honeſt heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah Gramachree, &c.

You ſaid you lov'd me, Molly dear;
Ah! why did I believe?
Yet, who could think ſuch tender words
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I aſk'd on earth;
Nay, heav'n could give no more.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
That yon green paſture fill;
With her I love I'd gladly ſhare
My kine and fleecy ſtore.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head
Sat courting on a bough;
I envied not their happineſs,
To ſee them bill and coo:
Such fondneſs once for me ſhe ſhew'd;
But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy loſs I e'er ſhall mourn;
Whilſt life remains in Strephon's heart
'Twill beat for thee alone:
Tho' thou art falſe, may heav'n on thee
Its choiceſt bleſſings pour!
Ah Gramachree, &c.

SONG CXXXVIII.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

To the foregoing tune.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the ſpring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did ſing;
Her chains ſhe rattled on her hands, while ſweetly thus ſung ſhe:
I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

O cruel were his parents, who ſent my love to ſea;
And cruel, cruel was the ſhip that bore my love from me:
Yet I love his parents, ſince they're his, altho' they've ruin'd me;
And I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

O ſhould it pleaſe the pitying pow'rs to call me to the ſky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers how happy ſhould I be!
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

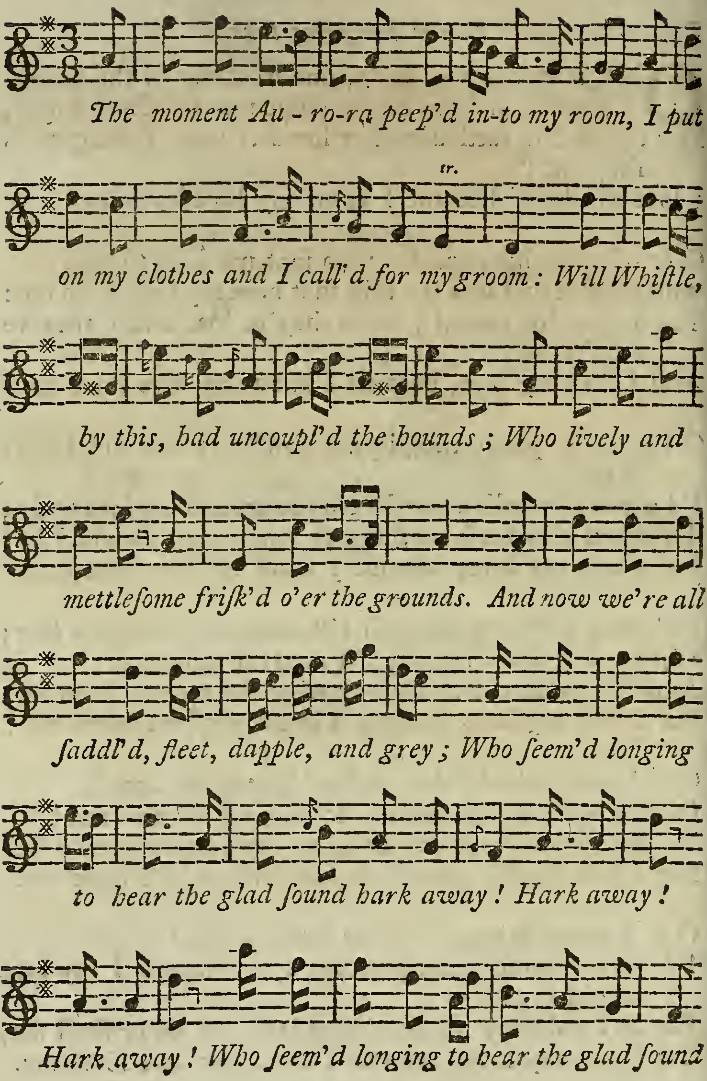
I'll make a ſtrawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine;
With roſes, lilies, daiſies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll preſent it to my love when he returns from ſea;
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

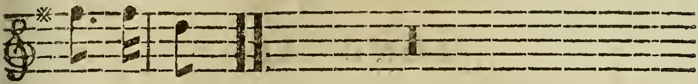
O if I were a little bird, to build upon his breaſt!
Or if I were a nightingale, to ſing my love to reſt!
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward ſhou'd be;
For I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

O if I were an eagle, to ſoar into the ſky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes, where I my love might ſpy:
But ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er ſhall ſee;
Yet I love my love, becauſe I know my love loves me.

SONG CXXXIX.

HARK AWAY.


The moment Au - ro-ra peep'd in-to my room, I put
tr.
on my clothes and I call'd for my groom: Will Whiſtle,
by this, had uncoupl'd the hounds; Who lively and
mettleſome friſk'd o'er the grounds. And now we're all
ſaddl'd, fleet, dapple, and grey; Who ſeem'd longing
to hear the glad ſound hark away! Hark away!
Hark away! Who ſeem'd longing to hear the glad ſound

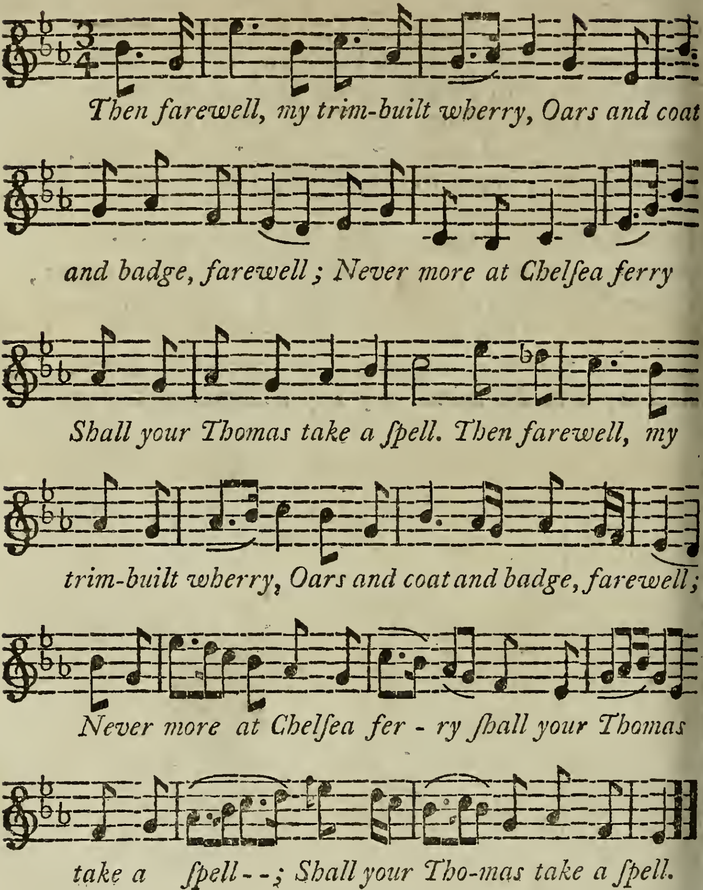


'Twas now, by the clock, about five in the morn;
And we all gallop'd off to the ſound of the horn:
Jack Garter, Bill Babbler, and Dick at the gooſe,
When, all of a ſudden, out ſtarts Mrs Puſs:
Men, horſes, and dogs, not a moment would ſtay,
And echo was heard to cry, Hark, hark away!

The courſe was a fine one ſhe took o'er the plain;
Which ſhe doubl'd, and doubl'd, and doubl'd again;
Till at laſt ſhe to cover return'd out of breath,
Where I and Will Whiſtle were in at the death:
Then, in triumph, for you I the hare did diſplay;
And cry'd to the horns, my boys, Hark, hark away!

SONG CXL.

MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY.

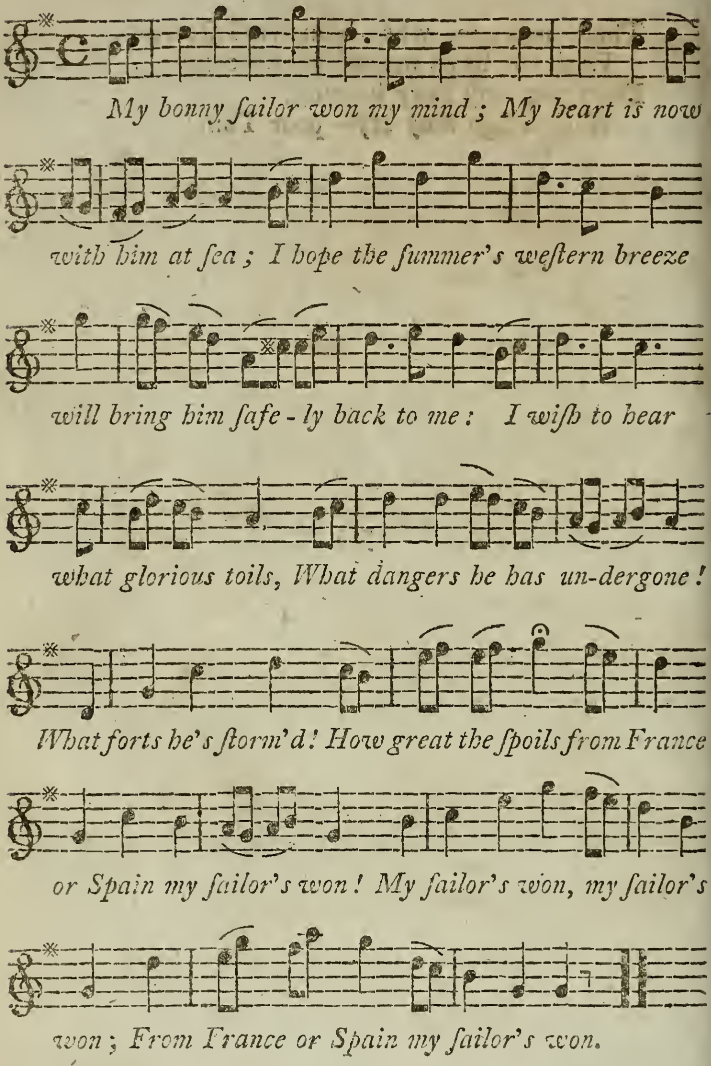

Then farewell, my trim-built wherry, Oars and coat
and badge, farewell; Never more at Chelſea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a ſpell. Then farewell, my
trim-built wherry, Oars and coat and badge, farewell;
Never more at Chelſea fer - ry ſhall your Thomas
take a ſpell--; Shall your Tho-mas take a ſpell.

But, to hope and peace a ſtranger,
In the battle's heat I go;
Where, expos'd to ev'ry danger,
Some friendly ball ſhall lay me low.

Then, mayhap, when homeward ſteering,
With the news my meſſmates come;
Even you, my ſtory hearing,
With a ſigh may cry—poor Tom!

SONG CXLI.

THE BONNY SAILOR.

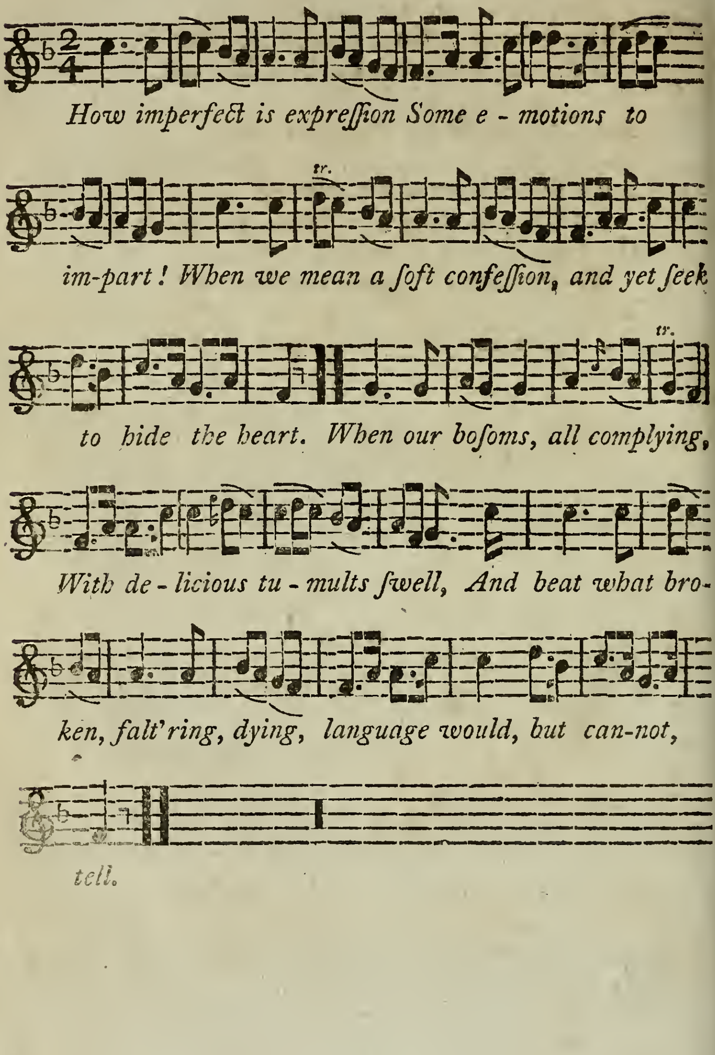

My bonny ſailor won my mind; My heart is now
with him at ſea; I hope the ſummer's weſtern breeze
will bring him ſafe-ly back to me: I wiſh to hear
what glorious toils, What dangers he has un-dergone!
What forts he's ſtorm'd! How great the ſpoils from France
or Spain my ſailor's won! My ſailor's won, my ſailor's
won; From France or Spain my ſailor's won.

A thouſand terrors chill'd my breaſt
When fancy brought the foe in view;
And day and night I've had no reſt,
Leſt ev'ry gale a tempeſt blew.
Bring, gentle gales, my ſailor home;
His ſhip at anchor may I ſee!
Three years are, ſure, enough to roam;
Too long for one who loves like me.

His face, by ſultry climes, is wan;
His eyes, by watching, ſhine leſs bright;
But ſtill I'll own my charming man,
And run to meet him when in ſight.
His honeſt heart is what I prize;
No weather can make that look old:
Tho' alter'd were his face and eyes
I'll love my jolly ſailor bold.

SONG CXLII.

HOW IMPERFECT IS EXPRESSION.


tr.
tr.
How imperfect is expreſſion Some e - motions to
im-part! When we mean a ſoft confeſſion, and yet ſeek
to hide the heart. When our boſoms, all complying,
With de - licious tu - mults ſwell, And beat what bro-
ken, falt'ring, dying, language would, but can-not,
tell.

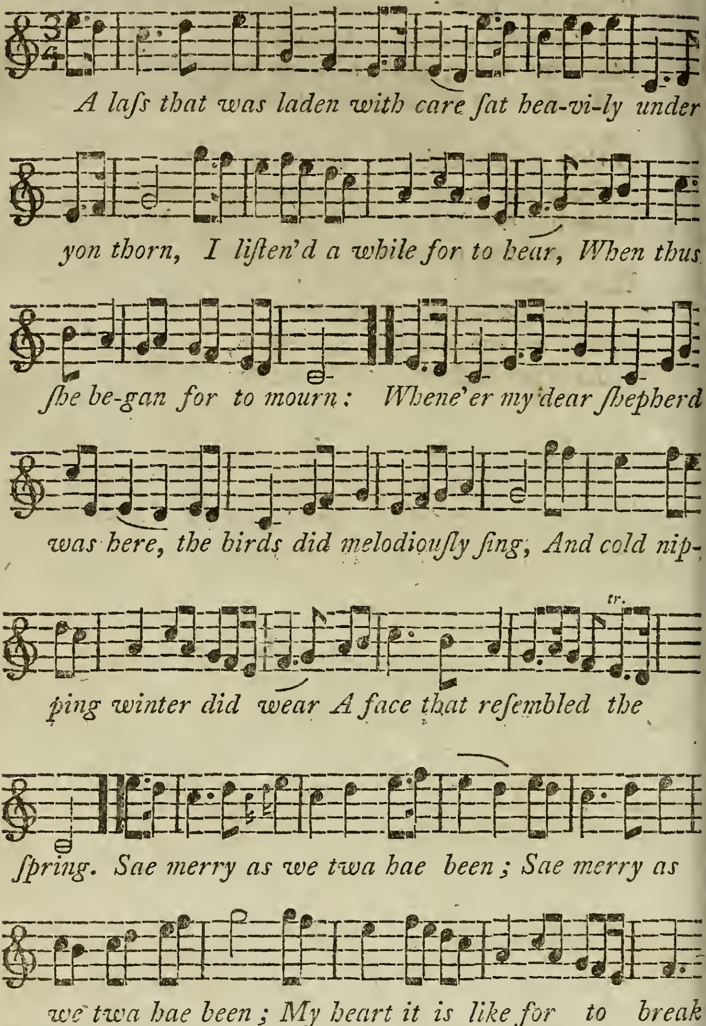
Deep confuſion's roſy terror,
Quite expreſſive paints my cheek,
Aſk no more—behold your error;
Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak.
What tho' ſilent is my anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the air?
Mark my eyes; and, as they languiſh,
Read what yours have written there.

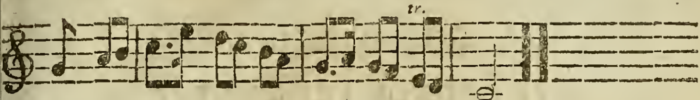
O that you could once conceive me!
Once my heart's ſtrong feelings view!
Love has nought more fond, believe me;
Friendſhip nothing half ſo true.
How imperfect is expreſſion
Some emotions to impart!
When we mean a ſoft confeſſion,
And yet ſeek to hide the heart.

SONG CXLIII.

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HAE BEEN.

Slow.


A laſs that was laden with care ſat hea-vi-ly under
yon thorn, I liſten'd a while for to hear, When thus
ſhe be-gan for to mourn: Whene'er my dear ſhepherd
was here, the birds did melodiouſly ſing, And cold nip-
ping winter did wear A face that reſembled the
tr.
ſpring. Sae merry as we twa hae been; Sae merry as
we twa hae been; My heart it is like for to break

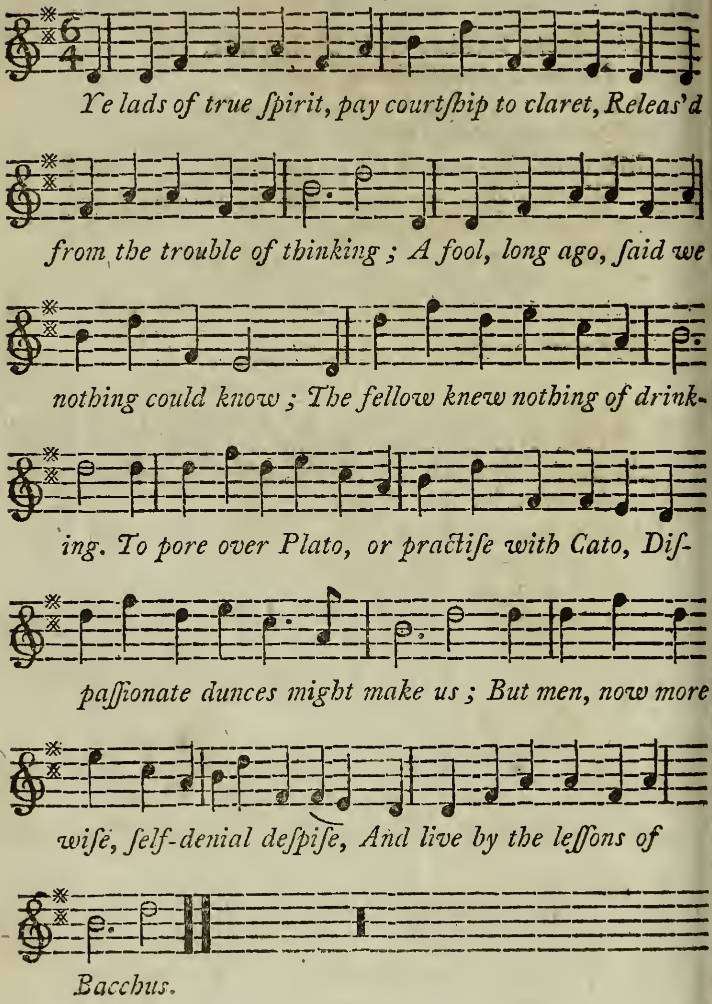


Our flocks feeding cloſe by his ſide,
He gently preſſing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command!
My dear, he wou'd oft to me ſay,
What makes you hard-hearted to me?
Oh! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee!
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my ſight,
And perhaps a deceiver may prove;
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the reſt of the folk
Are merrily ſeated to ſpin,
I ſet myſelf under an oak,
And heavily ſigh for him.
Sae merry, &c.

SONG CXLIV.

YE LADS OF TRUE SPIRIT.


Ye lads of true ſpirit, pay courtſhip to claret, Releas'd
from the trouble of thinking; A fool, long ago, ſaid we
nothing could know; The fellow knew nothing of drink-
ing. To pore over Plato, or practiſe with Cato, Diſ-
paſſionate dunces might make us; But men, now more
wiſe, ſelf-denial deſpiſe, And live by the leſſons of
Bacchus.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, ſee the doctor approach;
He ſolemnly up the ſtair paces;
Looks grave—ſmells his cane—applies finger to vein,
And counts the repeats with grimaces.
As he holds pen in hand, life and death are at ſtand—
A toſs up which party ſhall take us.
Away with ſuch cant—no preſcription we want
But the nouriſhing noſtrum of Bacchus.

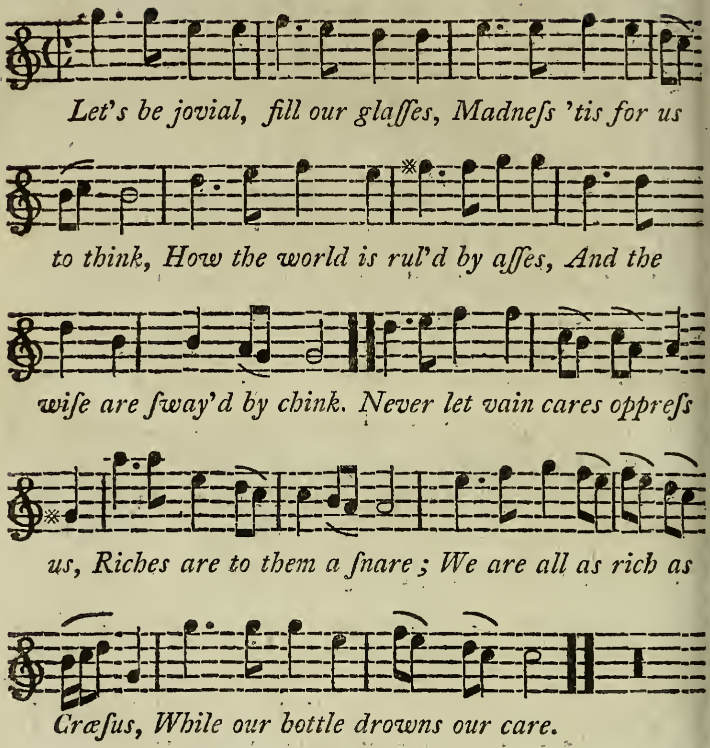
We jollily join in the practice of wine,
While miſers 'midſt plenty are pining;
While ladies are ſcorning, and lovers are mourning,
We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining.
Drink, drink, now 'tis prime; toſs a bottle to Time,
He'll not make ſuch haſte to o'ertake us;
His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,
By the ſtyptical balſam of Bacchus.

What work is there made, by the newſpaper trade,
Of this man's and t'other man's ſtation!
The ins are all bad, and the outs are all mad;
In and out is the cry of the nation.
The politic patter which both parties chatter,
From bumpering freely ſhan't ſhake us;
With half-pints in hand, independent we'll ſtand
To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motions well-tim'd; be all charg'd and all prim'd;
Have a care—right and left—and make ready.
Right hand to glaſs join—at your lips reſt your wine;
Be all in your exerciſe ſteady.
Our levels we boaſt when our women we toaſt;
May graciouſly they undertake us!
No more we deſire—ſo drink and give fire,
A volley to beauty and Bacchus!

SONG CXLV.

LET's BE JOVIAL.


Let's be jovial, fill our glaſſes, Madneſs 'tis for us
to think, How the world is rul'd by aſſes, And the
wiſe are ſway'd by chink. Never let vain cares oppreſs
us, Riches are to them a ſnare; We are all as rich as
Cræſus, While our bottle drowns our care.

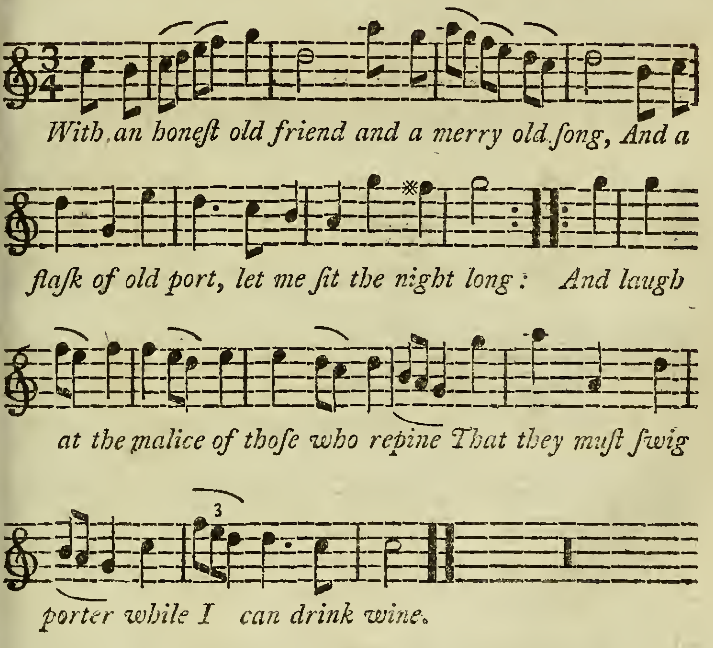
Wine will make us red as roſes,
And our ſorrows quite forget;
Come let's fuddle all our noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of debt.

When grim Death comes looking for us
We are toping off our bowls;
Bacchus joining in the chorus,
Death begone! here's none but ſouls.

Godlike Bacchus thus commanding,
  Trembling Death away ſhall fly;
Ever after underſtanding,
  Drinking ſouls can never die.

SONG CXLVI.

WITH AN HONEST OLD FRIEND.

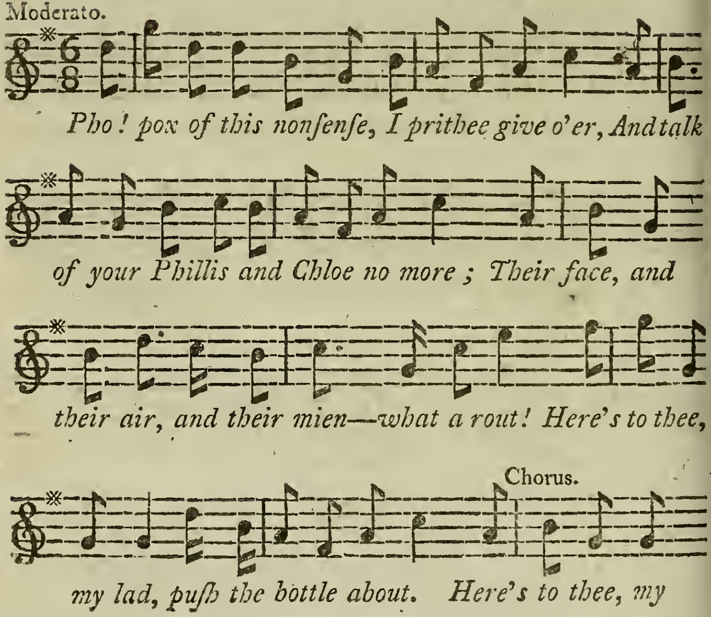

With an honeſt old friend and a merry old ſong, And a
flaſk of old port, let me ſit the night long: And laugh
at the malice of thoſe who repine That they muſt ſwig
3
porter while I can drink wine.

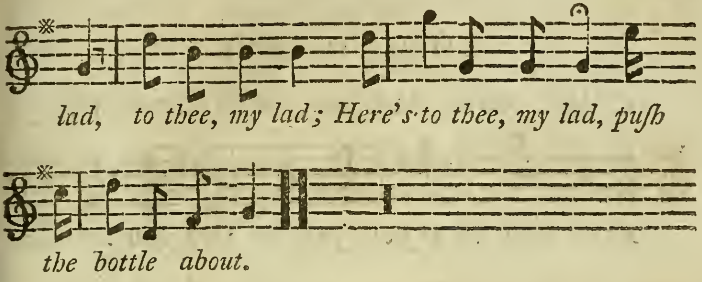
I envy no mortal, though ever ſo great,
Nor ſcorn I a wretch for his lowly eſtate;
But what I abhor, and eſteem as a curſe,
Is poorneſs of ſpirit, not poorneſs in purſe.

Then dare to be generous, dauntleſs, and gay;
Let's merrily paſs life's remainder away:
Upheld by our friends, we our foes may deſpiſe;
For the more we are envied the higher we riſe.

SONG CXLVII.

THE HONEST FELLOW.


Moderato.
Pho! pox of this nonſenſe, I prithee give o'er, And talk
of your Phillis and Chloe no more; Their face, and
their air, and their mien—what a rout! Here's to thee,
Chorus.
my lad, puſh the bottle about. Here's to thee, my



Let finical fops play the fool and the ape;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape:
But we honeſt fellows—'ſdeath! who'd ever think
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?

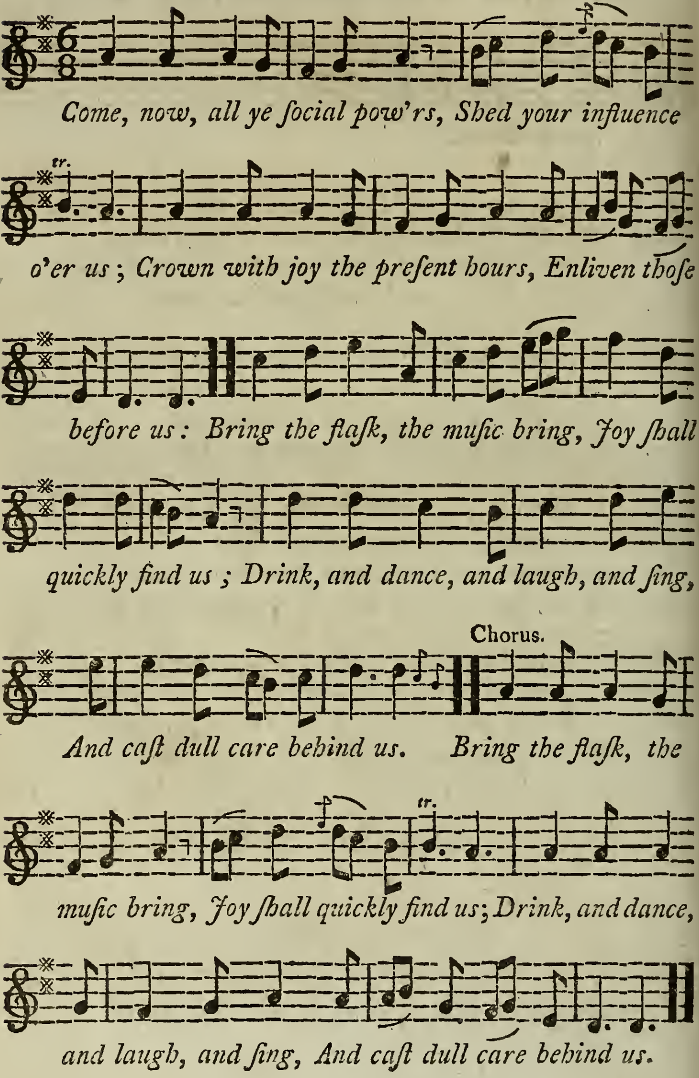
'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleaſure beſtows;
Our joys it increaſes, and lightens our woes;
Remember what topers of old us'd to ſing,
The man that is drunk is as great as a king.

If Cupid aſſaults you, there's law for his tricks;
Anacreon's caſes, ſee page twenty-ſix:
The precedent's glorious, and juſt, by my ſoul!
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.

What's life but a frolic, a ſong, and a laugh.
My toaſt ſhall be this, whilſt I've liquor to quaff,
May mirth and good fellowſhip always abound:
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG CXLVIII.

COME, NOW, ALL YE SOCIAL POW'RS.


Come, now, all ye ſocial pow'rs, Shed your influence
o'er us; Crown with joy the preſent hours, Enliven thoſe
before us: Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring, Joy ſhall
quickly find us; Drink, and dance, and laugh, and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.
Chorus.
Bring the flaſk, the
muſic bring, Joy ſhall quickly find us; Drink, and dance,
and laugh, and ſing, And caſt dull care behind us.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
  Source of generous paſſion;
But will ne'er bow down before
  Thoſe idols wealth or faſhion,
Bring the flaſk, &c.

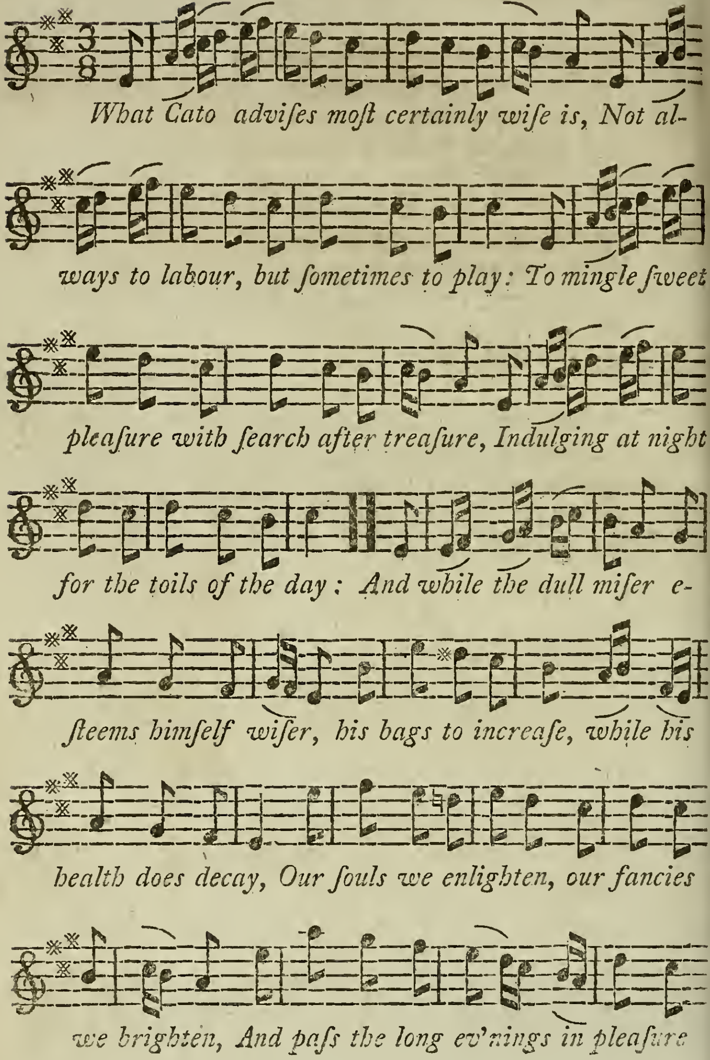
Friendſhip, with thy ſmile divine,
  Brighten all our features;
What but friendſhip, love, and wine,
  Can make us happy creatures?
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Why the deuce ſhould we be ſad
  While on earth we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or wiſe, or mad,
  We ev'ry day grow older.
Bring the flaſk, &c.

Then ſince time will ſteal away
  Spite of all our ſorrow;
Heighten ev'ry joy to-day,
  Never mind to-morrow,
Bring the flaſk, &c.

SONG CXLIX.

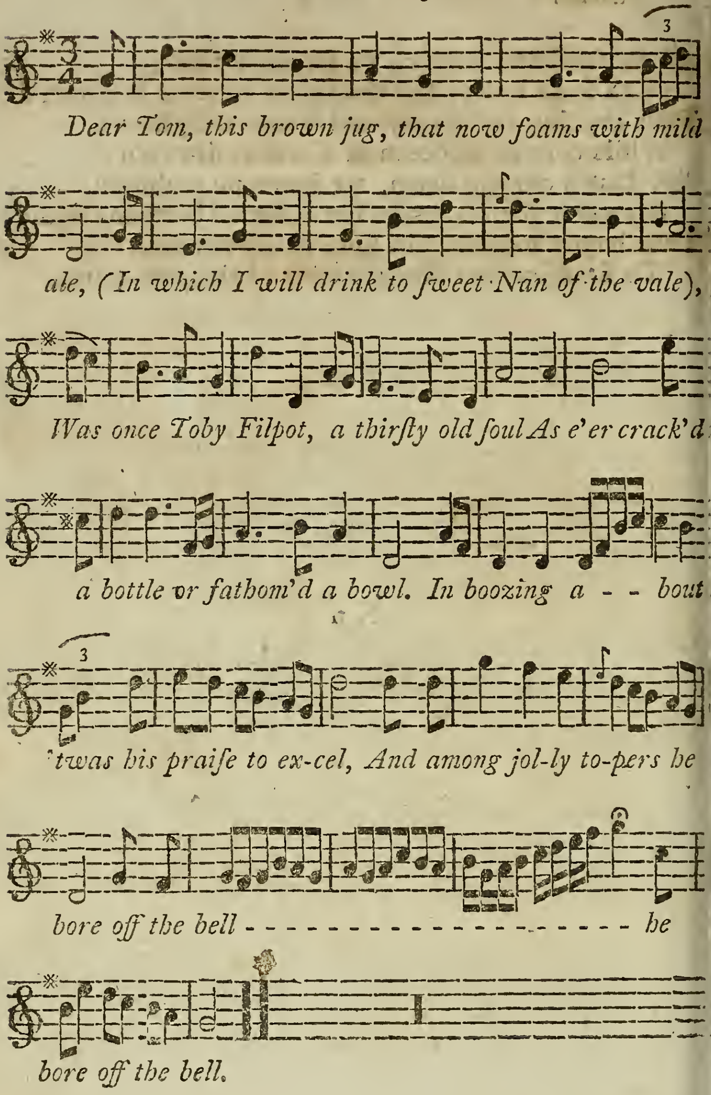
CATO's ADVICE.


What Cato adviſes moſt certainly wiſe is, Not al-
ways to labour, but ſometimes to play: To mingle ſweet
pleaſure with ſearch after treaſure, Indulging at night
for the toils of the day: And while the dull miſer e-
ſteems himſelf wiſer, his bags to increaſe, while his
health does decay, Our ſouls we enlighten, our fancies
we brighten, And paſs the long ev'nings in pleaſure

All cheerful and hearty, we ſet aſide party,
With ſome tender fair the bright bumper is crown'd;
Thus Bacchus invites us, and Venus delights us,
While care in an ocean of claret is drown'd:
See, here's our phyſician, we know no ambition,
But where there's good wine and good company found;
Thus happy together, in ſpite of all weather,
'Tis ſunſhine and ſummer with us the year round.

SONG CL.

THE BROWN JUG.

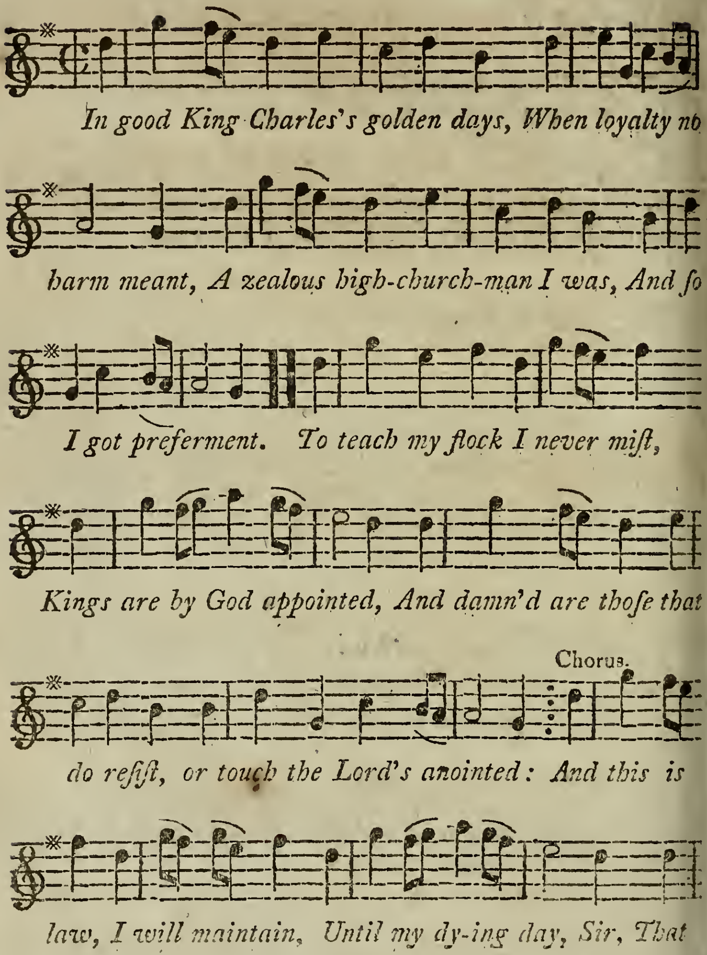

3
Dear Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with mild
ale, (In which I will drink to ſweet Nan of the vale),
Was once Toby Filpot, a thirſty old ſoul As e'er crack'd
a bottle or fathom'd a bowl. In boozing a - - bout
3
'twas his praiſe to ex-cel, And among jol-ly to-pers he
bore off the bell - he
bore off the bell.

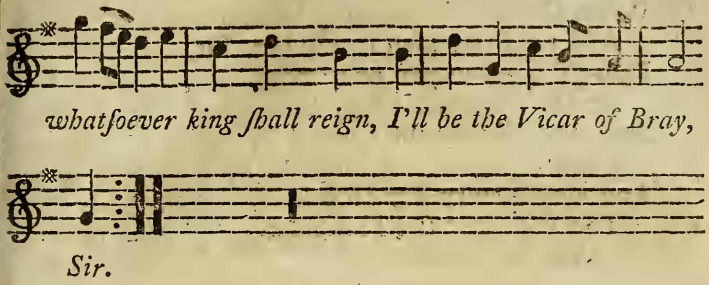
It chanc'd as in dog-days he ſat at his eaſe,
In his flow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you pleaſe,
With a friend and a pipe puffing ſorrow away,
And with honeſt old ſtingo was ſoaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a ſudden were ſhut,
And he dy'd full as big as a Dorcheſter butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had reſolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert ſo ſnug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug.
Now, ſacred to friendſhip, to mirth, and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely ſweet Nan of the vale.

SONG CLI.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.


In good King Charles's golden days, When loyalty no
harm meant, A zealous high-church-man I was, And ſo
I got preferment. To teach my flock I never miſt,
Kings are by God appointed, And damn'd are thoſe that
Chorus.
do reſiſt, or touch the Lord's anointed: And this is
law, I will maintain, Until my dy-ing day, Sir, That



When Royal James obtain'd the crown,
And popery came in faſhion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my conſtitution;
And had become a Jeſuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law, &c.

When William was our king declar'd
To eaſe the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I ſteer'd,
And ſwore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conſcience at a diſtance;
Paſſive-obedience was a joke,
A jeſt was non-reſiſtance.
And this is law, &c.

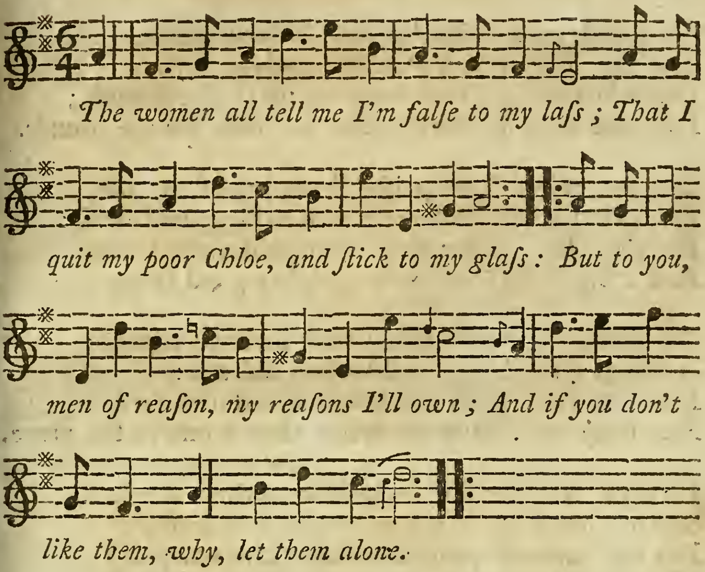
When gracious Anne became our queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was ſeen,
And I became a tory:
Occaſional conformiſts baſe,
I damn'd their moderation;
And thought the church in danger was
By ſuch prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George, in pudding-time, came o'er,
And mod'rate men look'd big, Sir,
I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,
And ſo became a whig, Sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender;
And almoſt ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illuſtrious houſe of Hanover,
And Proteſtant ſucceſſion;
To theſe I do allegiance ſwear—
While they can keep poſſeſſion:
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king ſhall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

SONG CLII.

THE WOMEN ALL TELL ME.


The women all tell me I'm falſe to my laſs; That I
quit my poor Chloe, and ſtick to my glaſs: But to you,
men of reaſon, my reaſons I'll own; And if you don't
like them, why, let them alone.

Although I have left her, the truth I'll declare;
I believe ſhe was good, and I'm ſure ſhe was fair:
But goodneſs and charms in a bumper I ſee
That make it as good and as charming as ſhe.

My Chloe had dimples and ſmiles, I muſt own;
But, though ſhe could ſmile, yet in truth ſhe could frown;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er ſee a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roſes were juſt in their prime;
Yet lilies and roſes are conquer'd by time:
But, in wine, from its age ſuch benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's inſipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For, the longer I drink the more thirſty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and hiſtory, prove
The miſchiefs that wait upon rivals in love:
But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends;
For, the more we love liquor the more we are friends.

She, too, might have poiſon'd the joy of my life
With nurſes, and babies, and ſqualling, and ſtrife:
But my wine neither nurſes nor babies can bring,
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

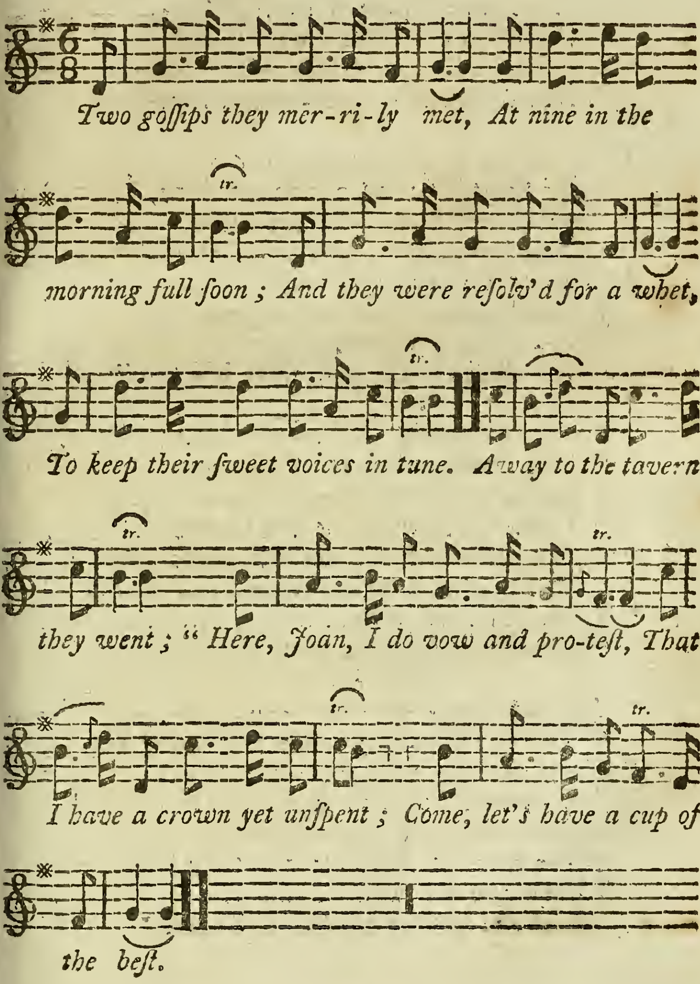
We ſhorten our days when with love we engage;
It brings on diſeaſes, and haſtens old age:
But wine from grim death can its votaries ſave,
And keep out t'other leg when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her ſex, ever falſe to their word,
She has left me—to get an eſtate, or a lord;
But my bumpers (regarding nor titles nor pelf)
Will ſtand by me when I can't ſtand by myſelf.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain;
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I ſpy.
Should you doubt what I ſay, take a bumper and try.

SONG CLIII.

THE GOSSIPS.


6/8
Two goſſips they mer-ri-ly met, At nine in the
morning full ſoon; And they were reſolv'd for a whet,
To keep their ſweet voices in tune. Away to the tavern
they went; " Here, Joan, I do vow and pro-teſt, That
I have a crown yet unſpent; Come, let's have a cup of
the beſt.
tr.

" And I have another, perhaps
" A piece of the very ſame ſort;
" Why ſhould we ſit thrumming of caps?
" Come, drawer, and fill us a quart;
" And let it be liquor of life,
" Canary, or ſparkling wine:
" For I am a buxom young wife,
" And I love to go gallant and fine."

The drawer, as blithe as a bird,
Came ſkipping with cap in his hand,
" Dear ladies, I give you my word,
" The beſt ſhall be at your command."
A quart of canary he drew,
Joan fill'd up a glaſs and begun,
" Here, goſſips, a bumper to you;"
" I'll pledge you, girl, were it a tun."

" And pray, goſſip, did'nt you hear
" The common report of the town,
" A ſquire of five hundred a year
" Is married to Doll of the Crown:
" A draggle-tail'd ſlut, on my word,
" Her clothes hanging ragged and foul;
" In troth he would fain have a bird
" That would give a groat for an owl.

" And ſhe had a ſiſter laſt year,
" Whoſe name they call'd Galloping Peg,
" She'd take up a ſtraw with her ear;
" I warrant her right as my leg!
" A brewer he got her with child;
" But e'en let them brew as they bake;
" I knew ſhe was wanton and wild;
" But I'll neither meddle nor make."

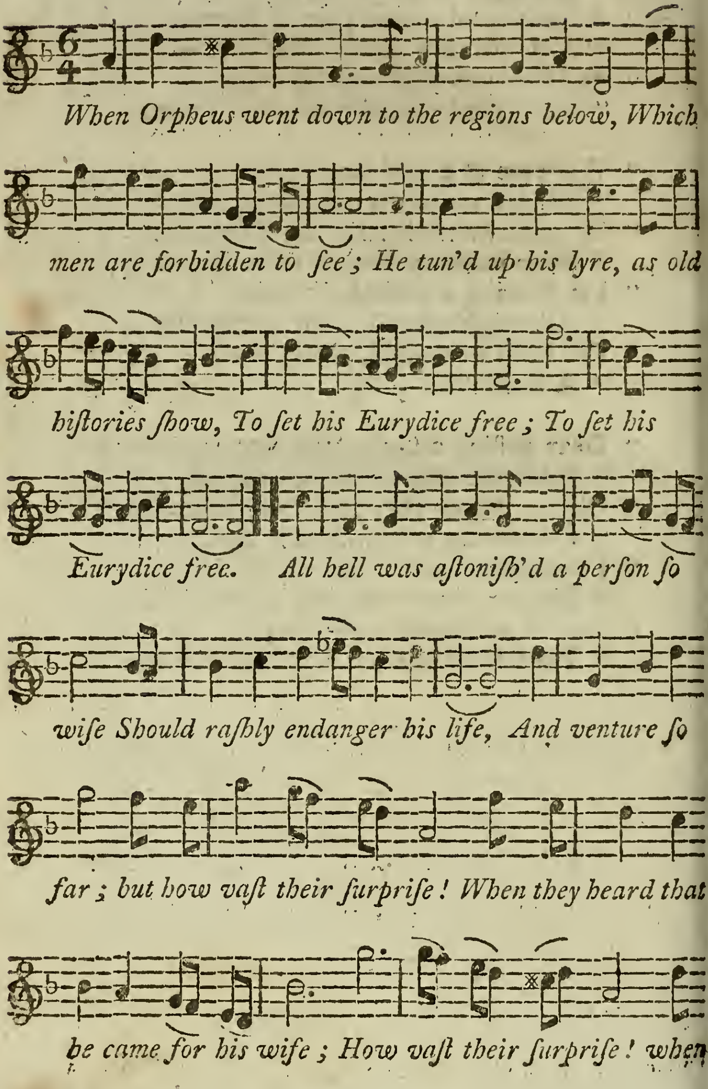
" Nor I, goſſip Joan, by my troth,
" Though neverthelefs I've been told,
" She ſtole feven yards of broad cloth,
" A ring, and a locket of gold ;
" A ſmock and a new pair of ſhoes ;
" A flouriſhing madam was ſhe :—
" But Margery told me the news ;
" And it ne'er ſhall go further for me.

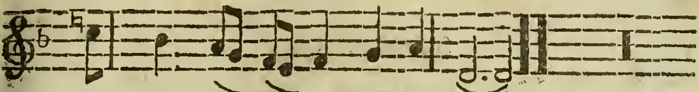
" We were at a goſſiping club,
" Where we had a chirruping cup
" Of good humming liquor, ſtrong bub !
" Your huſband's name there it was up,
" For bearing a powerful ſway,
" All neighbours his valour have ſeen ;
" For he is a cuckold, they ſay—
" A conſtable, goſſip, I mean.

" Dear goſſip, a ſlip of the tongue ;
" No harm was intended in mind :
" Chance words they will mingle among
" Our others we commonly find.
" I hope you won't take it amiſs."
" No, no, that were folly in us ;
" And if we perhaps get a kiſs,
" Pray, what are our huſbands the worſe ?"

SONG CLIV.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

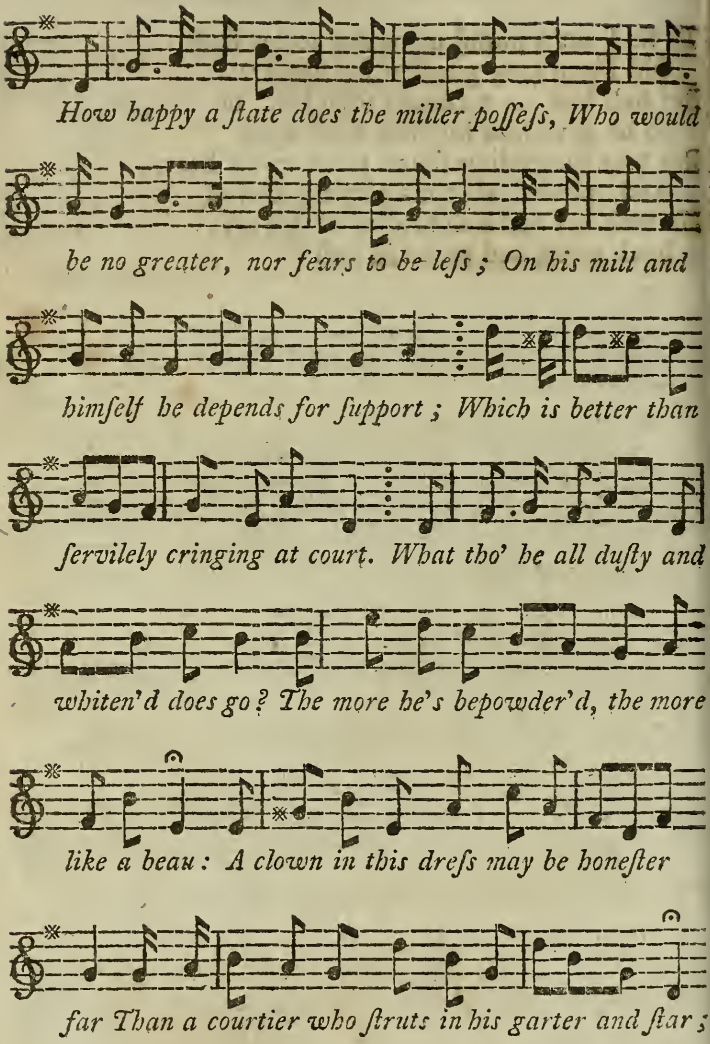

When Orpheus went down to the regions below, Which
men are forbidden to ſee; He tun'd up his lyre, as old
hiſtories ſhow, To ſet his Eurydice free; To ſet his
Eurydice free. All hell was aſtoniſh'd a perſon ſo
wiſe Should raſhly endanger his life, And venture ſo
far; but how vaſt their ſurpriſe! When they heard that
he came for his wife; How vaſt their ſurpriſe! when

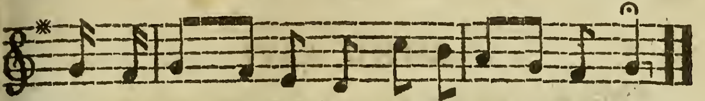


To find out a puniſhment due to his fault,
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments ſufficient, he thought;
So he gave him his wife back again.
But pity ſucceeding found place in his heart;
And, pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again in reward of his art;
Such merit had muſic in hell!

SONG CLV.

HOW HAPPY A STATE.


How happy a ſtate does the miller poſſeſs, Who would
be no greater, nor fears to be leſs; On his mill and
himſelf he depends for ſupport; Which is better than
ſervilely cringing at court. What tho' he all duſty and
whiten'd does go? The more he's bepowder'd, the more
like a beau: A clown in this dreſs may be honeſter
far Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar;

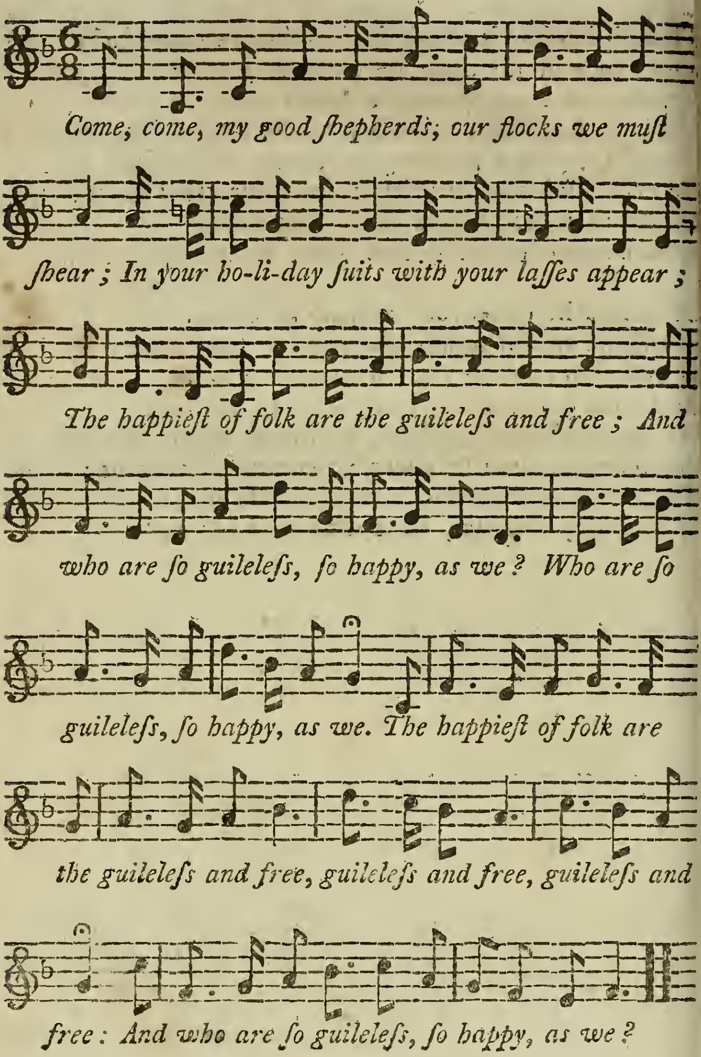

Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.

Though his hands are ſo daub'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will ſtick to the fingers like meal.
What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without ſcruple, from other mens ſacks;
In this of right noble examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or ſhould he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the ſtate;
Whoſe aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill.
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;
Then riſes up cheerful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

SONG CLVI.

COME, COME, MY GOOD SHEPHERDS.


Come, come, my good ſhepherds; our flocks we muſt
ſhear; In your ho-li-day ſuits with your laſſes appear;
The happieſt of folk are the guileleſs and free; And
who are ſo guileleſs, ſo happy, as we? Who are ſo
guileleſs, ſo happy, as we. The happieſt of folk are
the guileleſs and free, guileleſs and free, guileleſs and
free: And who are ſo guileleſs, ſo happy, as we?

We harbour no paſſions, by luxury taught,
We practiſe no arts, with hypocriſy fraught;
What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes:
For, knowing no falſehood, we need no diſguiſe.

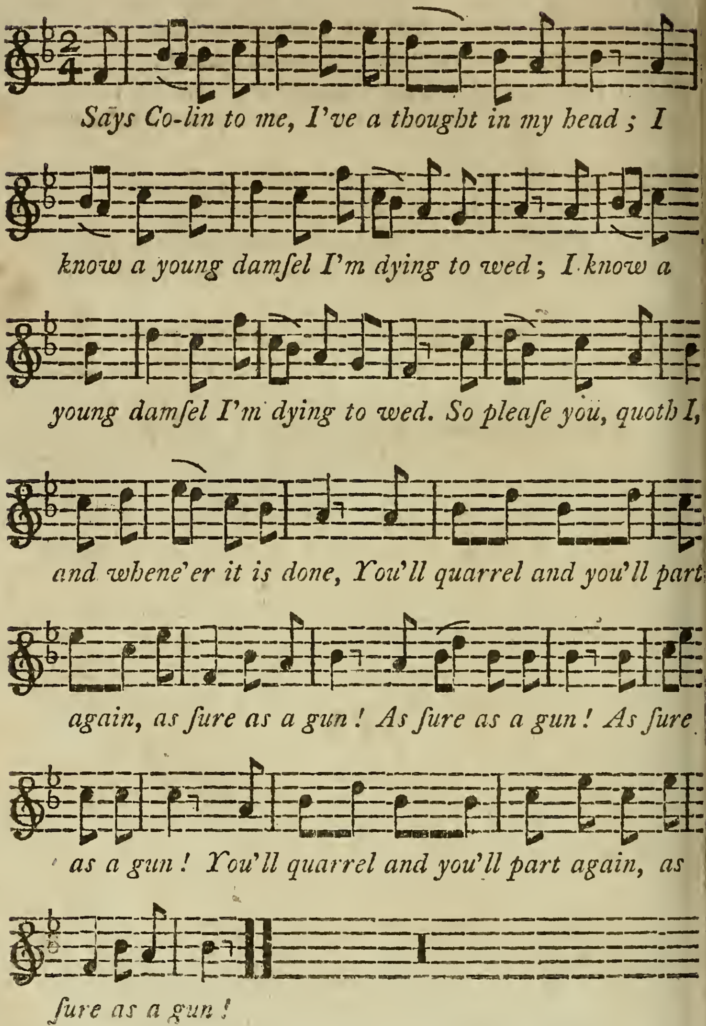
By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
But we as the children of nature are bred:
By her hand alone we are painted and dreſs'd;
For the roſes will bloom when there's peace in the breaſt.

That giant Ambition we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for ſo lofty a head;
Content and ſweet Cheerfulneſs open our door;
They ſmile with the ſimple, and feed with the poor.

When love has poſſeſs'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the paſſions we feel:
So, harmleſs and ſimple, we ſport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

SONG CLVII.

AS SURE AS A GUN.


Says Co-lin to me, I've a thought in my head ; I
know a young damſel I'm dying to wed ; I know a
young damſel I'm dying to wed. So pleaſe you, quoth I,
and whene'er it is done, You'll quarrel and you'll part
again, as ſure as a gun ! As ſure as a gun ! As ſure
as a gun ! You'll quarrel and you'll part again, as
ſure as a gun !

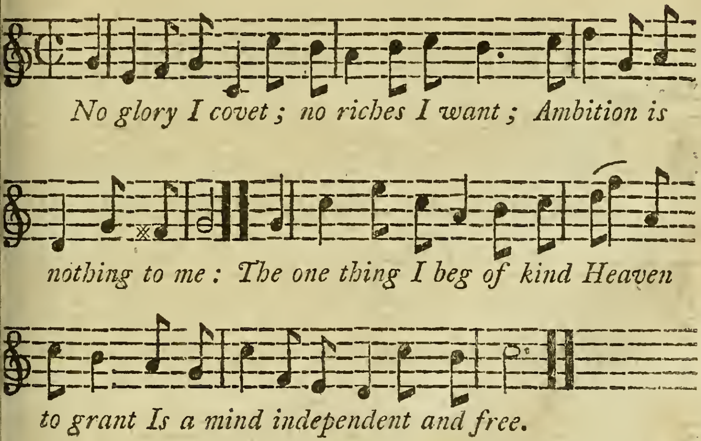
And ſo when you're married (poor amorous wight!)
You'll bill it and coo it from morning till night:
But truſt me, good Colin, you'll find it bad fun;
Inſtead of which you'll fight and ſcratch—as ſure as a gun!

But ſhou'd ſhe prove fond of her own deareſt love,
And you be as ſupple and ſoft as her glove;
Yet, be ſhe a ſaint, and as chaſte as a nun,
You're faſten'd to her apron-ſtrings—as ſure as a gun!

Suppoſe it was you, then, ſaid he, with a leer;
You wou'd not ſerve me ſo, I'm certain, my dear:
In troth, I replied, I will anſwer for none;
But do as other women do—as ſure as a gun!

SONG CLVIII.

NO GLORY I COVET.


No glory I covet; no riches I want; Ambition is
nothing to me: The one thing I beg of kind Heaven
to grant Is a mind independent and free.

With paſſions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reaſon my life let me ſquare;
The wants of my nature are cheaply ſupplied,
And the reſt are but folly and care.

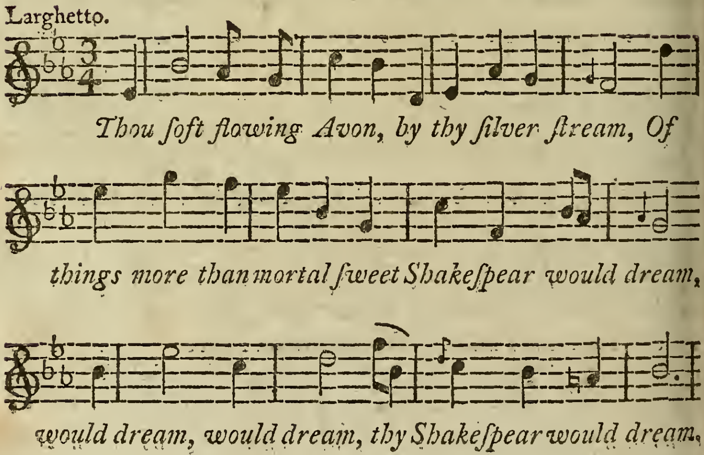
The bleſſings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
Whilſt ſweet meditation, and cheerful content,
Shall make me both healthful and wiſe.

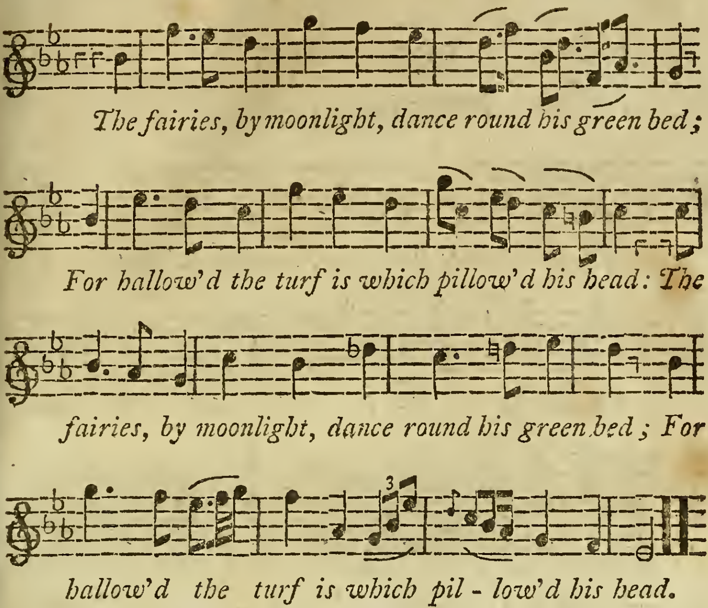
In the pleaſures the great man's poſſeſſions diſplay,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can ſurvey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and ſtrife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they pleaſe, may enjoy.

SONG CLIX.

THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON.


Larghetto.
Thou ſoft flowing Avon, by thy ſilver ſtream, Of
things more than mortal ſweet Shakeſpear would dream,
would dream, would dream, thy Shakeſpear would dream.


The fairies, by moonlight, dance round his green bed;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head: The
fairies, by moonlight, dance round his green bed; For
hallow'd the turf is which pil - low'd his head.
3

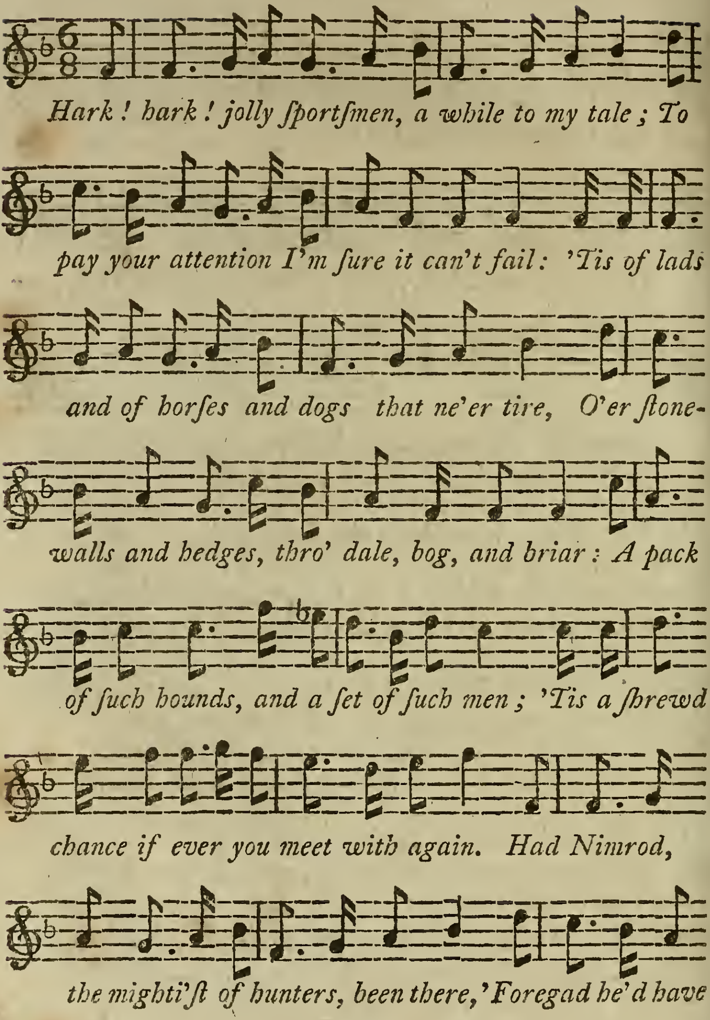
The love-ſtricken maiden, the ſoft-ſighing ſwain,
Here rove without danger, and ſigh without pain.
The ſweet bud of beauty no blight ſhall here dread;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

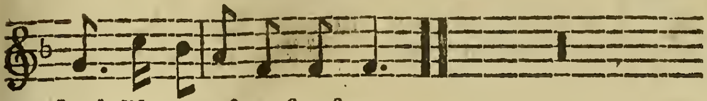
Here youth ſhall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the ſpirit of youth:
For the raptures of fancy here poets ſhall tread;
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Flow on, ſilver Avon, in ſong ever flow!
Be the ſwans on thy borders ſtill whiter than ſnow!
Ever full be thy ſtream; like his fame may it ſpread!
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head!

SONG CLX.

THE IRISH HUNT.


Hark! hark! jolly ſportſmen, a while to my tale; To
pay your attention I'm ſure it can't fail: 'Tis of lads
and of horſes and dogs that ne'er tire, O'er ſtone-
walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog, and briar: A pack
of ſuch hounds, and a ſet of ſuch men; 'Tis a ſhrewd
chance if ever you meet with again. Had Nimrod,
the mighti'ſt of hunters, been there, 'Foregad he'd have



In ſeventeen hundred and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by moſt of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in ſearch of a fox.
The Laughlinſtown landlord, the old Owen Bray,
And ſquire Adair, ſure, was with us that day;
Joe Debbil, Hal Preſton, that huntſman ſo ſtout,
Dick Holmes, a few others, and ſo we ſet out.

We caſt off our hounds for an hour or more,
When Wanton ſet up a moſt tunable roar;
Hark to Wanton! cried Joe, and the reſt were not ſlack;
For Wanton's no trifler eſteem'd in the pack:
Old Bonny and Collier came readily in,
And ev'ry hound join'd in the muſical din;
Had Diana been there ſhe'd been pleas'd to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddeſs to wife.

Ten minutes paſt nine was the time of the day
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his play:
As ſtrong from Killegar as though he could fear none,
Away he bruſh'd round by the houſe of Kilternan;
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
Steep Shankhill he climb'd, and to Ballyman-glen;
Bray-common he croſs'd, leap'd Lord Angleſey's wall,
And ſeem'd to ſay, Little I value you all.

He ran Buſhes-grove up to Carberry-burns,
Joe Debbil, Hal Preſton, kept leading by turns:
The earth it was open; but he was ſo ſtout,
Though he might have got in, yet he choſe to keep out:
To Malpas' high hills was the way then he flew;
At Dalkeyſtone-common we had him in view;

He drove on, by Bullock, through Shrubglanagery,
And ſo on to Mountown, where Laury grew weary.

Through Rocheſtown wood like an arrow he paſs'd,
And came to the ſteep hills of Dalkey at laſt;
There gallantly plung'd himſelf into the ſea,
And ſaid in his heart, Sure none dare follow me:
But ſoon, to his coſt, he perceiv'd that no bounds
Could ſtop the purſuit of ſuch ſtaunch mettl'd hounds;
His policy here did not ſerve him a ruſh,
Five couple of tartars were hard at his bruſh.

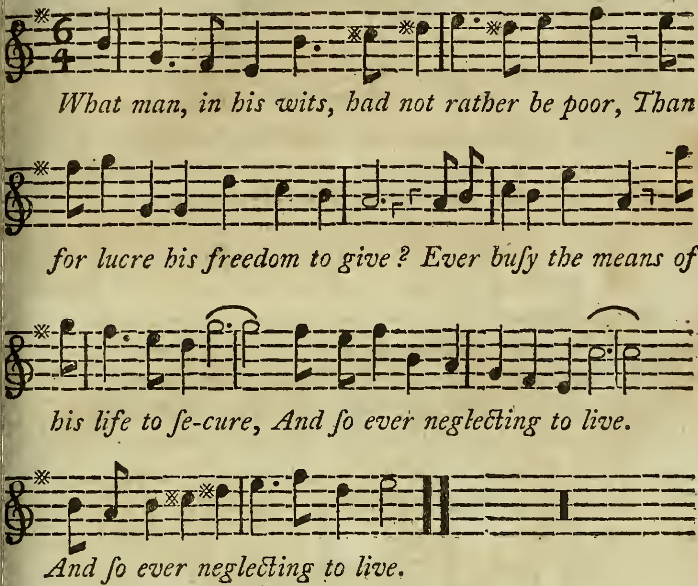
To recover the ſhore then again was his drift;
But, ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
He found both of ſpeed and of cunning a lack,
Being waylaid and kill'd by the reſt of the pack.
At his death there were preſent the lads I have ſung,
Save Laury, who, riding a garron, was flung.
Thus ended, at length, a moſt delicate chaſe,
That held us five hours and ten minutes ſpace.

We return'd to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
Where dwells Hoſpitality, Truth, and my Lord;
We talk'd o'er the chaſe, and we toaſted the health
Of the man that ne'er varied for places or wealth.
Owen Bray baulk'd a leap; ſays Hal Preſton, 'twas odd;
'Twas ſhameful, cries Jack, by the great living God!
Says Preſton, I halloo'd, Get on, though you fall;
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all.

Each glaſs was adapted to freedom and ſport;
For party affairs we conſign'd to the court:
Thus we finiſh'd the reſt of the day and the night
In gay flowing bumpers and ſocial delight:
Then, till the next meeting, bid farewel each brother;
For ſome they went one way and ſome went another.
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care in conducting us home.

SONG CLXI.

WHAT MAN, IN HIS WITS.


What man, in his wits, had not rather be poor, Than
for lucre his freedom to give? Ever buſy the means of
his life to ſe-cure, And ſo ever neglecting to live.
And ſo ever neglecting to live.

Inviron'd from morning to night in a croud,
  Not a moment unbent or alone;
Conſtrain'd to be abject, though never ſo proud,
  And at ev'ry one's call but his own.

Still repining and longing for quiet each hour,
  Yet ſtudiouſly flying it ſtill;
With the means of enjoying his wiſh in his pow'r,
  But accurſt with his wanting the will.

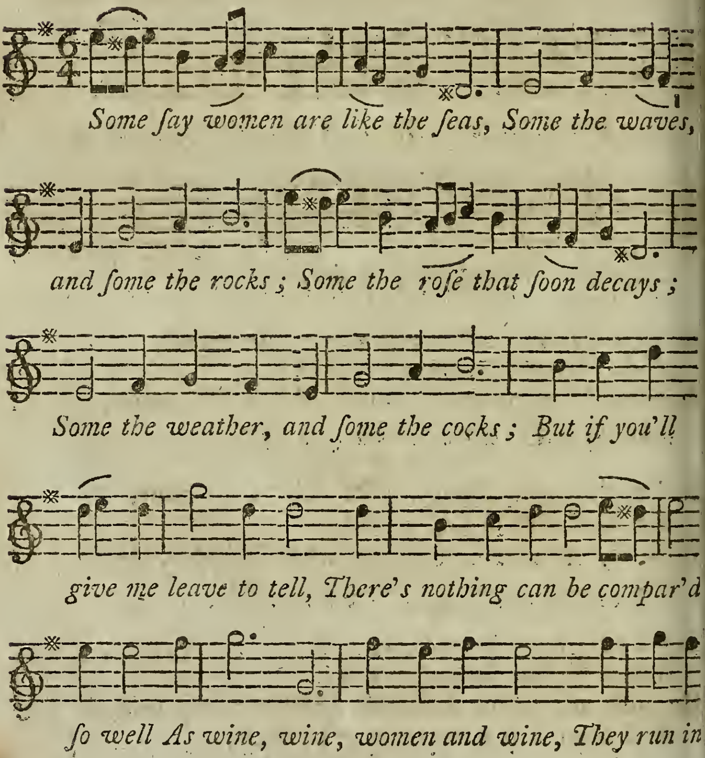
For a year muſt be paſt, or a day muſt be come,
  Before he has leiſure to reſt:
He muſt add to his ſtore this or that pretty ſum,
  And then will have time to be bleſt.

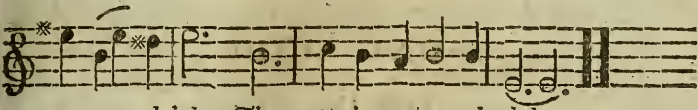
But his gains, more bewitching the more they increaſe,
  Only ſwell the deſire of his eye:
Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he pleaſe;
  Let not even mine enemy die.

* * *

SONG CLXII.

WOMEN AND WINE.


Some ſay women are like the ſeas, Some the waves,
and ſome the rocks; Some the roſe that ſoon decays;
Some the weather, and ſome the cocks; But if you'll
give me leave to tell, There's nothing can be compar'd
ſo well As wine, wine, women and wine, They run in

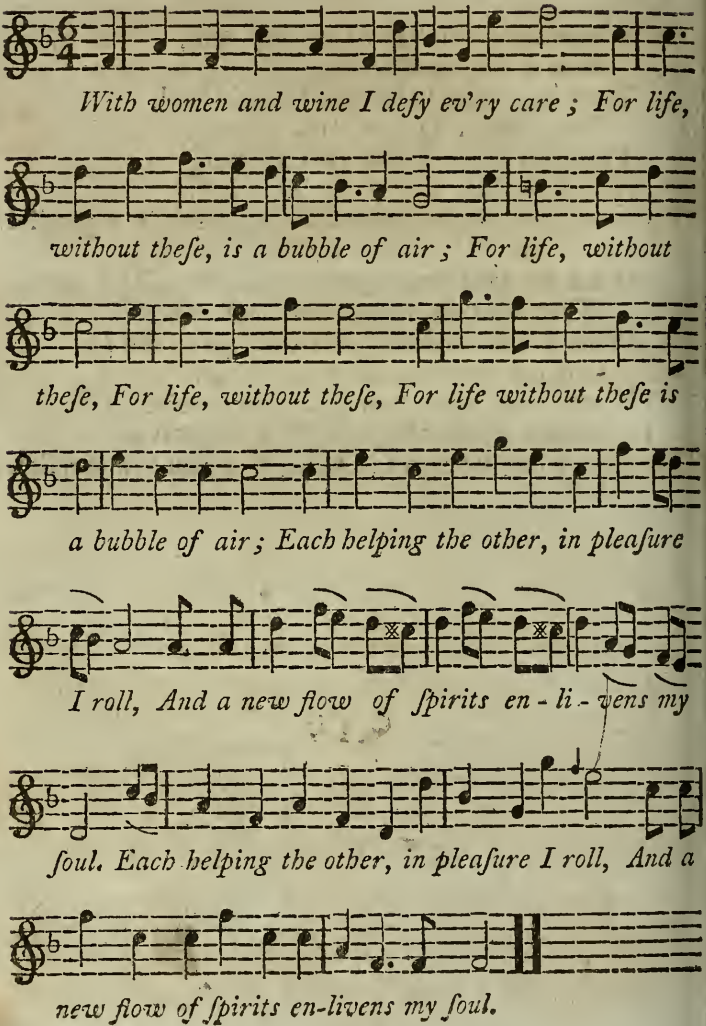


Women are witches when they will,
So is wine, ſo is wine;
They make the ſtateſman loſe his ſkill,
The ſoldier, lawyer, and divine;
They put a gig in the graveſt ſkull,
And ſend their wits to gather wool:
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

What is't that makes your viſage ſo pale?
What is't that makes your looks divine?
What is't that makes your courage to fail?
Is it not women? Is it not wine?
'Tis wine will make you ſick when you're well;
'Tis women that make your forehead to ſwell:
'Tis wine, wine, women and wine, they run in a parallel.

SONG CLXIII.

THE UNION.


With women and wine I defy ev'ry care; For life,
without theſe, is a bubble of air; For life, without
theſe, For life, without theſe, For life without theſe is
a bubble of air; Each helping the other, in pleaſure
I roll, And a new flow of ſpirits en - li - vens my
ſoul. Each helping the other, in pleaſure I roll, And a
new flow of ſpirits en-livens my ſoul.

Let grave ſober mortals my maxims condemn,
I never ſhall alter my conduct for them;
I care not how much they my meaſures decline,
Let them have their own humour—and I will have mine.

Wine, prudently us'd, will our ſenſes improve;
'Tis the ſpring-tide of life and the fuel of love;
And Venus ne'er look'd with a ſmile ſo divine
As when Mars bound his head with a branch of the vine.

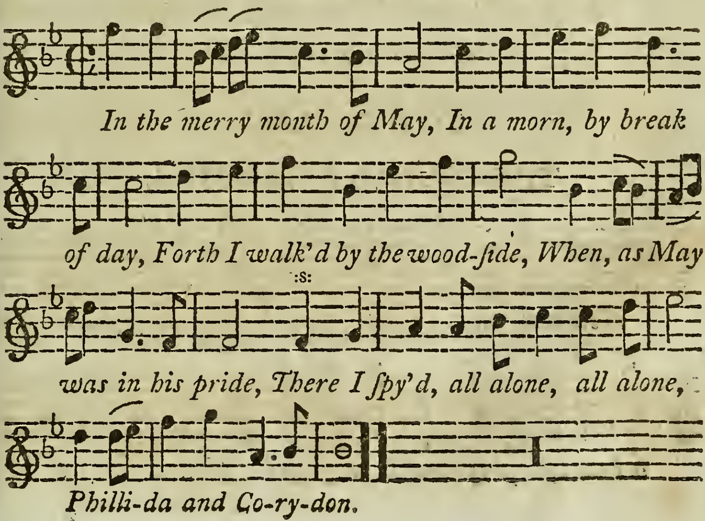
Then come, my dear charmer! thou nymph half divine!
Firſt pledge me with kiſſes—next pledge me with wine:
Then giving and taking, in mutual return,
The torch of our loves ſhall eternally burn.

But ſhould'ſt thou my paſſion for wine diſapprove,
My bumper I'll quit to be bleſs'd with thy love;
For, rather than forfeit the joys of my laſs,
My bottle I'll break and demoliſh my glaſs.

* * *

SONG CLXIV.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.


In the merry month of May, In a morn, by break
of day, Forth I walk'd by the wood-ſide, When, as May
:S:
was in his pride, There I ſpy'd, all alone, all alone,
Philli-da and Co-ry-don.

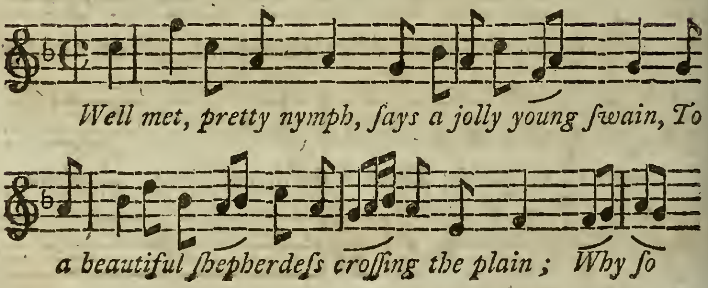
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love, and ſhe would not:
She ſaid, never man was true:
He ſaid, none was falſe to you.
He ſaid, he had lov'd her long:
She ſaid, love ſhould have no wrong.

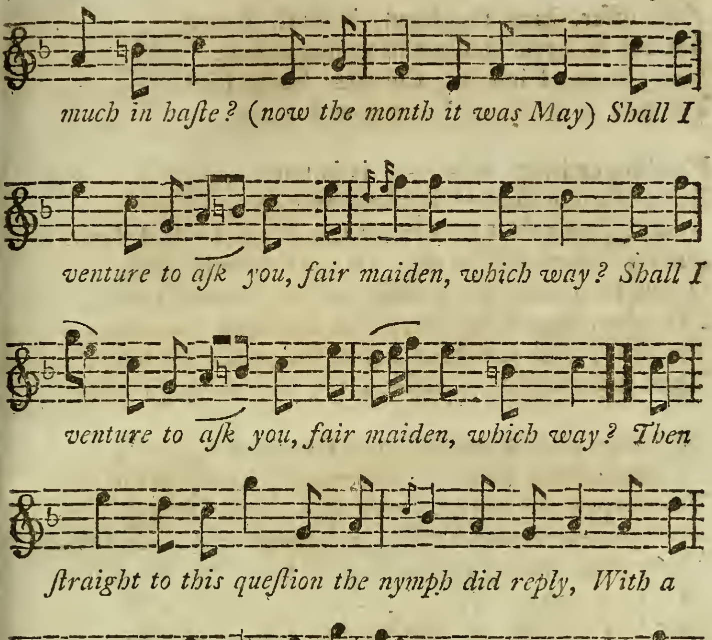
Corydon would kiſs her then:
She ſaid, maids muſt kiſs no men
Till they did for good and all.
Then ſhe made the ſhepherd call
All the heavens to witneſs truth:
Ne'er lov'd a truer youth.

Thus, with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth!
Such as ſilly ſhepherds uſe
When they will not love abuſe;
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was, with kiſſes ſweet, concluded:
  And Phillida, with garlands gay,
  Was made the lady of the May.

SONG CLXV.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.


Well met, pretty nymph, ſays a jolly young ſwain, To
a beautiful ſhepherdeſs croſſing the plain; Why ſo


much in haſte? (now the month it was May) Shall I
venture to aſk you, fair maiden, which way? Shall I
venture to aſk you, fair maiden, which way? Then
ſtraight to this queſtion the nymph did reply, With a
ſmile on her look, and a leer in her eye, I am come
from the village, and homeward I go; And now, gentle
ſhepherd, pray why would you know?

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiſs,
If I tell you the reaſon of aſking you this;
I would ſee you ſafe home, (the ſwain was in love)
Of ſuch a companion if you would approve.

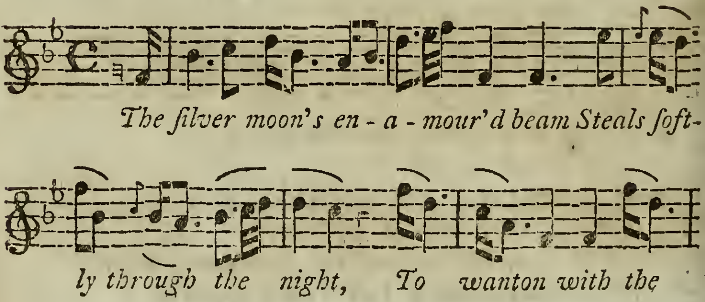
Your offer, kind ſhepherd, is civil, I own,
But ſee no great danger in going alone;
Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free,
For one as another, for you as for me.

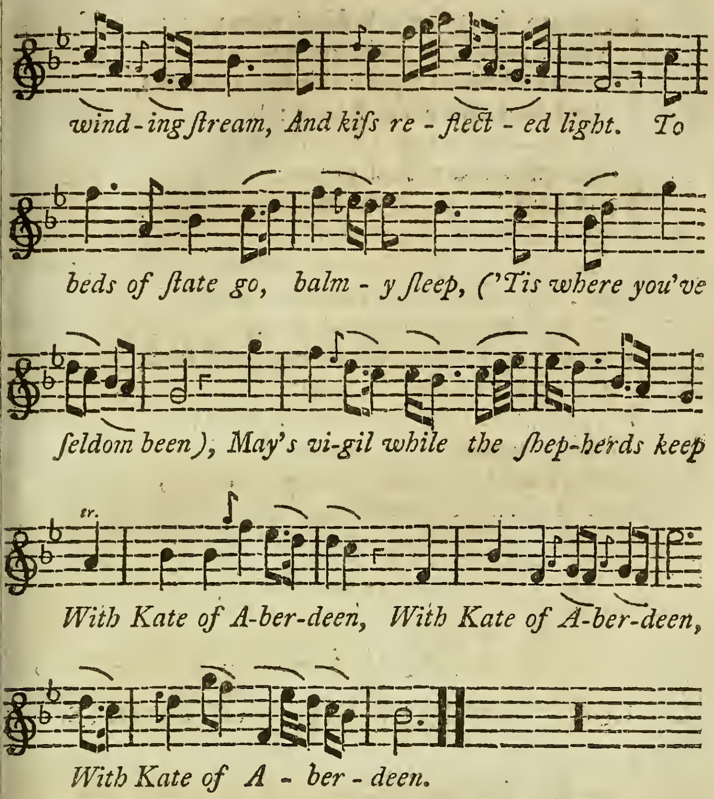
No danger in going alone, it is true,
But yet a companion is pleaſanter too;
And if you could like (now the ſwain he took heart)
Such a ſweetheart as me, we never would part.
O! that's a long word, ſaid the ſhepherdeſs then;
I've often heard ſay there's no minding you men:
You'll ſay and unſay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true;
Then leave a young maiden the firſt thing you do.

O! judge not ſo harſhly, the ſhepherd replied;
To prove what I ſay, I will make you my bride;
To-morrow the parſon (well ſaid, little ſwain)
Shall join both our hands, and make one of us twain:
Then what the nymph anſwered to this is not ſaid;
The very next morn to be ſure they were wed.
Sing hey diddle, ho diddle, hey diddle down;
Now, when ſhall we ſee ſuch a wedding in town?

SONG CLXVI.

MAY EVE: OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.


The ſilver moon's en - a - mour'd beam Steals ſoft-
ly through the night, To wanton with the


wind-ing ſtream, And kiſs re-flect-ed light. To
beds of ſtate go, balm-y ſleep, ('Tis where you've
ſeldom been), May's vi-gil while the ſhep-herds keep
tr.
With Kate of A-ber-deen, With Kate of A-ber-deen,
With Kate of A-ber-deen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In roſy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

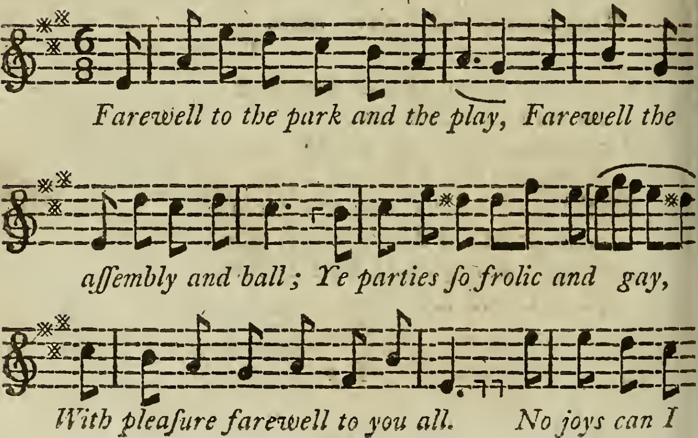
Strike up the tabor's boldeſt notes,
  We'll rouſe the nodding grove;
The neſted birds ſhall raiſe their throats,
  And hail the maid I love:
And ſee—the matin lark miſtakes,
  He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
  'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

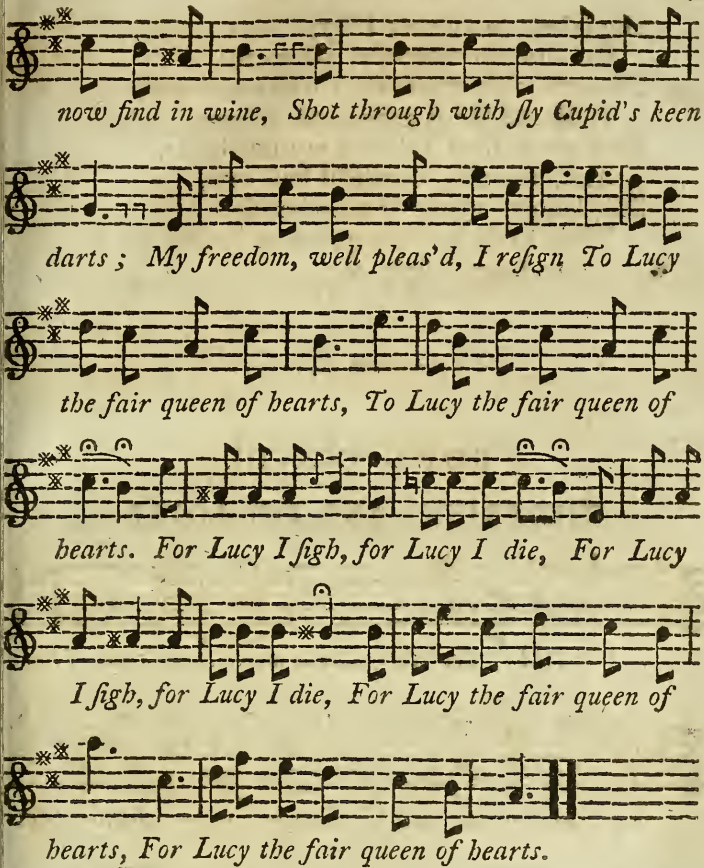
Now, lightſome o'er the level mead,
  Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
  Or tune the reed to love:
For, ſee, the roſy May draws nigh;
  She claims a virgin queen:
And, hark! the happy ſhepherds cry,
  'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

* * *

SONG CLXVII.

LUCY, THE FAIR QUEEN OF HEARTS.


Farewell to the park and the play, Farewell the
aſſembly and ball; Ye parties ſo frolic and gay,
With pleaſure farewell to you all. No joys can I

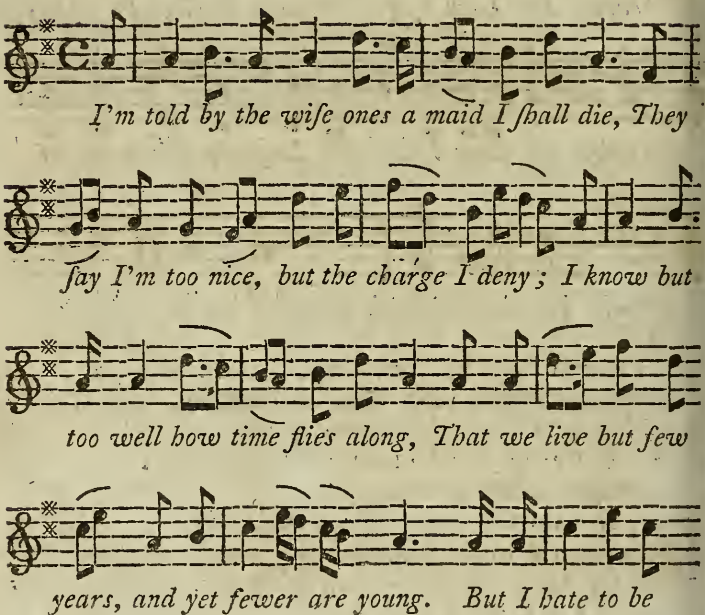

now find in wine, Shot through with ſly Cupid's keen
darts ; My freedom, well pleas'd, I reſign To Lucy
the fair queen of hearts, To Lucy the fair queen of
hearts. For Lucy I ſigh, for Lucy I die, For Lucy
I ſigh, for Lucy I die, For Lucy the fair queen of
hearts, For Lucy the fair queen of hearts.

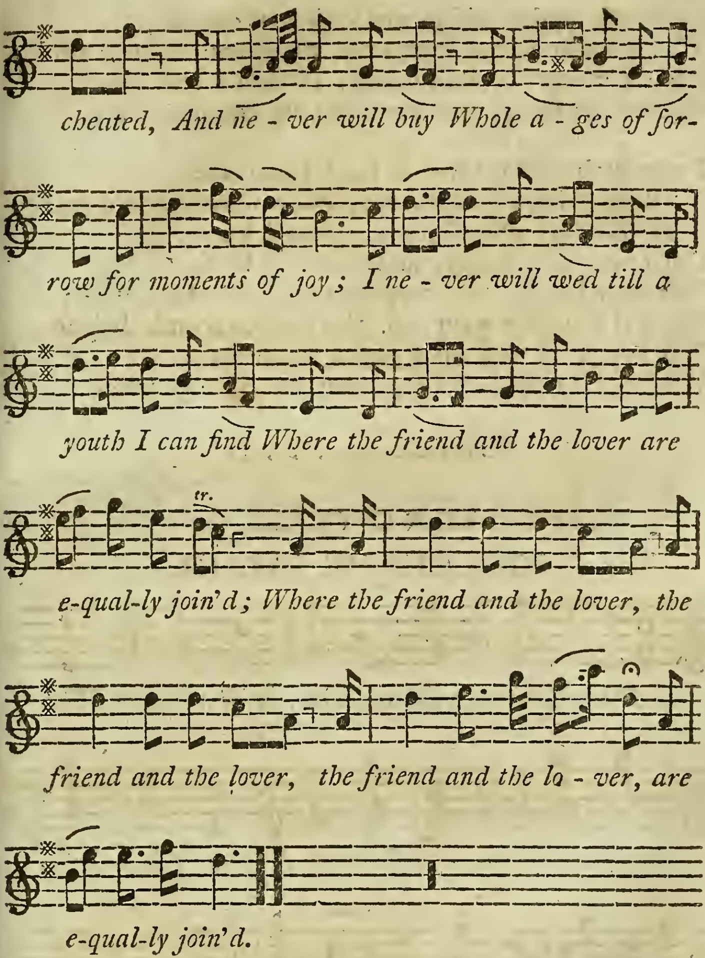
Though beauties are plenty, I own,
 Regardleſs I view their dull charms,
Nor beauty cou'd conquer alone,
 But beauty and merit diſarms.
Inſipid to me all their faces,
 In vain they play off all their arts,
Compar'd to the numberleſs graces
 Of Lucy the fair queen of hearts.
  For Lucy I ſigh, &c.

She liſtens to all that I ſay,
She bluſhes whenever we meet;
Though with others ſhe's lively and gay,
With me ſhe is grave and diſcreet.
To church then I'll lead my fair bride,
And, ſcorning deceitful baſe arts,
Still happy, whate'er may betide,
With Lucy the fair queen of hearts.
For Lucy I ſigh, &c.

SONG CLXVIII.

THE FRIEND AND THE LOVER.


I'm told by the wiſe ones a maid I ſhall die, They
ſay I'm too nice, but the charge I deny; I know but
too well how time flies along, That we live but few
years, and yet fewer are young. But I hate to be


cheated, And ne - ver will buy Whole a - ges of for-
row for moments of joy; I ne - ver will wed till a
youth I can find Where the friend and the lover are
e-qual-ly join'd; Where the friend and the lover, the
friend and the lover, the friend and the lo - ver, are
e-qual-ly join'd.
tr.

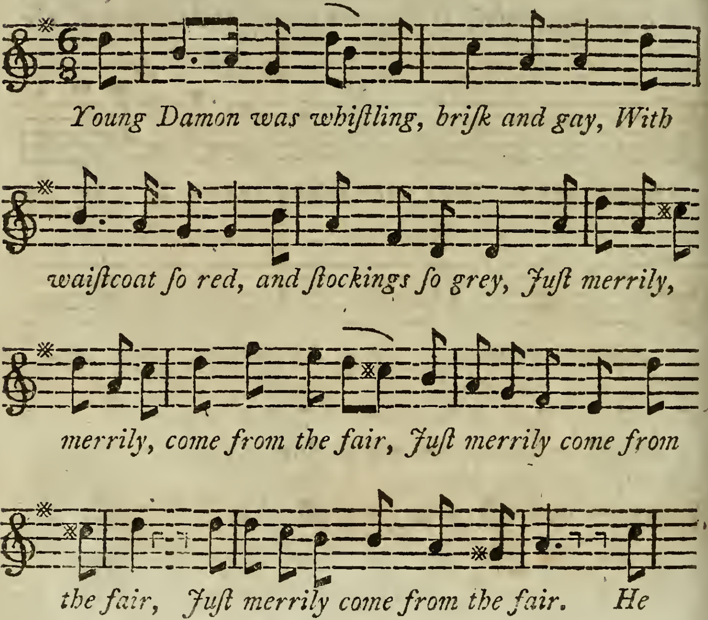
No pedant, though learned, or fooliſhly gay,
Or laughing becauſe he has nothing to ſay,
To ev'ry fair one obliging and free,
But never be fond of any but me:

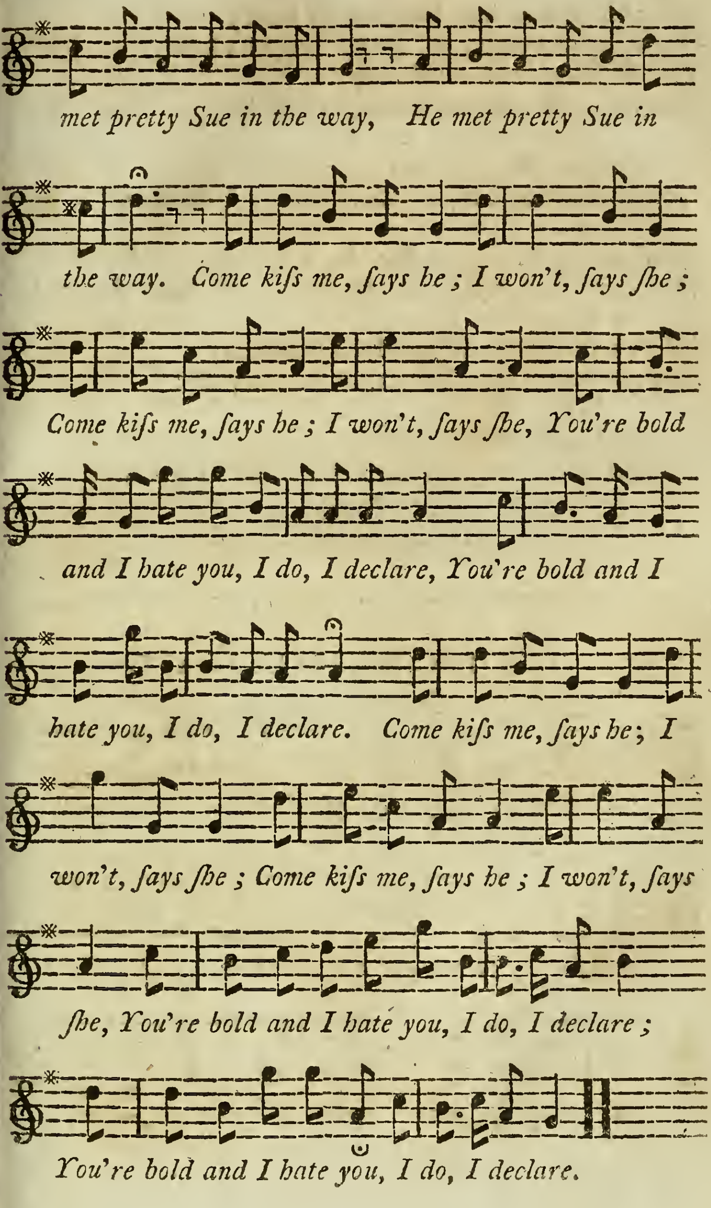
In whoſe tender boſom my ſoul may confide,
Whoſe kindneſs can ſoothe me, whoſe counſels can guide;
Such a youth I wou'd marry, if ſuch I cou'd find,
Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

From ſuch a dear lover as here I deſcribe
No danger ſhou'd fright me, not millions ſhou'd bribe;
But, 'till this aſtoniſhing creature I know,
I'm ſingle and happy, and ſtill will be ſo.
You may laugh, and ſuppoſe I am nicer than wiſe;
But I'll ſhun the vain fop, the dull coxcomb deſpiſe;
Nor ever will wed till a youth I can find
Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

SONG CLXIX.

COME KISS ME, SAYS HE.


Young Damon was whiſtling, briſk and gay, With
waiſtcoat ſo red, and ſtockings ſo grey, Juſt merrily,
merrily, come from the fair, Juſt merrily come from
the fair, Juſt merrily come from the fair. He

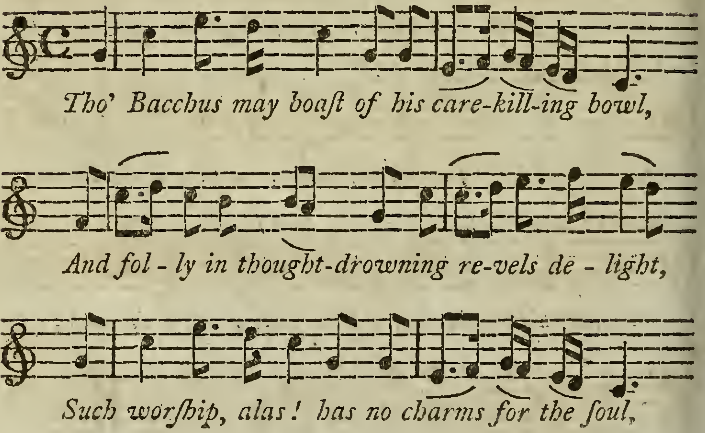

met pretty Sue in the way, He met pretty Sue in
the way. Come kiſs me, ſays he ; I won't, ſays ſhe ;
Come kiſs me, ſays he ; I won't, ſays ſhe, You're bold
and I hate you, I do, I declare, You're bold and I
hate you, I do, I declare. Come kiſs me, ſays he ; I
won't, ſays ſhe ; Come kiſs me, ſays he ; I won't, ſays
ſhe, You're bold and I hate you, I do, I declare ;
You're bold and I hate you, I do, I declare.

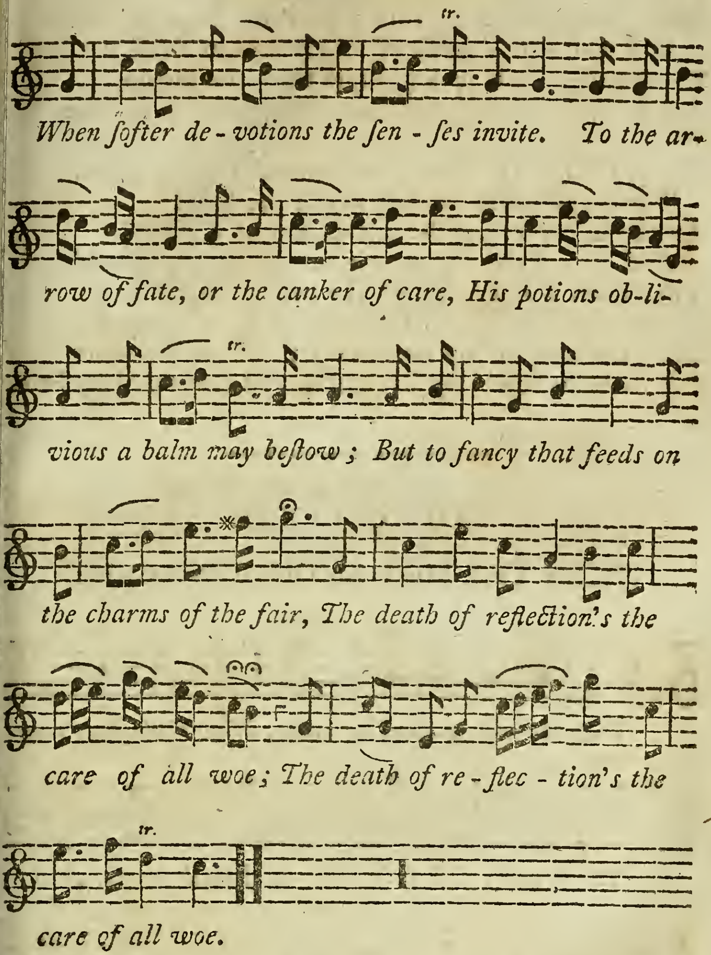
He offer'd a ribbon her hair to bind;
Dear Suſan come kiſs, and in pity be kind,
Or I'll hang in a fit of deſpair;
Deſpair, cry'd the maiden, is blind.
Then kiſs me, ſays he;
I won't, ſays ſhe;
You think that I love you, I don't, I declare.

Shall we go to the parſon, he roguiſhly ſaid?
She curtſy'd, cry'd yes, bluſh'd, and held down her head,
With a look that diſpell'd all his care;
For ſhe found that he wiſh'd her to wed:
Well, kiſs me, ſays he;
I will, ſays ſhe;
I'll kiſs when we're wed, not till then I declare.

SONG CLXX.

THO' BACCHUS MAY BOAST.


Tho' Bacchus may boaſt of his care-kill-ing bowl,
And fol - ly in thought-drowning re-vels de - light,
Such worſhip, alas! has no charms for the ſoul,


tr.
When ſofter de - votions the ſen - ſes invite. To the ar-
row of fate, or the canker of care, His potions ob-li-
tr.
vious a balm may beſtow ; But to fancy that feeds on
the charms of the fair, The death of reflection's the
care of all woe ; The death of re - ſlec - tion's the
tr.
care of all woe.

What ſoul, that's poſſeſs'd of a dream ſo divine,
With riot wou'd bid the ſweet viſion begone?
For a tear that bedews Senſibility's ſhrine
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

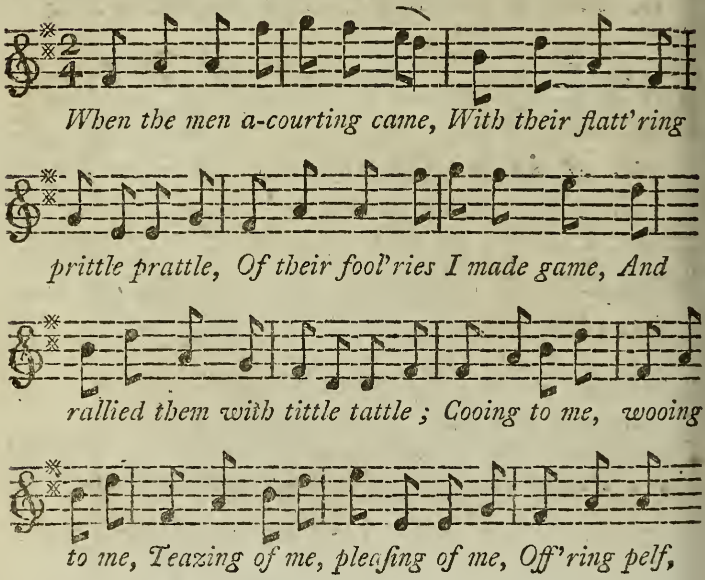
Each change and exceſs hath thro' life been my doom,
And well can I ſpeak of its joy and its ſtrife;
The bottle affords us a glimpſe thro' the gloom,
But love's the true ſunſhine that gladdens our life.

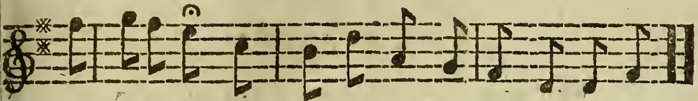
Come, then, roſy Venus, and ſpread o'er my ſight
The magic illuſions that raviſh the ſoul!
Awake in my breaſt the ſoft dream of delight!
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl!
Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet remove;
But each tube of my heart ever thirſt for the wine
That's mellow'd by friendſhip and ſweeten'd by love.

* * *

SONG CLXXI.

WHEN THE MEN A-COURTING CAME.


When the men a-courting came, With their flatt'ring
prittle prattle, Of their fool'ries I made game, And
rallied them with tittle tattle; Cooing to me, wooing
to me, Teazing of me, pleaſing of me, Off'ring pelf,



The divine, with looks demure,
Talk'd of tithes and eating plenty,
Show'd the profits of his cure,
And vow'd to treat me with each dainty;
Cooing, &c.

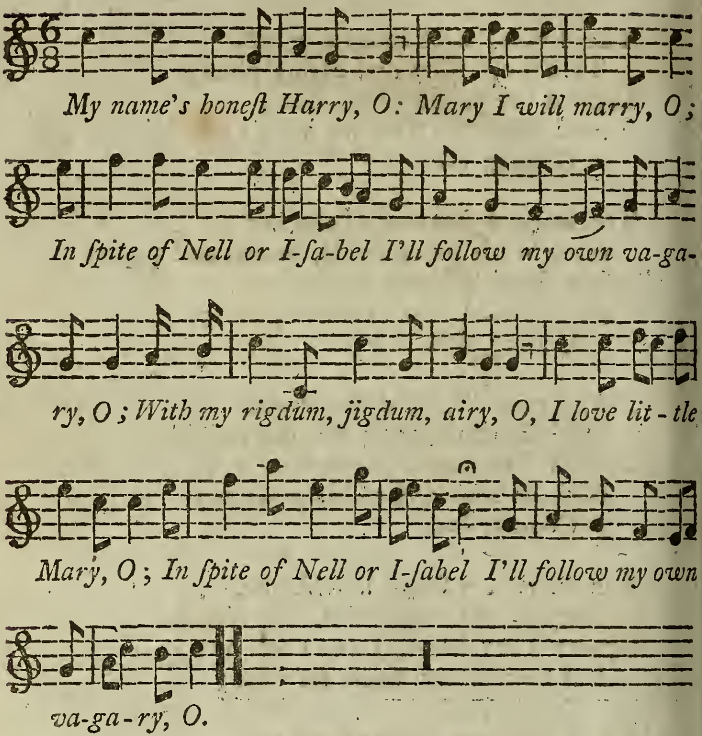
The learned ſergeant of the law
Show'd his parchments, briefs, and papers;
In his deeds I found a flaw;
So diſmiſs'd him in the vapours;
Cooing, &c.

Phyſic now diſplay'd his wealth
With his noſtrums; but the fact is,
I reſolv'd to keep my health,
Nor die a martyr to his practice;
Cooing, &c.

But, at laſt, a ſwain bow'd low,
Candid, handſome, tall, and clever,
Squeez'd my hand, I can't tell how,
But he won my heart for ever;
Cooing, &c.
I ſent all other wooers from me.

SONG CLXXII.

MY NAME's HONEST HARRY, O.

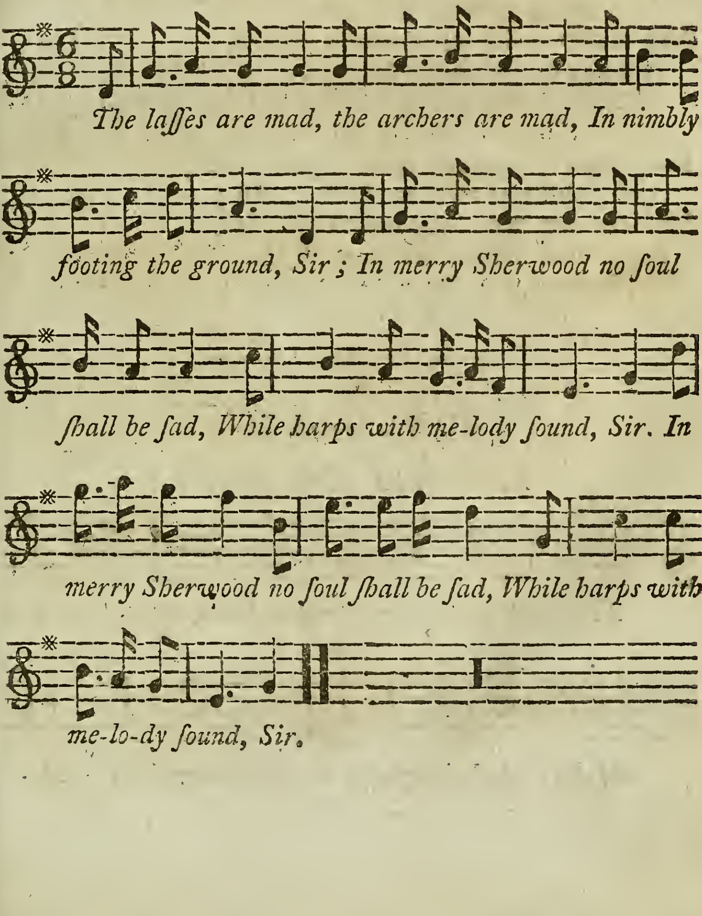

My name's honeſt Harry, O: Mary I will marry, O;
In ſpite of Nell or I-ſa-bel I'll follow my own va-ga-
ry, O; With my rigdum, jigdum, airy, O, I love lit-tle
Mary, O; In ſpite of Nell or I-ſabel I'll follow my own
va-ga-ry, O.

Straight ſhe is and bonny, O,
Sweet as ſugar-candy, O,
  Freſh and gay
  As flow'rs in May,
And I'm her Jack-a-dandy, O;
  With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

Soon to church I'll bring her, O,
Where we'll wed together, O,
And, that done,
Then we'll have fun,
In ſpite of wind or weather, O ;
With my rigdum, jigdum, &c.

SONG CLXXIII.

THE LASSES ARE MAD.


The laſſes are mad, the archers are mad, In nimbly
footing the ground, Sir; In merry Sherwood no ſoul
ſhall be ſad, While harps with me-lody ſound, Sir. In
merry Sherwood no ſoul ſhall be ſad, While harps with
me-lo-dy ſound, Sir.

We'll tipple till mad, then madly ſing
  Madrigals, catches, and glees, Sir;
Chaunt out, like mad, till the welkin ring,
  Under the miſletoe trees, Sir.
    Chaunt out, &c.

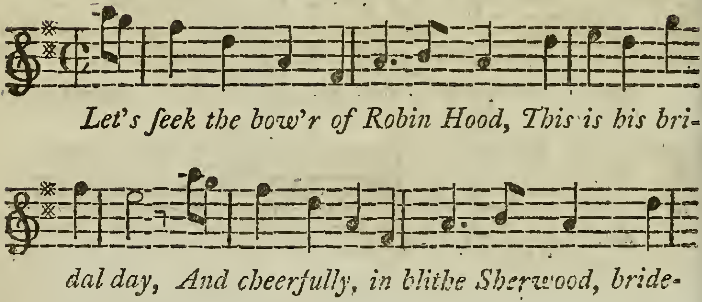
We fight like mad when we fall on our foes,
  Shoot arrows wing'd like the wind, Sir;
The fat fallow deer can't 'ſcape our bows,
  Nor in ſwiftneſs ſafety find, Sir.
    The fat, &c.

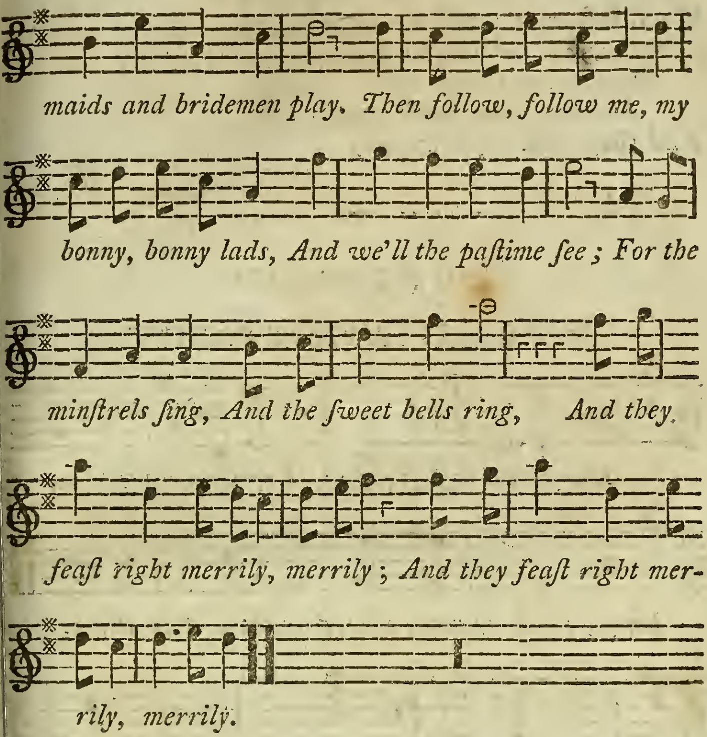
Then madly we'll ſing, and madly we'll dance,
  And madly all roar out, Sir,
And madly make our enemies prance,
  If mad, to try about, Sir.
    And madly, &c.

Brave Scarlet is mad, ſtout Allen is mad,
  And John's as mad as the beſt, Sir;
Maidens run mad, our hearts are glad,
  Stark mad ſhall be ev'ry gueſt, Sir.
    Maidens run, &c.

SONG CLXXIV.

LET's SEEK THE BOW'R.


Let's ſeek the bow'r of Robin Hood, This is his bri-
dal day, And cheerfully, in blithe Sherwood, bride-


maids and bridemen play. Then follow, follow me, my
bonny, bonny lads, And we'll the paſtime ſee ; For the
minſtrels ſing, And the ſweet bells ring, And they
feaſt right merrily, merrily ; And they feaſt right mer-
rily, merrily.

The humming beer flows round in pails,
With mead that's ſtout and old,
And am'rous virgins tell love-tales,
To thaw the heart that's cold.
Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the paſtime ſee ;
For the minſtrels ſing
And the ſweet bells ring,
And they feaſt right merrily.

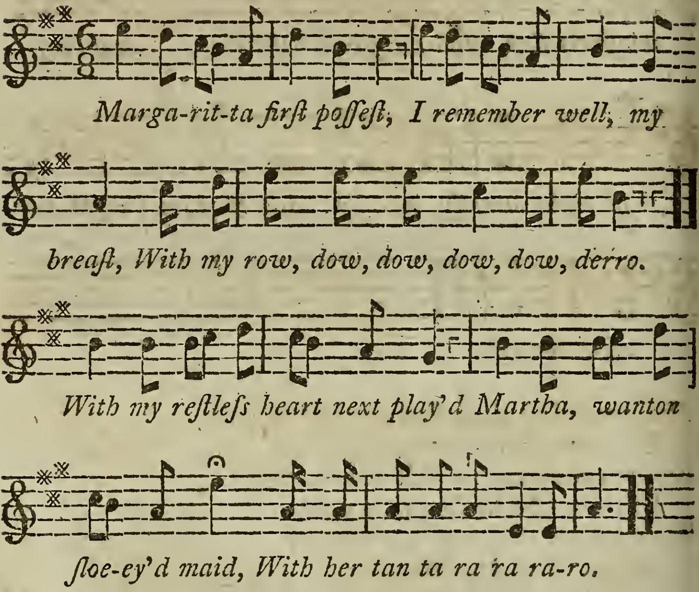
There, dancing ſprightly on the green,
Each light foot lad and laſs,
Sly ſtealing kiſſes when unſeen,
And gingling glaſs with glaſs.

Then follow me, my bonny lads,
And we'll the paſtime ſee;
For the minſtrels ſing
And the ſweet bells ring,
And they feaſt right merrily.

* * *

SONG CLXXV.

MARGARITTA FIRST POSSEST.


6
8
Marga-rit-ta firſt poſſeſt, I remember well, my
breaſt, With my row, dow, dow, dow, dow, derro.
With my reſtleſs heart next play'd Martha, wanton
ſloe-ey'd maid, With her tan ta ra ra ra-ro.

She to Katharine gave place,
Kate to Betſey's am'rous face,
With my row, &c.
Mary, then, and gentle Ann,
Both to reign at once began,
With their tan ta, &c.

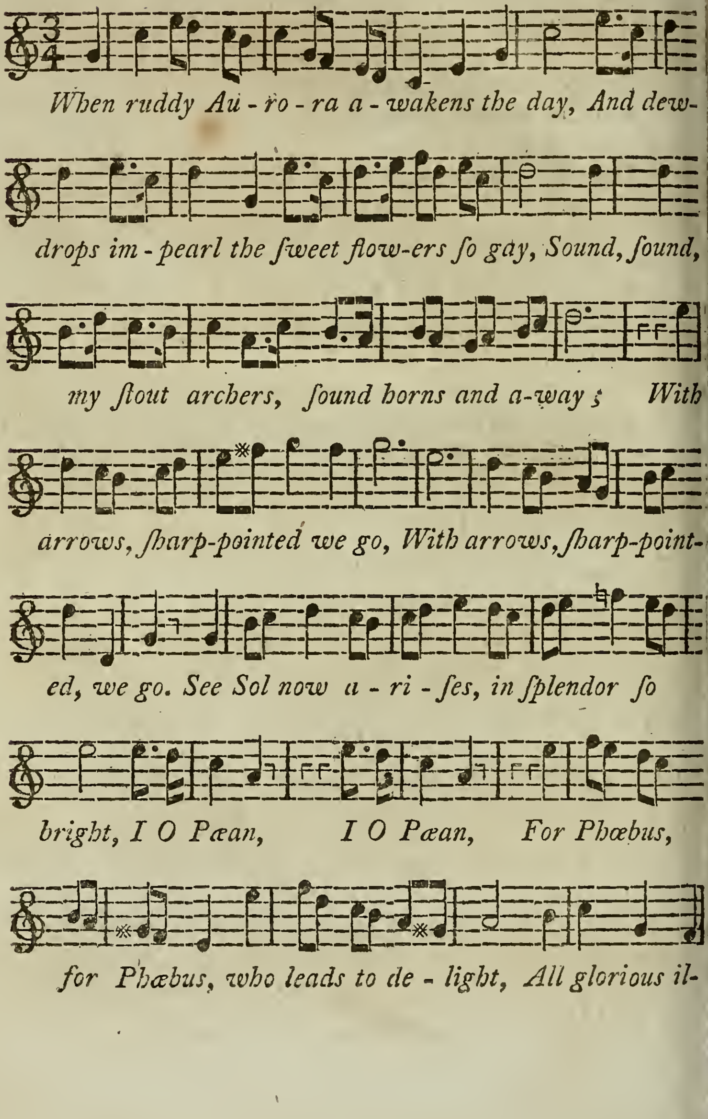
Jenny next, a tyrant ſhe,
But Rebecca ſet me free,
With my row, &c.
In a week from her I fled,
And took Judith in her ſtead,
With her tan ta, &c.

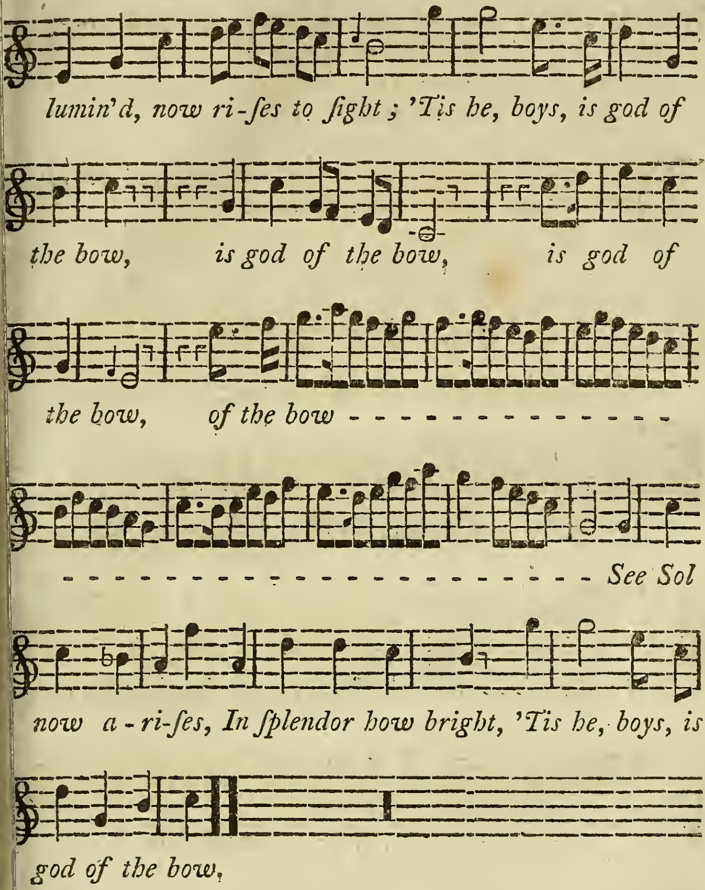
She poſſeſs'd a wond'rous grace,
But ſhe wanted Suſan's face,
With my row, &c.
Iſabella's rolling eye
Eclips'd Suſan's preſently,
With her tan ta, &c.

Brown ſkinn'd Beſs I next obey'd,
Then lov'd Nanny, red hair'd maid,
With my row, &c.
None cou'd bind me, I am free,
Yet love all the fair I ſee,
With my tan ta, &c.

SONG CLXXVI.

WHEN RUDDY AURORA.


When ruddy Au - ro - ra a - wakens the day, And dew-
drops im - pearl the ſweet flow-ers ſo gay, Sound, ſound,
my ſtout archers, ſound horns and a-way; With
arrows, ſharp-pointed we go, With arrows, ſharp-point-
ed, we go. See Sol now a - ri - ſes, in ſplendor ſo
bright, I O Pæan, I O Pæan, For Phœbus,
for Phœbus, who leads to de - light, All glorious il-

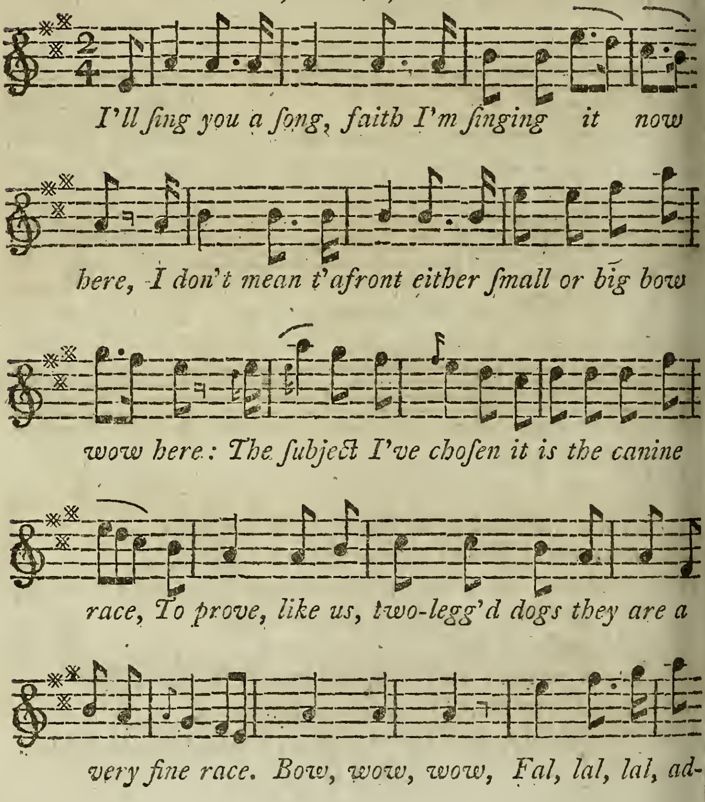

lumin'd, now ri-ſes to ſight ; 'Tis he, boys, is god of
the bow, is god of the bow, is god of
the bow, of the bow - - - - - - - - - - - - -
- See Sol
now a-ri-ſes, In ſplendor how bright, 'Tis he, boys, is
god of the bow,

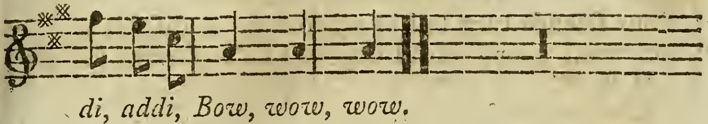
Freſh roſes we'll offer at Venus's ſhrine,
Libations we'll pour to great Bacchus divine,
While mirth, love, and pleaſure, in junction combine,
    For archers, true ſons of the ſame.
    For archers, &c.
Bid ſorrow adieu ; in ſoft numbers we'll ſing ;
Love and friendſhip, love and friendſhip,
Love, friendſhip, and beauty, ſhall make the air ring,

Wiſhing health and ſucceſs to our country and king,
Increaſe to their honour and fame.
To their honour and fame,
To their honour and fame,
To their ho - - - nour and fame.
Wiſhing health and ſucceſs to our country and king,
Increaſe to their honour and fame.

SONG CLXXVII.

BOW, WOW, WOW.


I'll ſing you a ſong, faith I'm ſinging it now
here, I don't mean t'afront either ſmall or big bow
wow here: The ſubject I've choſen it is the canine
race, To prove, like us, two-legg'd dogs they are a
very fine race. Bow, wow, wow, Fal, lal, lal, ad-



Like you and I other dogs may be counted ſad dogs;
And we won't drink water, ſome might think us mad
dogs:
A courtier is a ſpaniel, a citizen's a dull dog,
A ſoldier is a maſtiff, a ſailor's a bull dog.
Bow, wow, &c.

An old maid comes from church, the poor no lady kinder;
A luſty dog her footman, with prayer-book behind her;
A poor boy aſks a farthing, and gets plenty of good
kicking;
But little Shock, her lap-dog, muſt have a roaſted
chicken.
Bow, wow, &c.

When ſilly dogs, for property, uncle, ſon, and brother,
Grin and ſnarl mighty gruff, and worry one another;
Shou'd they a bit of equity from juſtice beg the loan of,
That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap, carries quick the
bone off.
Bow, wow, &c.

A poet's a lank greyhound, for the public he runs game
down;
A critic is a cur that ſtrives to run his fame down;
And though he cannot follow where the noble ſport invites him,
"He ſlyly ſteals behind, and by the heel he bites him."
Bow, wow, &c.

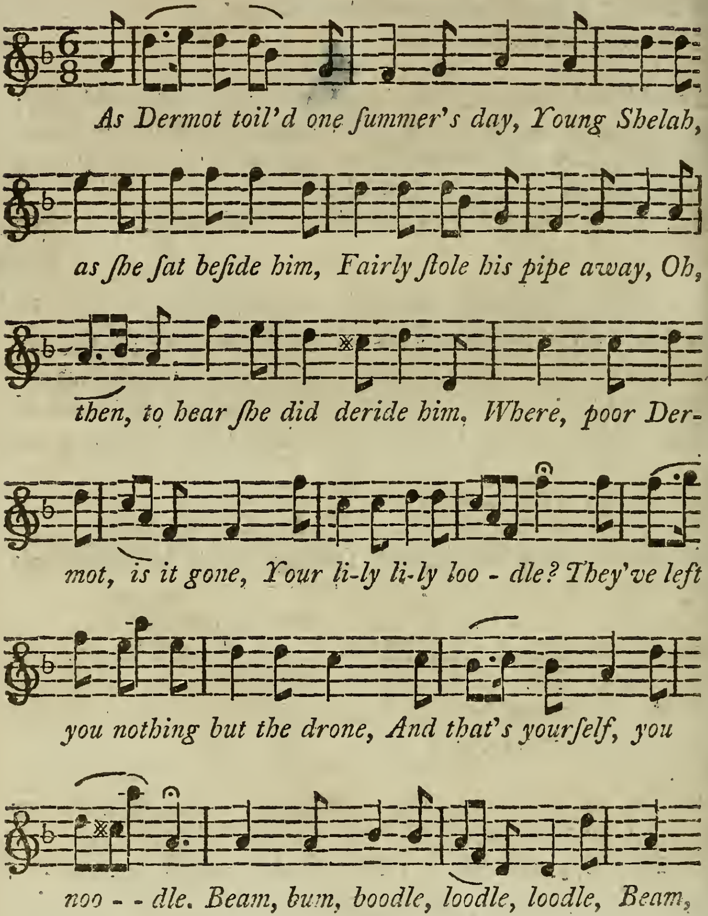
"You've a choice pack of friends, while to feed 'em
" you are able;
" Your dog, for his morſel, crouches under your table;

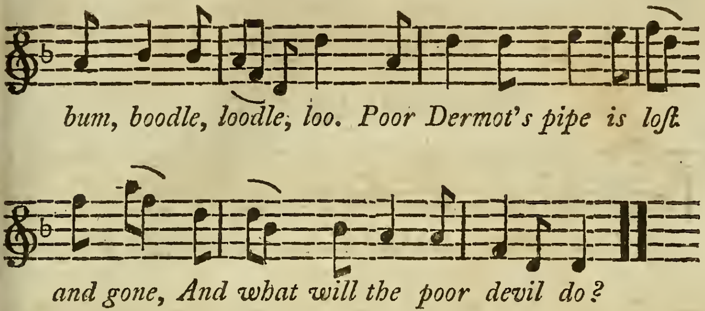
"Your friends turn tail in misfortune or diſaſter;
"But your poor faithful dog will ne'er forſake his ma-
"ſter."
Bow, wow, &c.

* * *

SONG CLXXVIII.

AS DERMOT TOIL'D.


As Dermot toil'd one ſummer's day, Young Shelah,
as ſhe ſat beſide him, Fairly ſtole his pipe away, Oh,
then, to hear ſhe did deride him. Where, poor Der-
mot, is it gone, Your li-ly li-ly loo - dle? They've left
you nothing but the drone, And that's yourſelf, you
noo - - dle. Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle, Beam,

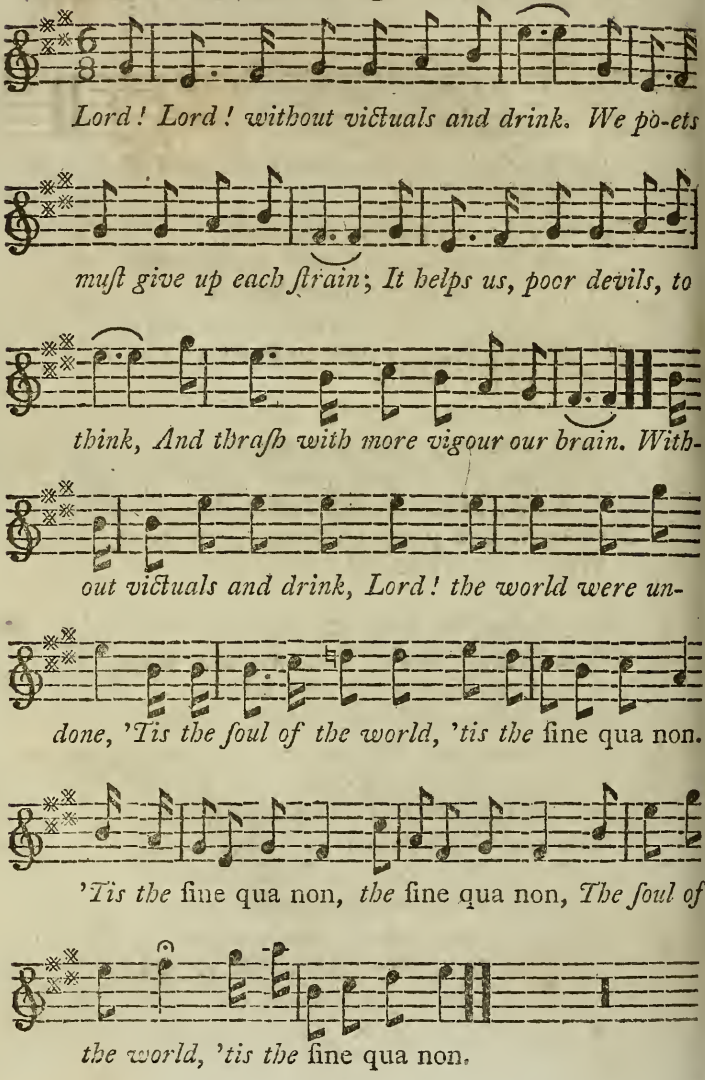

bum, boodle, loodle, loo. Poor Dermot's pipe is loſt
and gone, And what will the poor devil do?

Fait now I am undone, and more,
  Cried Dermot—Ah! will you be eaſy?
Did you not ſteal my heart before?
  Is it you have made a man run crazy?
I've nothing left me now to moan;
  My lily lily loodle
That us'd to cheer me ſo, is gone,
  Ah! Dermot, thou'rt a noodle.
    Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle,
    Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loo,
My heart, and pipe, and peace, are gone,
  What next will cruel Shelah do?

Then Shelah, hearing Dermot vex,
  Cried, fait 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,
You fool, to ſteal it out of tricks,
  Only to ſee how much you lov'd me.
Come cheer thee, Dermot, never moan,
  But take your lily loodle;
And, for the heart of you that's gone,
  You ſhall have mine, you noodle.
    Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loodle,
    Beam, bum, boodle, loodle, loo;
Shelah's to church with Dermot gone;
  And, for the reſt—what's that to you?

SONG CLXXIX.

THE SINE QUA NON.


Lord! Lord! without victuals and drink. We po-ets
muſt give up each ſtrain; It helps us, poor devils, to
think, And thraſh with more vigour our brain. With-
out victuals and drink, Lord! the world were un-
done, 'Tis the ſoul of the world, 'tis the ſine qua non.
'Tis the ſine qua non, the ſine qua non, The ſoul of
the world, 'tis the ſine qua non.

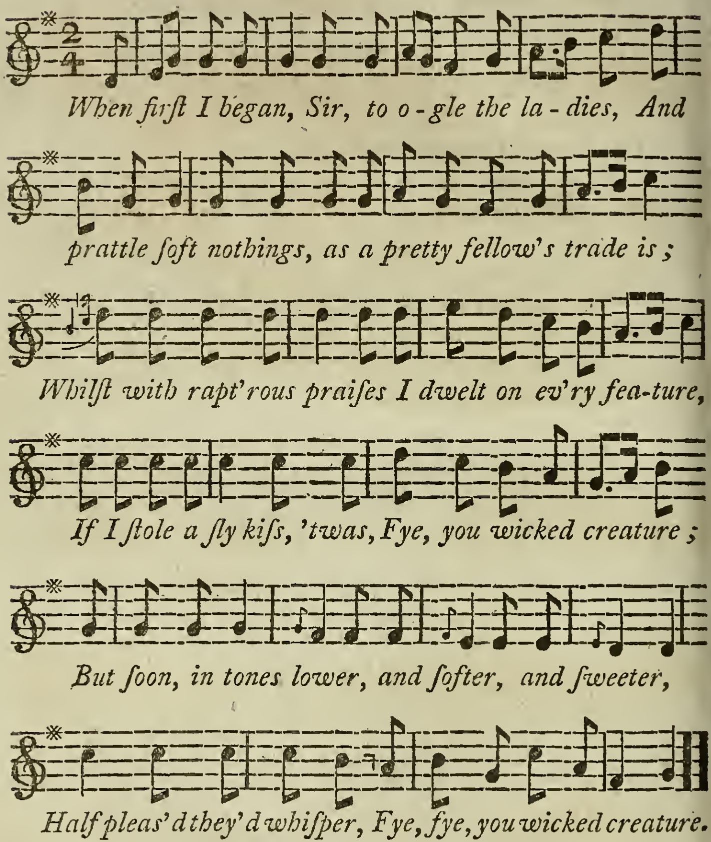
The ſoldier, 'midſt battle's alarms,
Without it, could ill face his foe;
So faint would he handle his arms,
And draw with ſuch weakneſs his bow.
Without victuals, &c.

What would ladies and gentlemen do,
That ſay ſuch fine things to each other?
They would never be able to coo;
They could never be father and mother.
Without victuals, &c.

Then hey for good victuals and drink!
Who is there that would not carouſe?
Wherever he may be, I think
He's not to be found in this houſe.
Without victuals, &c.

SONG CLXXX.

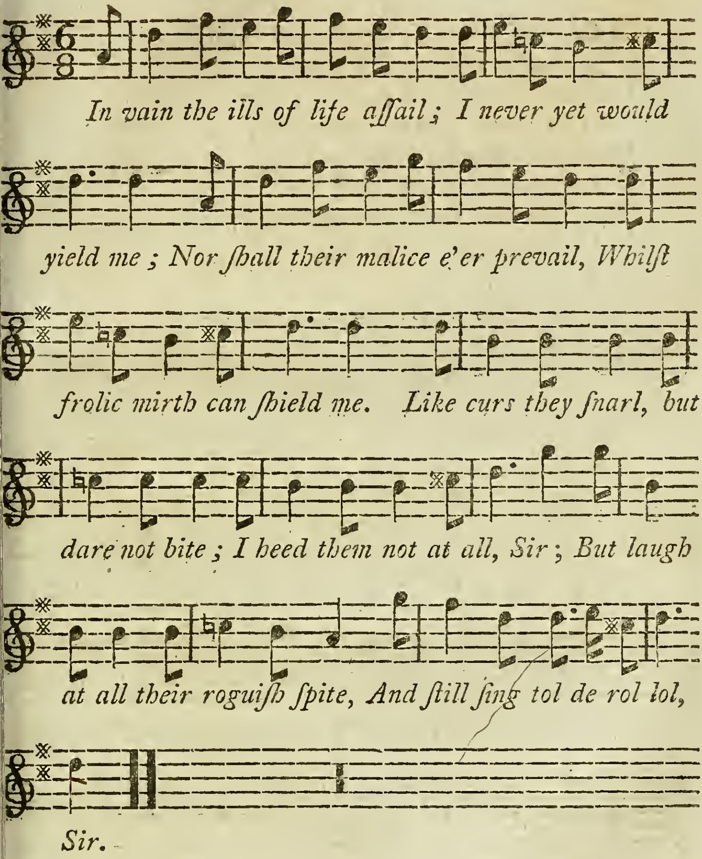
WHEN FIRST I BEGAN, SIR.


When firſt I began, Sir, to o-gle the la-dies, And
prattle ſoft nothings, as a pretty fellow's trade is;
Whilſt with rapt'rous praiſes I dwelt on ev'ry fea-ture,
If I ſtole a ſly kiſs, 'twas, Fye, you wicked creature;
But ſoon, in tones lower, and ſofter, and ſweeter,
Half pleas'd they'd whiſper, Fye, fye, you wicked creature.

Indeed my attractions no gallantry needed;
Each ev'ning new conqueſt to conqueſts ſucceeded;
Perplex'd how ſo many fond claims I ſhou'd parry,
To ſettle them all, I reſolv'd, faith, to marry;
And preſs'd lovely Laura, in language ſtill ſweeter,
Till, bluſhing, ſhe whiſper'd, I'm yours, you wicked
creature.

SONG CLXXXI.

TOL DE ROL LOL, SIR.


In vain the ills of life aſſail; I never yet would
yield me; Nor ſhall their malice e'er prevail, Whilſt
frolic mirth can ſhield me. Like curs they ſnarl, but
dare not bite; I heed them not at all, Sir; But laugh
at all their roguiſh ſpite, And ſtill ſing tol de rol lol,
Sir.

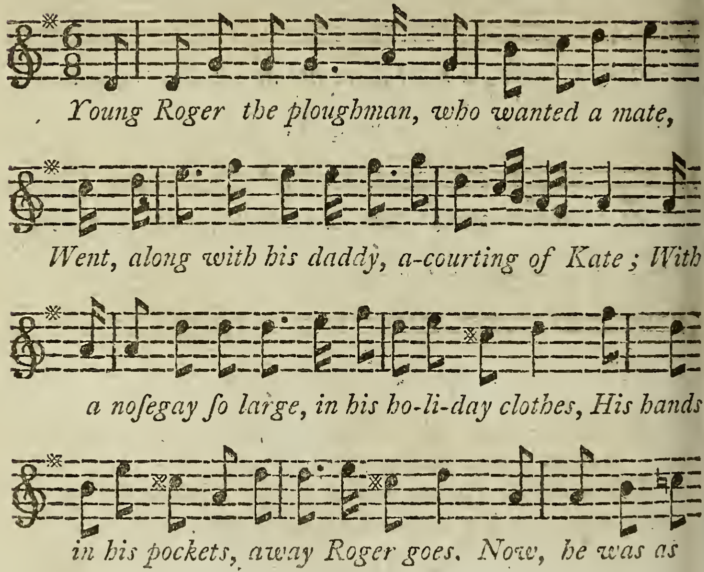
I ever ſcorn'd, with face of woe,
Proud dames to dangle after;
With ſmiles I bent young Cupid's bow,
And tipt his ſhafts with laughter:

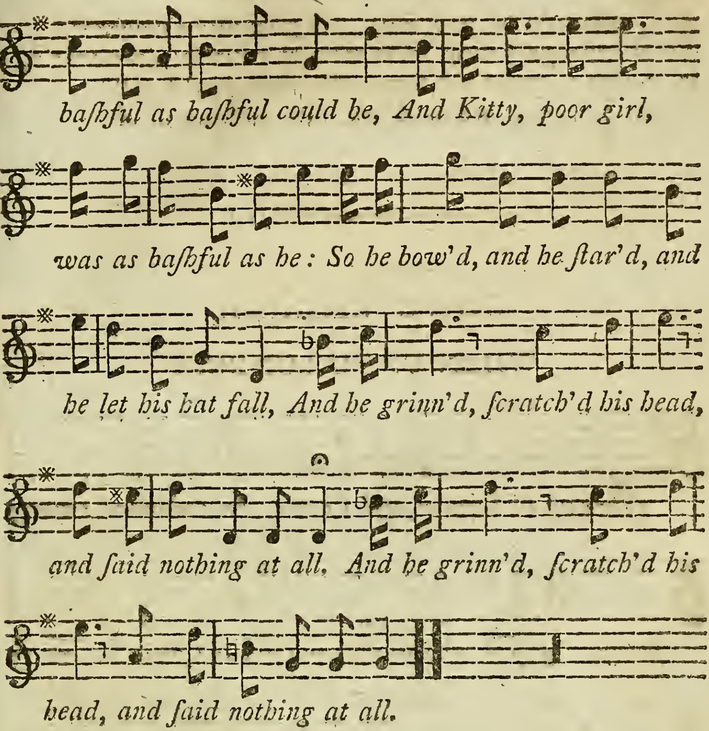
Succeſs ſtill mark'd each merry dart,
  Black, fair, brown, ſhort, or tall, Sir;
I conquer'd ev'ry female heart
  With tol de rol de rol lol, Sir.

In ſpite of Dons ſo grave and wiſe,
  'Till o'er old Styx I ferry,
I always ſhall moſt highly prize
  Whatever's blithe and merry.
May love and laughter ever be
  Attendant on my call, Sir!
Here's, what I ever lov'd to ſee,
  A glaſs to tol de rol lol, Sir!

SONG CLXXXII.

YOUNG ROGER THE PLOUGHMAN.


Young Roger the ploughman, who wanted a mate,
Went, along with his daddy, a-courting of Kate; With
a noſegay ſo large, in his ho-li-day clothes, His hands
in his pockets, away Roger goes. Now, he was as


baſhful as baſhful could be, And Kitty, poor girl,
was as baſhful as he: So he bow'd, and he ſtar'd, and
he let his hat fall, And he grinn'd, ſcratch'd his head,
and ſaid nothing at all. And he grinn'd, ſcratch'd his
head, and ſaid nothing at all.

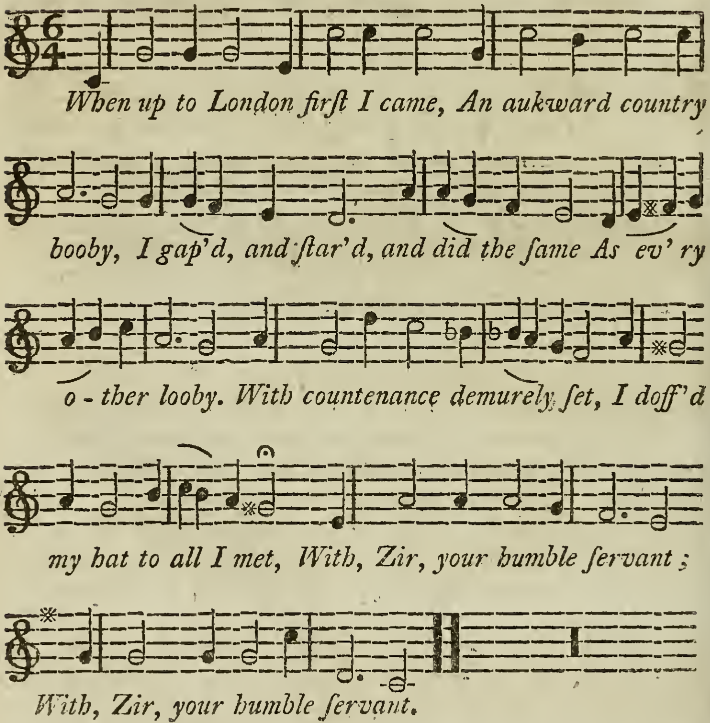
If aukward the ſwain, no leſs aukward the maid;
She ſimper'd and bluſh'd, with her apron-ſtring play'd;
Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed that young Roger and Kate ſhou'd be one.
In ſilence the young ones both nodded aſſent,
Their hands being join'd, to be married they went;
Where they anſwer'd the parſon with voices ſo ſmall,
You'd have ſworn that they both had ſaid nothing at all.

But, mark what a change! in the courſe of a week,
Kate quite left off bluſhing, Rodge boldly cou'd ſpeak,
Cou'd joke with his deary, laugh loud at the jeſt;
She cou'd coax too, and fondle, as well as the beſt;

And, aſham'd of paſt folly, they've often declar'd,
To encourage young folks who at courtſhip are ſcar'd,
If at firſt to your aid ſome aſſurance you'll call,
When once you are us'd to't, 'tis nothing at all.

SONG CLXXXIII.

WHEN UP TO LONDON.


When up to London firſt I came, An aukward country
booby, I gap'd, and ſtar'd, and did the ſame As ev'ry
o - ther looby. With countenance demurely ſet, I doff'd
my hat to all I met, With, Zir, your humble ſervant;
With, Zir, your humble ſervant.

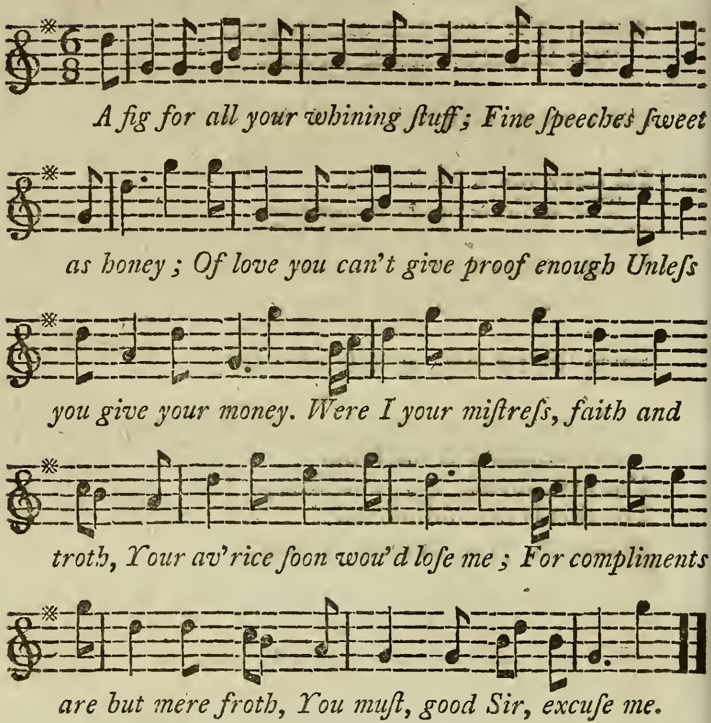
Alas! too ſoon I got a wife;
  And, proud of ſuch a bleſſing,
The joy and buſineſs of my life
  Was kiſſing and careſſing;
'Twas "Charmer! Sweeting! Duck and Dove!"
And I, o'er head and ears in love,
  Was Cupid's humble ſervant.

She's gone, poor girl; and, in my cot,
  With friend and bottle ſmiling,
I'd envy not a higher lot,
  The tedious hours beguiling.
If Care peeps in, I'm buſy then;
I nod, deſire he'll call again,
  And am his humble ſervant.

Since life's a jeſt, as wiſe ones ſay,
  'Tis beſt employ'd in laughing;
And, come what frowning cares there may,
  My antidote is quaffing.
I'm ever jovial, gay, and free;
For this is my philoſophy;
  And ſo, your humble ſervant.

SONG CLXXXIV.

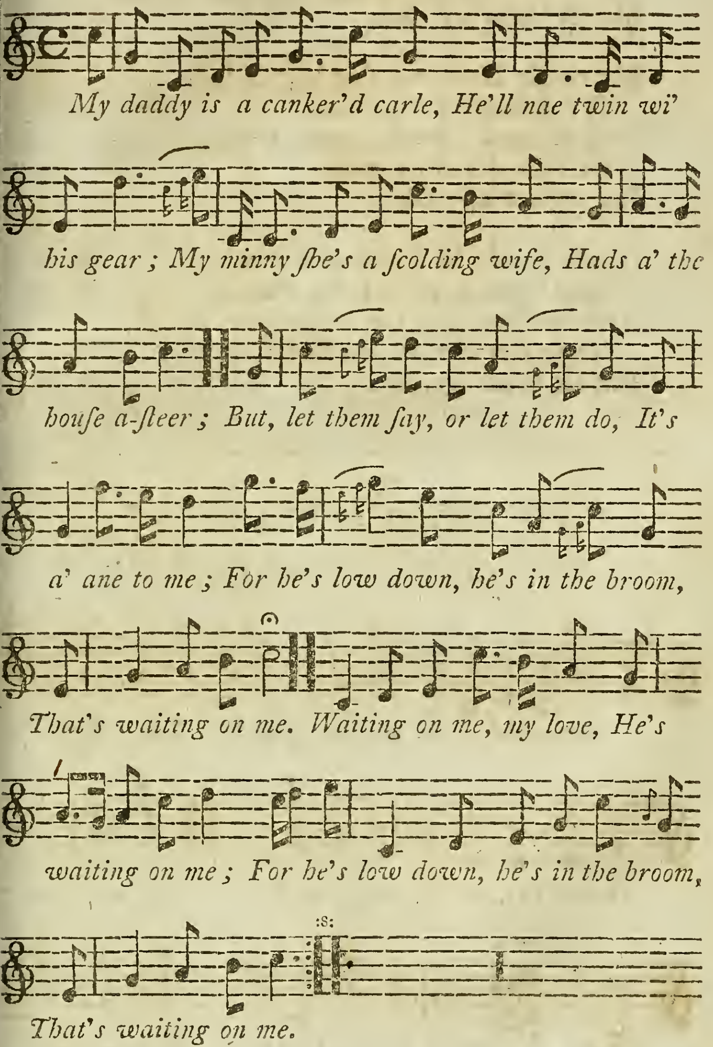
YOU MUST, GOOD SIR, EXCUSE ME.


A fig for all your whining ſtuff; Fine ſpeeches ſweet
as honey; Of love you can't give proof enough Unleſs
you give your money. Were I your miſtreſs, faith and
troth, Your av'rice ſoon wou'd loſe me; For compliments
are but mere froth, You muſt, good Sir, excuſe me.

Of all the arrows love can boaſt,
The golden ones are beſt, Sir;
And he who boldly bids the moſt
Can never be in jeſt, Sir.
'Tis true that I make rather free;
But faith you ſhan't refuſe me:
So draw your purſe-ſtrings now, d'ye ſee,
Or elſe you muſt excuſe me.

SONG CLXXXV.

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.


My daddy is a canker'd carle, He'll nae twin wi'
his gear ; My minny ſhe's a ſcolding wife, Hads a' the
houſe a-ſteer ; But, let them ſay, or let them do, It's
a' ane to me ; For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me. Waiting on me, my love, He's
waiting on me ; For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.
:S:

My aunty Kate ſits at her wheel,
  And ſair ſhe lightlies me;
But weel ken I it's a' envy;
  For ne'er a jo has ſhe.
But let them ſay, &c.

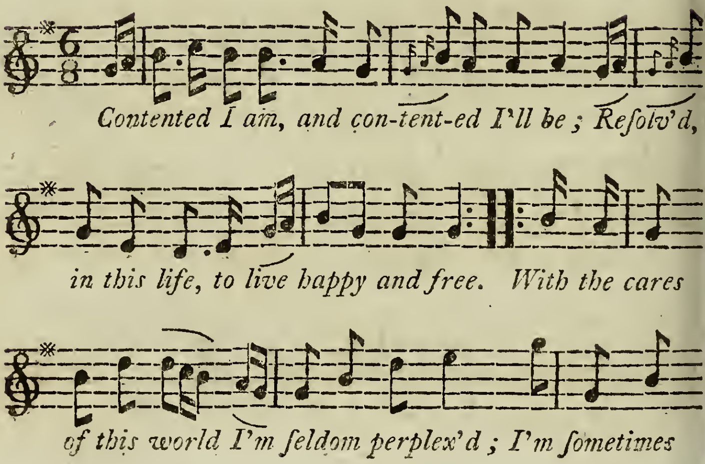
My couſin Kate was ſair beguil'd
  Wi' Johnny i' the glen;
And ay ſince-ſyne ſhe cries, beware
  Of falſe deluding men.
But let her ſay, &c.

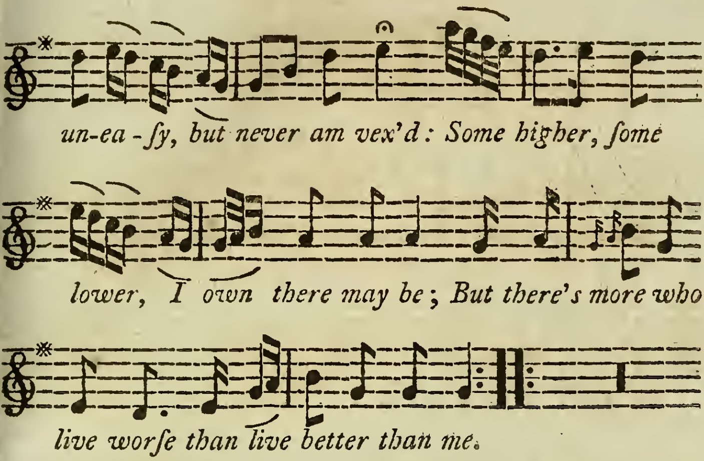
Glee'd Sandy he came weſt ae night,
  And ſpeer'd when I ſaw Pate;
And ay ſince-ſyne the neighbours round
  They jeer me air and late.
But let them ſay, &c.

* * *

SONG CLXXXVI.

CONTENTED I AM.


Contented I am, and con-tent-ed I'll be; Reſolv'd,
in this life, to live happy and free. With the cares
of this world I'm ſeldom perplex'd; I'm ſometimes


un-ea-ſy, but never am vex'd: Some higher, ſome
lower, I own there may be; But there's more who
live worſe than live better than me.

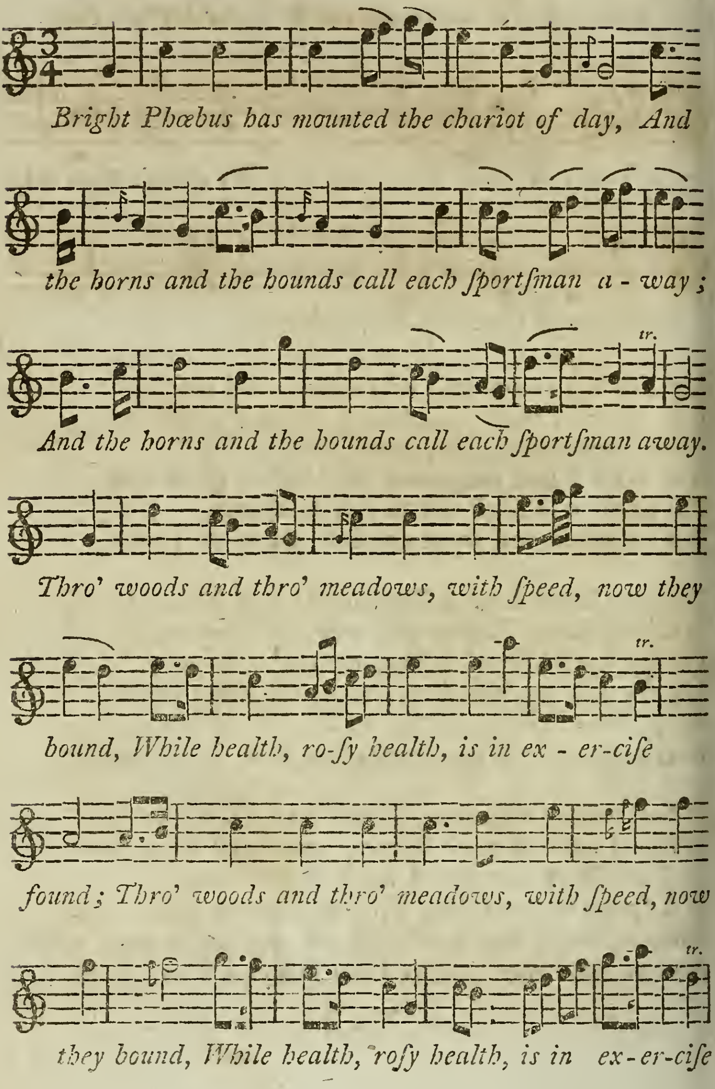
My life is a compound of freedom and eaſe;
I go where I will, and return when I pleaſe;
I live above envy, alſo above ſtrife;
And wiſh I had judgment to chooſe a good wife:
I'm neither ſo high nor ſo low in degree,
But ambition and want are both ſtrangers to me.

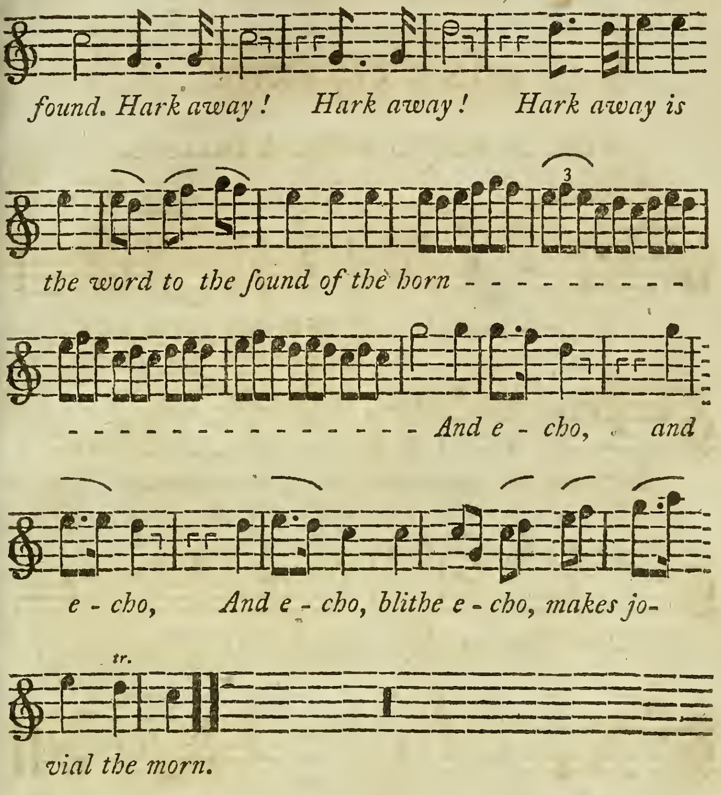
Did you know how delightful my gay hours do paſs,
With my bottle before me, embrac'd by my laſs;
I'm happy while with her, contented alone;
My wine is my kingdom; my caſk is my throne;
My glaſs is the ſceptre by which I ſhall reign;
And my whole privy council's a flaſk of Champaign.

When money comes in, I live well till it's gone;
While I have it quite happy, contented with none.
If I loſe it at gaming, I think it but lent;
If I ſpend it genteelly, I'm always content:
Thus in mirth and good humour my gay hours do paſs,
And on Saturday's night I am juſt as I was.

SONG CLXXXVII.

BRIGHT PHOEBUS.


Bright Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day, And
the horns and the hounds call each ſportſman a - way;
And the horns and the hounds call each ſportſman away.
Thro' woods and thro' meadows, with ſpeed, now they
bound, While health, ro-ſy health, is in ex - er-ciſe
found; Thro' woods and thro' meadows, with ſpeed, now
they bound, While health, roſy health, is in ex-er-ciſe
tr.


found. Hark away! Hark away! Hark away is
the word to the ſound of the horn - - - - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - And e - cho, and
e - cho, And e - cho, blithe e - cho, makes jo-
tr.
vial the morn.

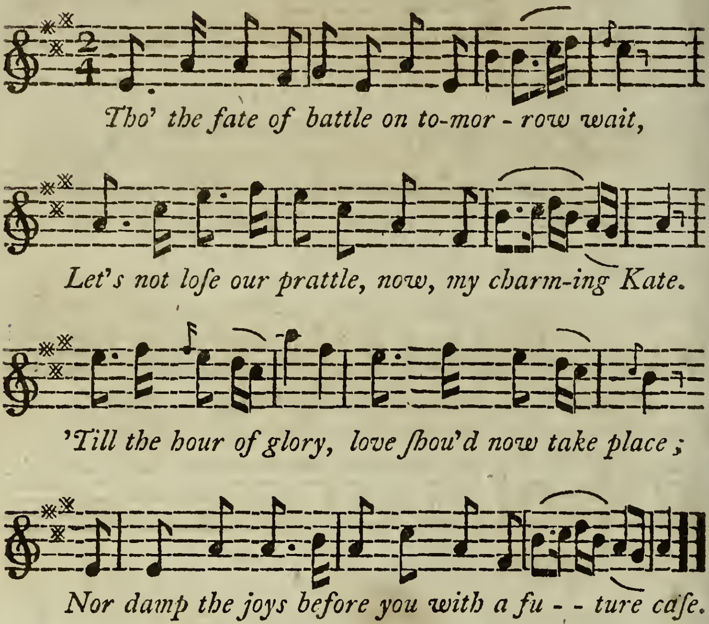
Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,
While Puſs flies the covert, and dogs quick purſue.
Behold where ſhe flies o'er the wide-ſpreading plain!
While the loud op'ning pack purſue her amain.
Hark away, &c.

At length Puſs is caught, and lies panting for breath,
And the ſhout of the huntſman's the ſignal of death.
No joys can delight like the ſports of the field;
To hunting all paſtimes and pleaſures muſt yield.
Hark away, &c.

SONG CLXXXVIII.

THE TOBACCO-BOX: A DIALOGUE.

Thomas.


Tho' the fate of battle on to-mor - row wait,
Let's not loſe our prattle, now, my charm-ing Kate.
'Till the hour of glory, love ſhou'd now take place;
Nor damp the joys before you with a fu - - ture caſe.

Kate. Oh, my Thomas, ſtill be conſtant, ſtill be true!
Be but to your Kate as Kate is ſtill to you;
Glory will attend you, ſtill will make us bleſt;
With my firmeſt love, my dear, you're ſtill poſſeſt.

Tho. No new beauties taſted, I'm their arts above;
Three campaigns are waſted, but not ſo my love;
Anxious ſtill about thee, thou art all I prize;
Never, Kate, without thee, will I bung theſe eyes.

Kate. Conſtant to my Thomas I will ſtill remain,
Nor think I will leave thy ſide the whole campaign;
But I'll cheriſh thee, and ſtrive to make thee bold:
May'ſt thou ſhare the vict'ry! may'ſt thou ſhare the gold!

Tho. If, by ſome bold action, I the halbert bear,
Think what ſatisfaction, when my rank you ſhare.
Dreſs'd like any lady-fair from top to toe;
Fine lac'd caps and ruffles then will be your due.

Kate. If a ſergeant's lady I ſhou'd chance to prove,
Linen ſhall be ready always for my love;
Never more will Kate the captain's laundreſs be;
I'm too pretty, Thomas, love, for all but thee.

Tho. Here, Kate, take my 'bacco-box, a ſoldier's all;
If by Frenchmens blows your Tom is doom'd to fall,
When my life is ended, thou may'ſt boaſt and prove,
Thou'd'ſt my firſt, my laſt, my only, pledge of love.

Kate. Here, take back thy 'bacco-box, thou'rt all to me;
Nor think but I will be near thee, love, to ſee;
In the hour of danger let me always ſhare;
I'll be kept no ſtranger to my ſoldier's fare.

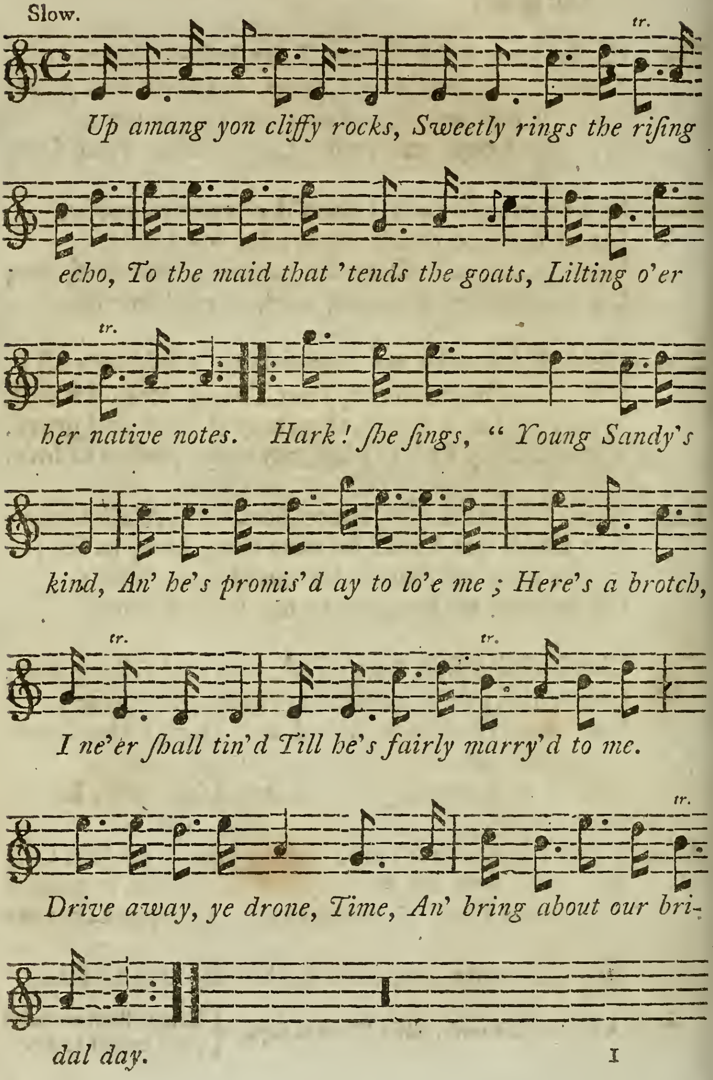
Tho. Check that riſing ſigh, Kate, ſtop that falling tear;
Come, my pretty comrade, entertain no fear;
But, may Heav'n befriend us! Hark! the drums command:
Now I will attend you. Love, I kiſs your hand.

*Kate.**I can't ſtop theſe tears, tho' crying I diſdain;
But muſt own 'tis trying hard the point to gain:
May good Heav'ns defend thee! Conqueſt on thee wait!
One kiſs more, and then I give thee up to fate.

* Both repeat this verſe, only Thomas ſays, {Conqueſt on me wait! / yield myſelf to fate.

SONG CLXXXIX.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

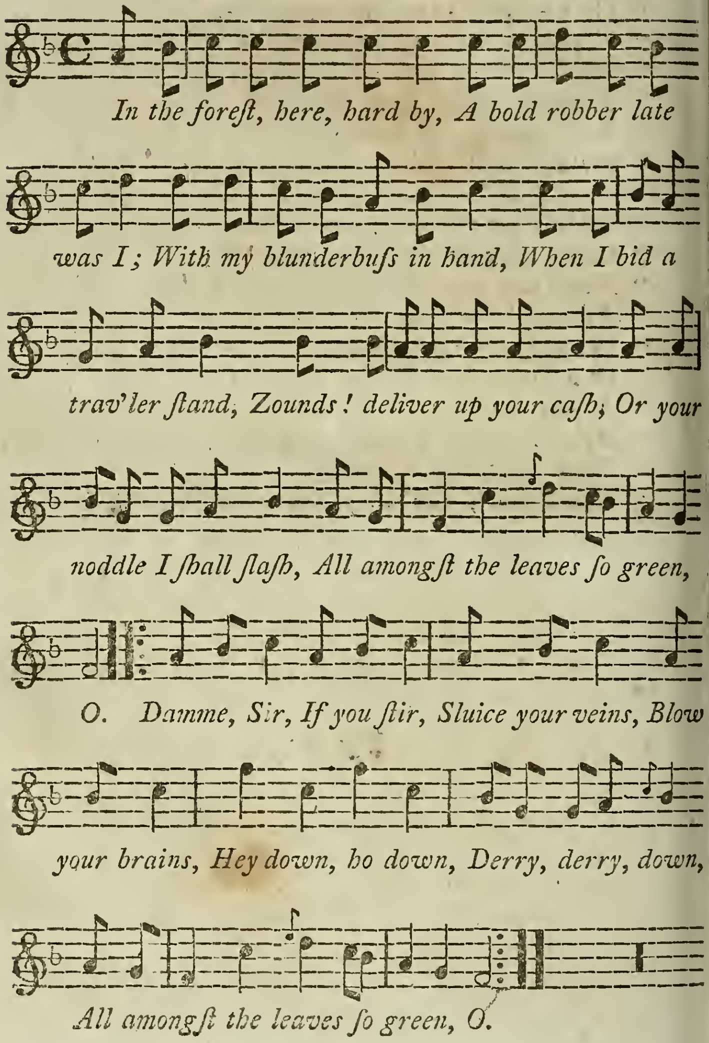

Slow.
tr.
Up amang yon cliffy rocks, Sweetly rings the riſing
echo, To the maid that 'tends the goats, Lilting o'er
her native notes. Hark! ſhe ſings, "Young Sandy's
kind, An' he's promis'd ay to lo'e me; Here's a brotch,
I ne'er ſhall tin'd Till he's fairly marry'd to me.
Drive away, ye drone, Time, An' bring about our bri-
dal day.

“ Sandy herds a flock o’ ſheep ;
“ Af’en does he blaw the whiſtle
“ In a ſtrain ſae ſaftly ſweet,
“ Lammies, liſt’ning, dare nae bleat.
“ He’s as fleet’s the mountain roe,
“ Hardy as the highland heather,
“ Wading thro’ the winter ſnow,
“ Keeping ay his flock together.
“ But a plaid, wi’ bare houghs,
“ He braves the bleakeſt norlin blaſt.

“ Brawly he can dance and ſing
“ Canty glee or highland cronach ;
“ Nane can ever match his fling
“ At a reel, or round a ring.
“ Wightly can he wield a rung ;
“ In a brawl he’s ay the bangſter ;
“ A’ his praiſe can ne’er be ſung
“ By the langeſt winded ſangſter.
“ Sangs that ſing o’ Sandy
“ Come ſhort, tho’ they were e’er ſae lang.”

SONG CXC.

ALL AMONGST THE LEAVES SO GREEN, O.

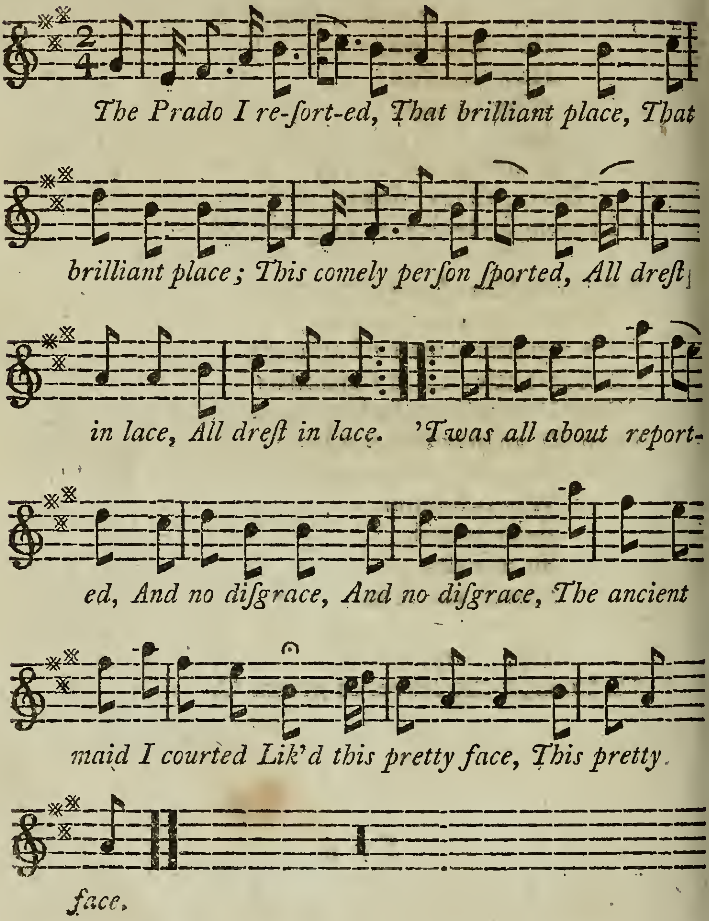

In the foreſt, here, hard by, A bold robber late
was I; With my blunderbuſs in hand, When I bid a
trav'ler ſtand, Zounds! deliver up your caſh; Or your
noddle I ſhall ſlaſh, All amongſt the leaves ſo green,
O. Damme, Sir, If you ſtir, Sluice your veins, Blow
your brains, Hey down, ho down, Derry, derry, down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green, O.

Soon I'll quit the roving trade
When a gentleman I'm made;
Then, ſo ſpruce and debonnaire,
Gad! I'll court a lady fair.
How I'll prattle, tattle, chat,
How I'll kiſs her, and all that,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green, O.
How d'ye do?
How are you?
Why ſo coy?
Let us toy;
Hey down, ho down,
Derry, derry, down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green, O.

But, ere old and grey my pate,
I'll ſcrape up a ſnug eſtate;
With my nimbleneſs of thumbs
I'll ſoon butter all my crumbs;
When I'm juſtice of the peace,
Then I'll maſter many a leaſe,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green, O.
Wig profound,
Belly round,
Sit at eaſe,
Snatch the fees,
Hey down, ho down,
Derry, derry, down,
All amongſt the leaves ſo green, O.

SONG CXCI.

WIDDLE WADDLE.

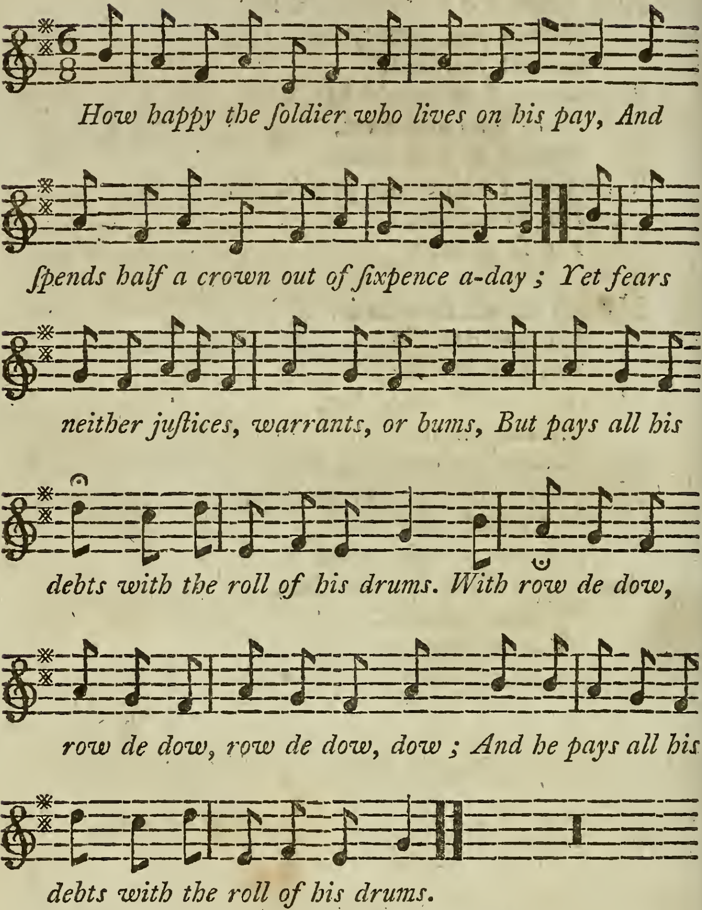

The Prado I re-ſort-ed, That brilliant place, That
brilliant place; This comely perſon ſported, All dreſt
in lace, All dreſt in lace. 'Twas all about report-
ed, And no diſgrace, And no diſgrace, The ancient
maid I courted Lik'd this pretty face, This pretty
face.

When firſt my perſon bleſs'd her,
Sir, what d'ye want?
Sir, what d'ye want?
And, when I'd have careſs'd her,
Indeed you ſhan't,
Indeed you ſhan't.
So cunning I addreſs'd her,
With ſigh and pant,
With ſigh and pant,
That ſoon I kiſs'd and preſs'd her,
I'm ſo gallant,
I'm ſo gallant.

My fair in wit ſo arch is,
I'm her dawdle,
I'm her dawdle;
My very ſoul ſhe ſearches,
Shakes her noddle,
Shakes her noddle;
My heart with love ſhe parches,
My blood does coddle,
My blood does coddle;
And like a duck ſhe marches,
Widdle, waddle,
Widdle, waddle.

SONG CXCII.

ROW DE DOW, DOW.


How happy the ſoldier who lives on his pay, And
ſpends half a crown out of ſixpence a-day ; Yet fears
neither juſtices, warrants, or bums, But pays all his
debts with the roll of his drums. With row de dow,
row de dow, row de dow, dow ; And he pays all his
debts with the roll of his drums.

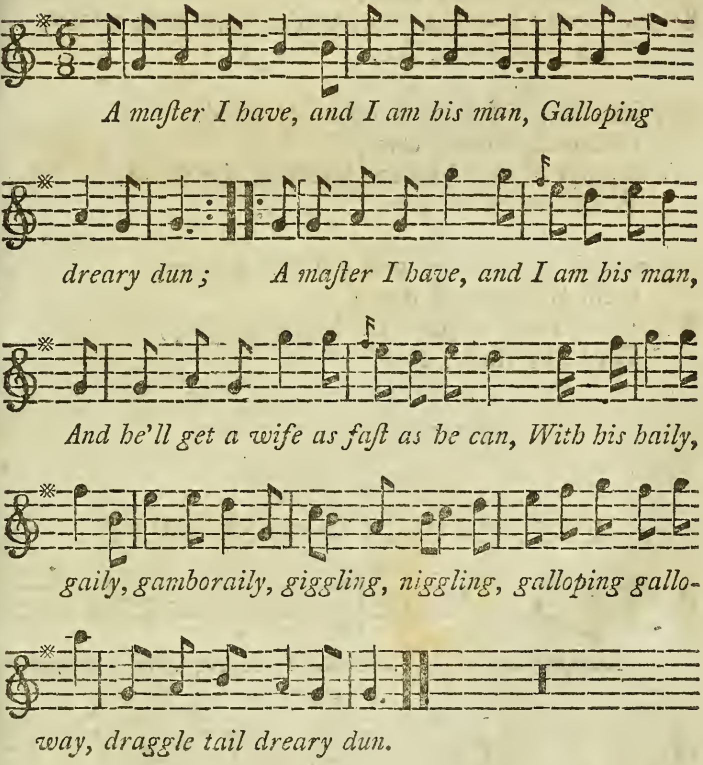
He cares not a marvedy how the world goes ;
His king finds him quarters, and money, and clothes ;
He laughs at all ſorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.
With a row de dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
It leads him to pleaſure as well as to fight;
No girl, when ſhe hears it, tho' ever ſo glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.
With a row de dow, &c.

* * *

SONG CXCIII.

DREARY DUN.


A maſter I have, and I am his man, Galloping
dreary dun; A maſter I have, and I am his man,
And he'll get a wife as faſt as he can, With his haily,
gaily, gamboraily, giggling, niggling, galloping gallo-
way, draggle tail dreary dun.

I ſaddled his ſteed ſo fine and ſo gay,
Galloping dreary dun;
I mounted my mule and we rode away,
With his haily, &c.

We canter'd along until it grew dark,
Galloping dreary dun;
The nightingale ſung inſtead of the lark,
With his haily, &c.

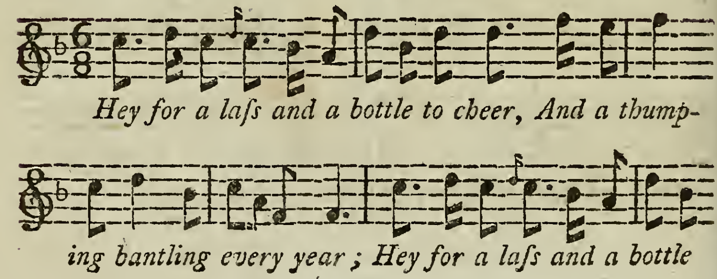
We met with a friar, and aſk'd him our way,
Galloping dreary dun;
By the Lord! ſays the friar, you're both gone aſtray,
With your haily, &c.

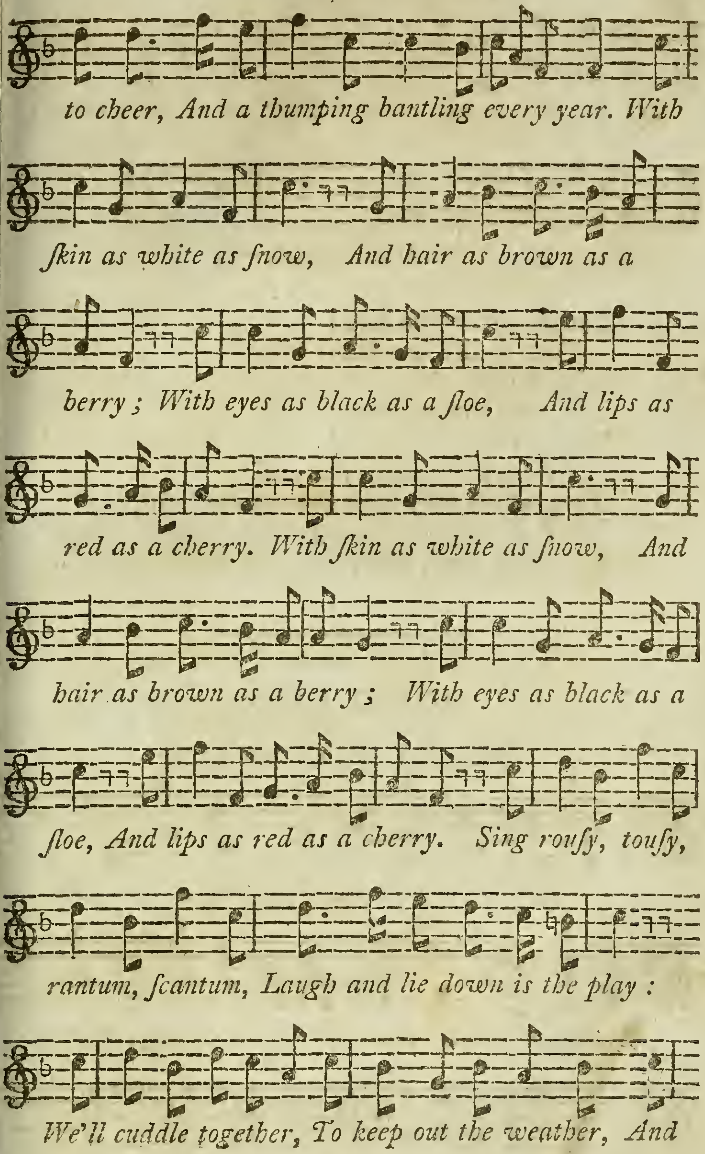
Our journey, I fear, will do us no good,
Galloping dreary dun;
We wander alone, like the babes in the wood,
With our haily, &c.

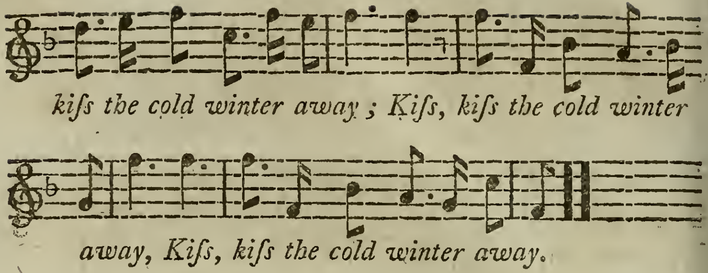
My maſter is fighting, and I'll take a peep,
Galloping dreary dun;
But now I think better, I'd better go ſleep,
With my haily, &c.

SONG CXCIV.

KISS THE COLD WINTER AWAY.


Hey for a laſs and a bottle to cheer, And a thump-
ing bantling every year; Hey for a laſs and a bottle


to cheer, And a thumping bantling every year. With
ſkin as white as ſnow, And hair as brown as a
berry ; With eyes as black as a ſloe, And lips as
red as a cherry. With ſkin as white as ſnow, And
hair as brown as a berry ; With eyes as black as a
ſloe, And lips as red as a cherry. Sing rouſy, touſy,
rantum, ſcantum, Laugh and lie down is the play :
We'll cuddle together, To keep out the weather, And

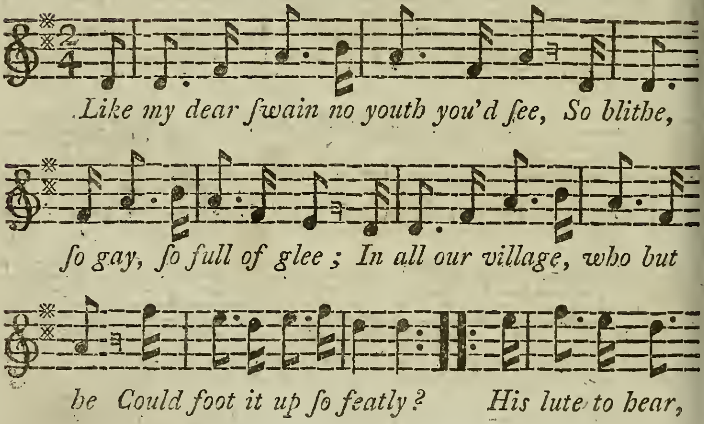

kiſs the cold winter away; Kiſs, kiſs the cold winter
away, Kiſs, kiſs the cold winter away.

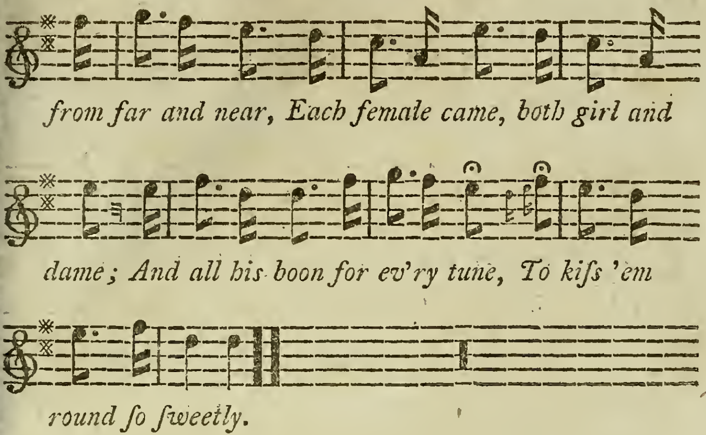
Laugh while you live;
  For, as life is a jeſt,
Who laughs the moſt
  Is ſure to live beſt.
When I was not ſo old
  I frolick'd among the miſſes;
And, when they thought me too bold,
  I ſtopp'd their mouths with kiſſes,
    Sing rory, tory, &c.

* * *

SONG CXCV.

LIKE MY DEAR SWAIN.

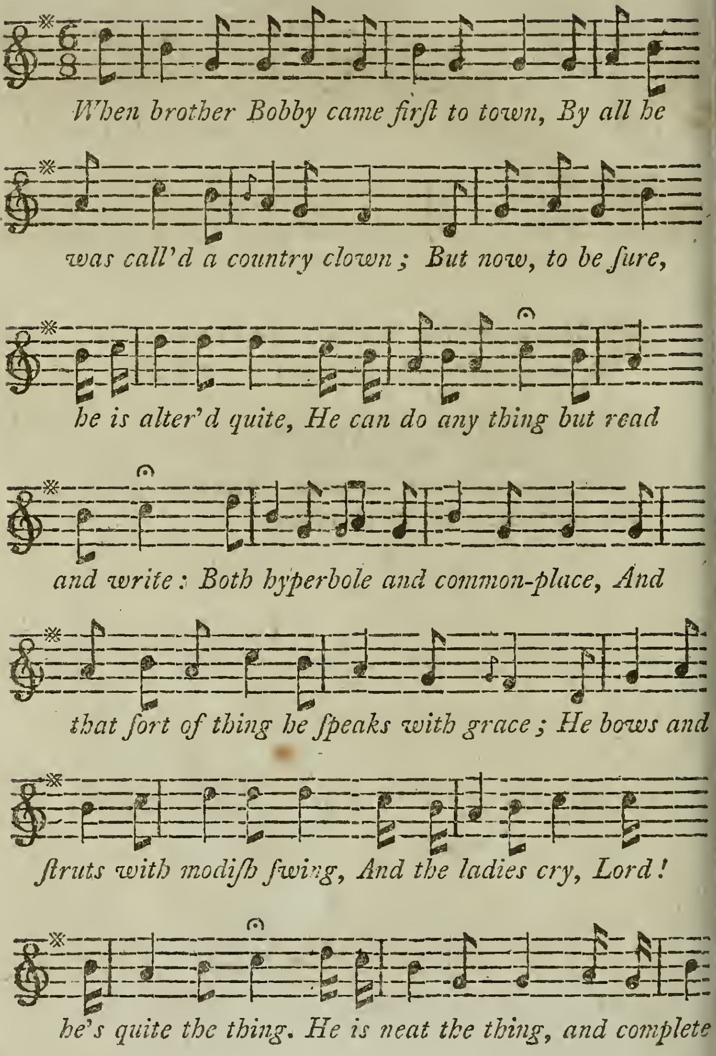

Like my dear ſwain no youth you'd ſee, So blithe,
ſo gay, ſo full of glee; In all our village, who but
he Could foot it up ſo featly? His lute to hear,

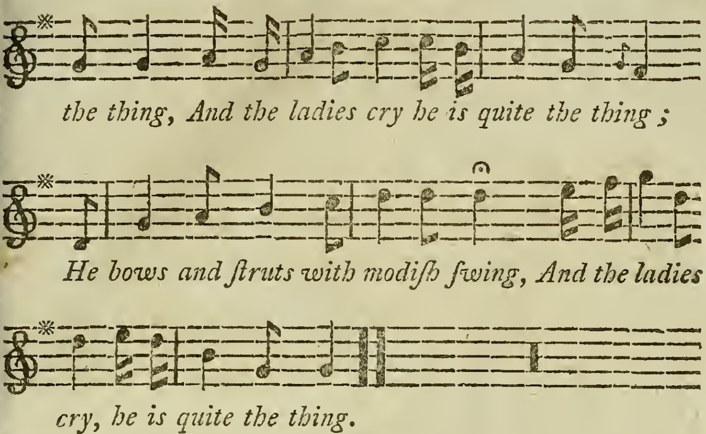

from far and near, Each female came, both girl and
dame; And all his boon for ev'ry tune, To kiſs 'em
round ſo ſweetly.

While round him, in the jocund ring,
I've nimbly danc'd, he'd play or ſing;
Of May the youth was choſen king,
He caught our ears ſo neatly:
Such muſic rare in his guitar,
But touch his flute the crowd was mute;
His only boon for ev'ry tune,
To kiſs 'em round ſo ſweetly.

SONG CXCVI.

WHEN BROTHER BOBBY.


When brother Bobby came firſt to town, By all he
was call'd a country clown; But now, to be ſure,
he is alter'd quite, He can do any thing but read
and write: Both hyperbole and common-place, And
that ſort of thing he ſpeaks with grace; He bows and
ſtruts with modiſh ſwing, And the ladies cry, Lord!
he's quite the thing. He is neat the thing, and complete

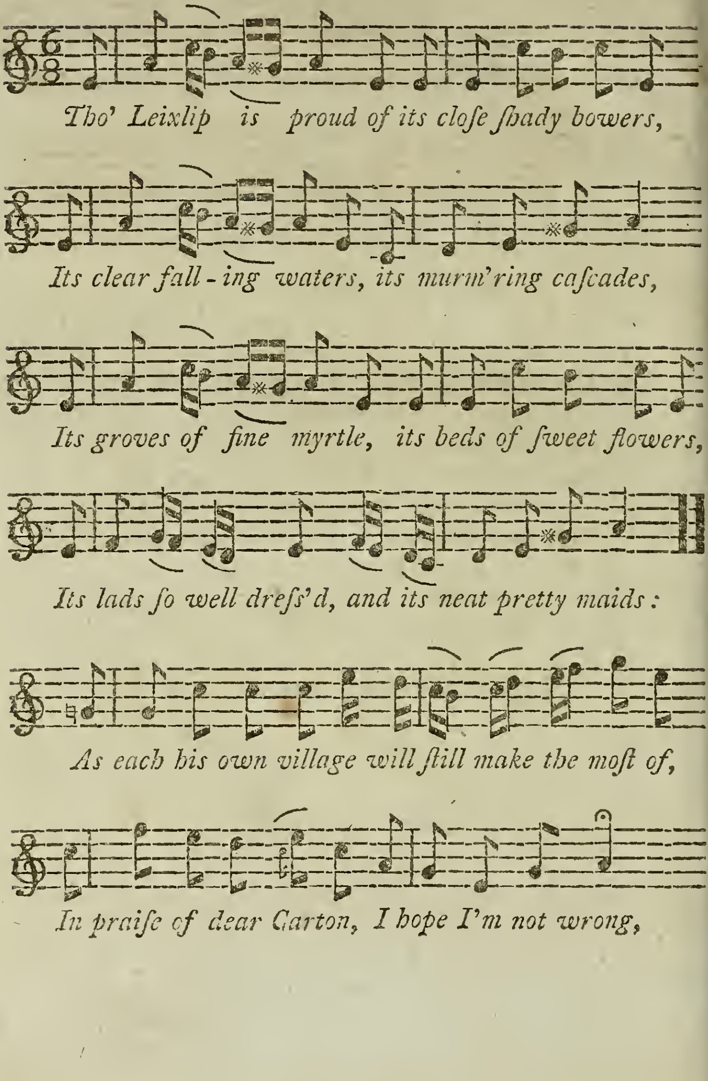

the thing, And the ladies cry he is quite the thing;
He bows and ſtruts with modiſh ſwing, And the ladies
cry, he is quite the thing.

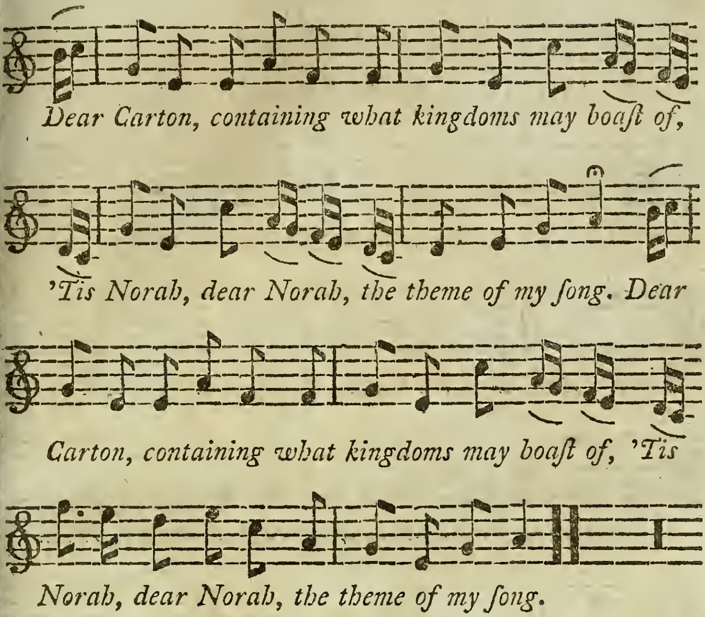
Then why ſhou'd Bobby call me a fool,
When I learn'd to write at Launce'ton* ſchool?
Lord Sparkle does my learning praiſe,
And, when I dance, with rapture gaze.
Both hyperbole and common-place,
I, too, will liſp with modern grace;
And all the town ſhall henceforth ring
With—Miſs Pendragon is quite the thing.
She's neat the thing, and complete the thing,
And Miſs Pendragon is quite the thing;
And all the town ſhall henceforth ring
With Miſs Pendragon is quite the thing.

[*] Launceſton, a town in Cornwall.

SONG CXCVII.

THO' LEIXLIP IS PROUD.

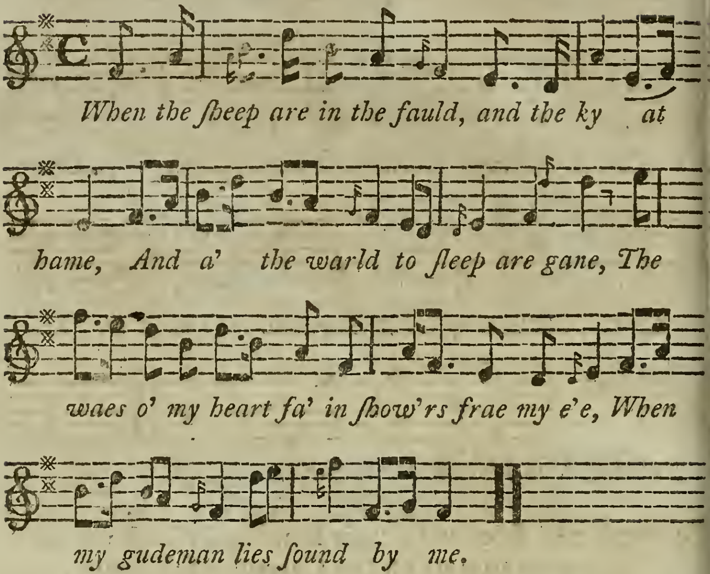

Tho' Leixlip is proud of its cloſe ſhady bowers,
Its clear fall-ing waters, its murm'ring caſcades,
Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of ſweet flowers,
Its lads ſo well dreſs'd, and its neat pretty maids:
As each his own village will ſtill make the moſt of,
In praiſe of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong,


Dear Carton, containing what kingdoms may boaſt of,
'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my ſong. Dear
Carton, containing what kingdoms may boaſt of, 'Tis
Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my ſong.

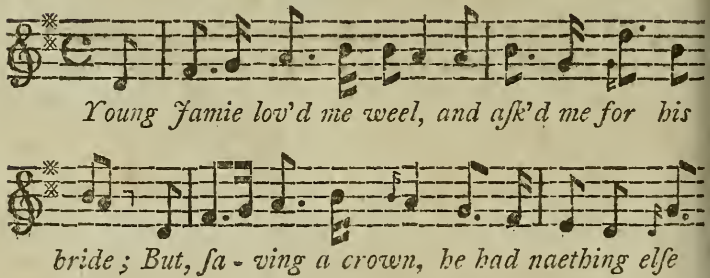
Be gentlemen fine, with their ſpurs and nice boots on,
  Their horſes to ſtart on the Curragh of Kildare ;
Or dance at a ball, with their Sunday new ſuits on,
  Lac'd waiſtcoat, white gloves, and their nice powder'd hair :
Poor Pat, while ſo bleſt in his mean humble ſtation,
  For gold, or for acres, he never ſhall long ;
One ſweet ſmile can give him the wealth of a nation
  From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my ſong.

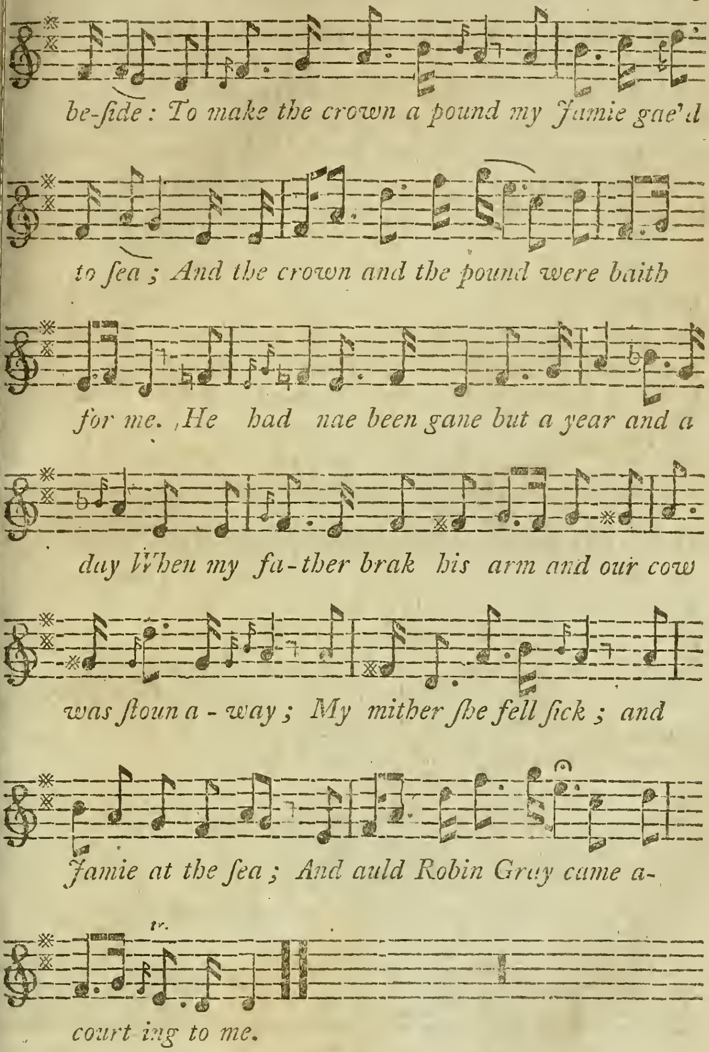
SONG CXCVIII.

AULD ROBIN GRAY. Scots Air.


When the ſheep are in the fauld, and the ky at
hame, And a' the warld to ſleep are gane, The
waes o' my heart fa' in ſhow'rs frae my e'e, When
my gudeman lies ſound by me.

New Set of AULD ROBIN GRAY.


Young Jamie lov'd me weel, and aſk'd me for his
bride; But, ſa - ving a crown, he had naething elſe


be-ſide: To make the crown a pound my Jamie gae'd
to ſea; And the crown and the pound were baith
for me. He had nae been gane but a year and a
day When my fa-ther brak his arm and our cow
was ſtoun a-way; My mither ſhe fell ſick; and
Jamie at the ſea; And auld Robin Gray came a-
tr.
court-ing to me.

My father cou'dna work; my mither cou'dna ſpin;
I toil'd day and night; but their bread I cou'dna win:

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith; and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, Jenny, for their ſakes, O marry me!
My heart it ſaid, Na; and I look'd for Jamie back:
But the wind it blew hard, and the ſhip it was a wrack;
The ſhip it was a wrack—why didna Jenny dee:
O why was ſhe ſpar'd to cry, Wae's me?

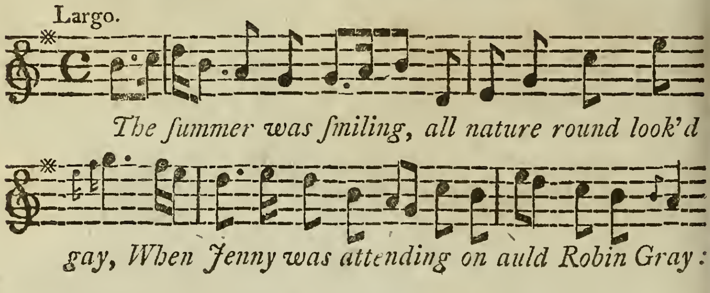
My father urg'd me fair; my mither didna ſpeak;
But ſhe looked in my face till my heart was like to break:
Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was i' the ſea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, ſitting ſae mournfully ae night at the door,
I ſaw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
Till he ſaid, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

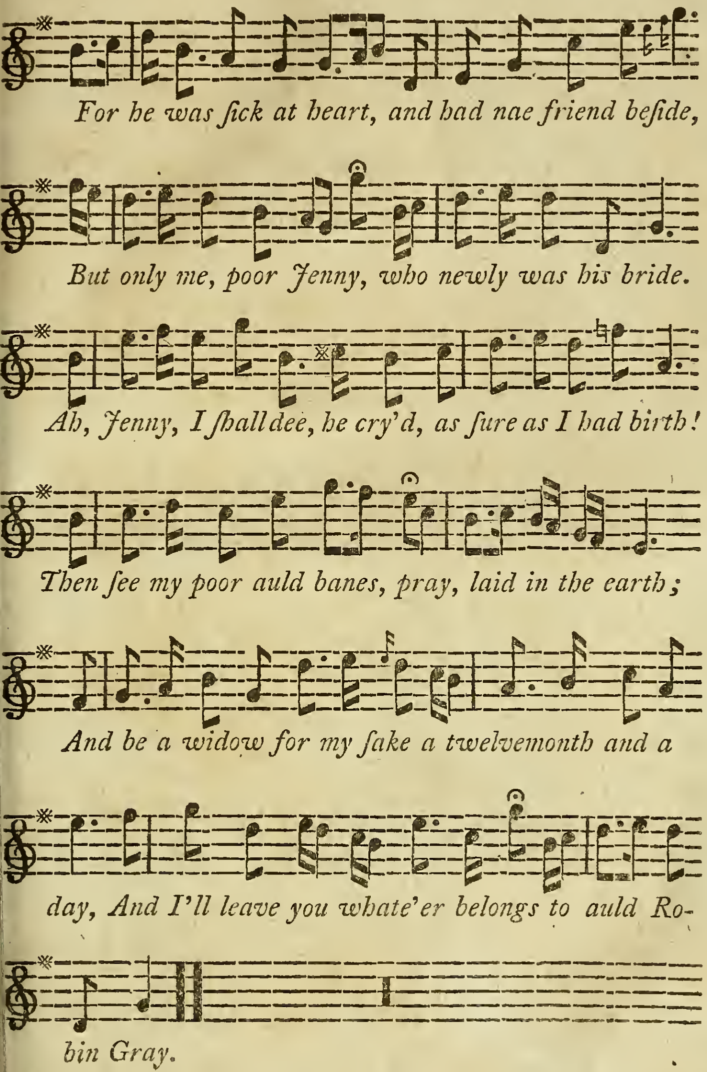
O ſair did we greet, and little did we ſay;
We took but ae kiſs, and we tore ourſelves away.
I wiſh that I were dead; but I'm no like to dee:
How lang ſhall I live to cry, O wae's me?
I gang like a ghaiſt, and I downa think to ſpin;
I darena think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a ſin;
But I'll e'en do my beſt a gude wife to be;
For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.

⁂

SONG CXCIX.

THE DEATH OF AULD ROBIN GRAY.


Largo.
The ſummer was ſmiling, all nature round look'd
gay, When Jenny was attending on auld Robin Gray:


For he was ſick at heart, and had nae friend beſide,
But only me, poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.
Ah, Jenny, I ſhall dee, he cry'd, as ſure as I had birth!
Then ſee my poor auld banes, pray, laid in the earth;
And be a widow for my ſake a twelvemonth and a
day, And I'll leave you whate'er belongs to auld Ro-
bin Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I could,
And ſhed a tear upon his grave; for he was very good.
I took my rock all in my hand, and in my cot I ſigh'd,
O wae's me! what ſhall I do ſince poor auld Robin dy'd?
Search ev'ry part throughout the land there's nane like me forlorn,
I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born;
For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah! he is gone away,
My father's dead, my mother's dead, and eke auld Robin Gray.

I roſe up with the morning ſun, and ſpun till ſetting day,
And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for Robin Gray;
I did the duty of a wife both kind and conſtant too;
Let ev'ry one example take, and Jenny's plan purſue.
I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he to me was loſt,
And all my fond and youthful love entirely was croſs'd;
I try'd to ſing, I try'd to laugh, and paſs the time away;
For I had ne'er a friend alive ſince dy'd auld Robin Gray.

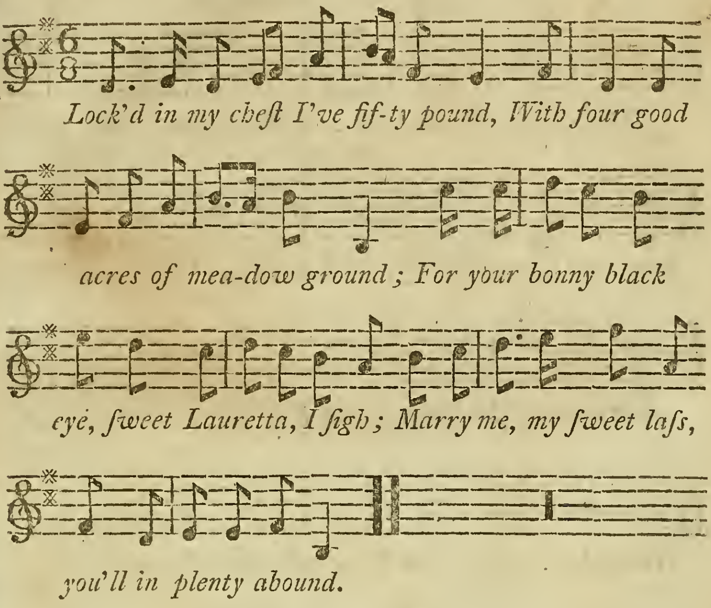
*At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'dna gueſs the cauſe;
But Rodney was the man, they ſaid, who gain'd ſo much applauſe.
I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me
And ſhow'd a purſe of golden ore, and ſaid it is for thee.
Auld Robin Gray, I find, is dead, and ſtill your heart is true;
Then take me, Jenny, to your arms, and I will be ſo too;
Meſs John ſhall join us at the kirk, and we'll be blithe and gay,
I bluſh'd, conſented, and reply'd, adieu to Robin Gray.

---

* This verſe to be ſung quick.

SONG CC.

LOCK'D IN MY CHEST.

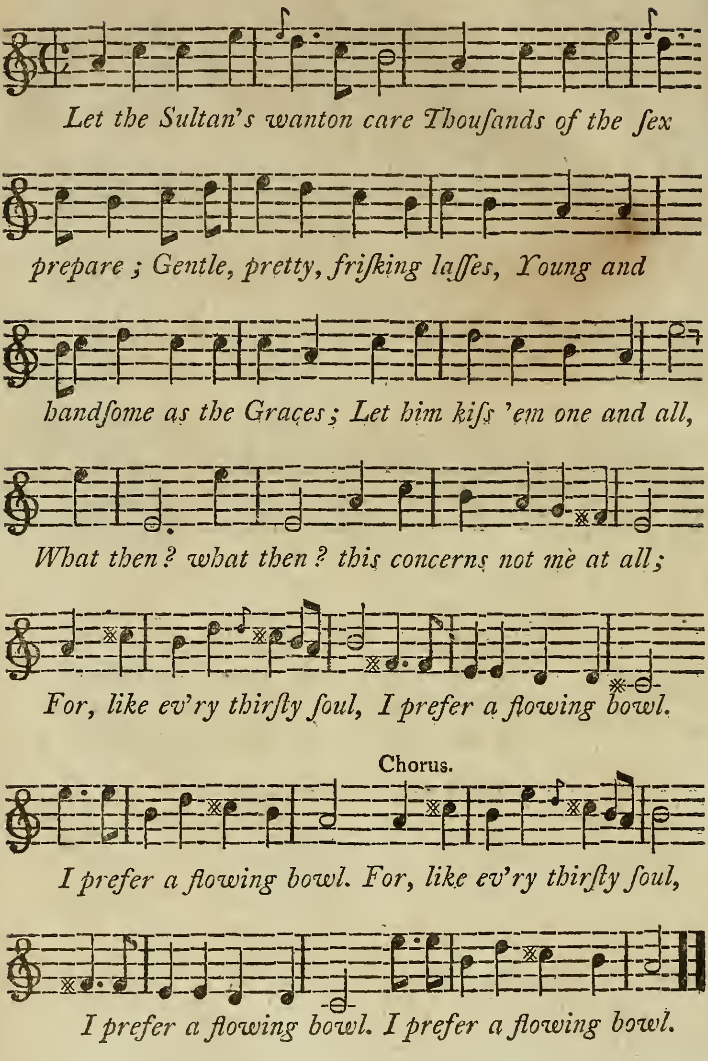

Lock'd in my cheſt I've fif-ty pound, With four good
acres of mea-dow ground; For your bonny black
eye, ſweet Lauretta, I ſigh; Marry me, my ſweet laſs,
you'll in plenty abound.

I've two pack-horſes, a jack-aſs, and ſow,
A barrow, a harrow, ſpade, flail, cart, and plough,
Ducks, turkies, geeſe, hens, fourteen ſheep in my pens,
Heifer, calf, cat, and goat, and a fine milch-cow.

A kettle of braſs, and a pot to ſtew,
A waſhing-tub, and a vat to brew,
A warming-pan bright, and a dog barks by night;
Say, will you marry me? and I'll marry you.

SONG CCI.

I PREFER A FLOWING BOWL.

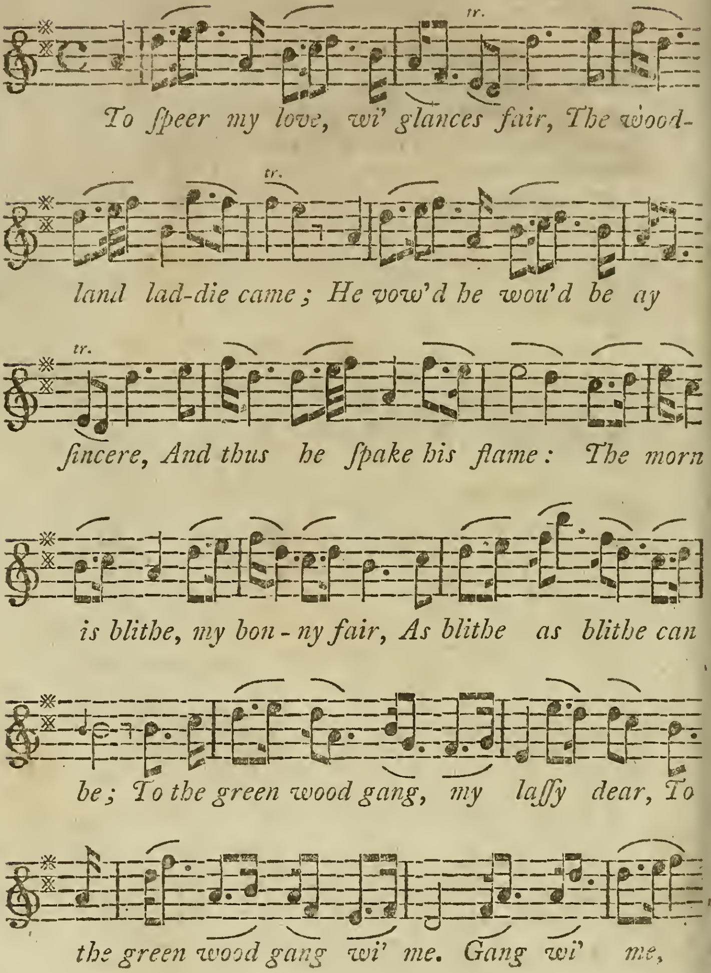

Let the Sultan's wanton care Thouſands of the ſex
prepare; Gentle, pretty, friſking laſſes, Young and
handſome as the Graces; Let him kiſs 'em one and all,
What then? what then? this concerns not me at all;
For, like ev'ry thirſty ſoul, I prefer a flowing bowl.
Chorus.
I prefer a flowing bowl. For, like ev'ry thirſty ſoul,
I prefer a flowing bowl. I prefer a flowing bowl.

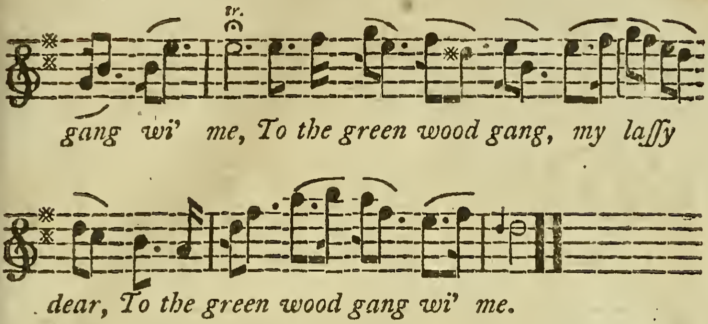
Let the noble duke or peer
Sell his thouſand pounds a-year;
Let him quit his graſs and ſtubble,
He'll ſoon find that life's a bubble;
  Let him riſe, or let him fall,
  What then, &c.

Let the valiant ſoldier go
Seeking dangers to and fro;
Let him, when the trumpets rattle,
Brave the foremoſt of the battle.
  Honour fears nor ſword nor ball,
  What then, &c.

SONG CCII.

TO THE GREENWOOD GANG WI' ME.


tr.
To ſpeer my love, wi' glances fair, The wood-
tr.
land lad-die came; He vow'd he wou'd be ay
tr.
ſincere, And thus he ſpake his flame: The morn
is blithe, my bon-ny fair, As blithe as blithe can
be; To the green wood gang, my laſſy dear, To
the green wood gang wi' me. Gang wi' me,

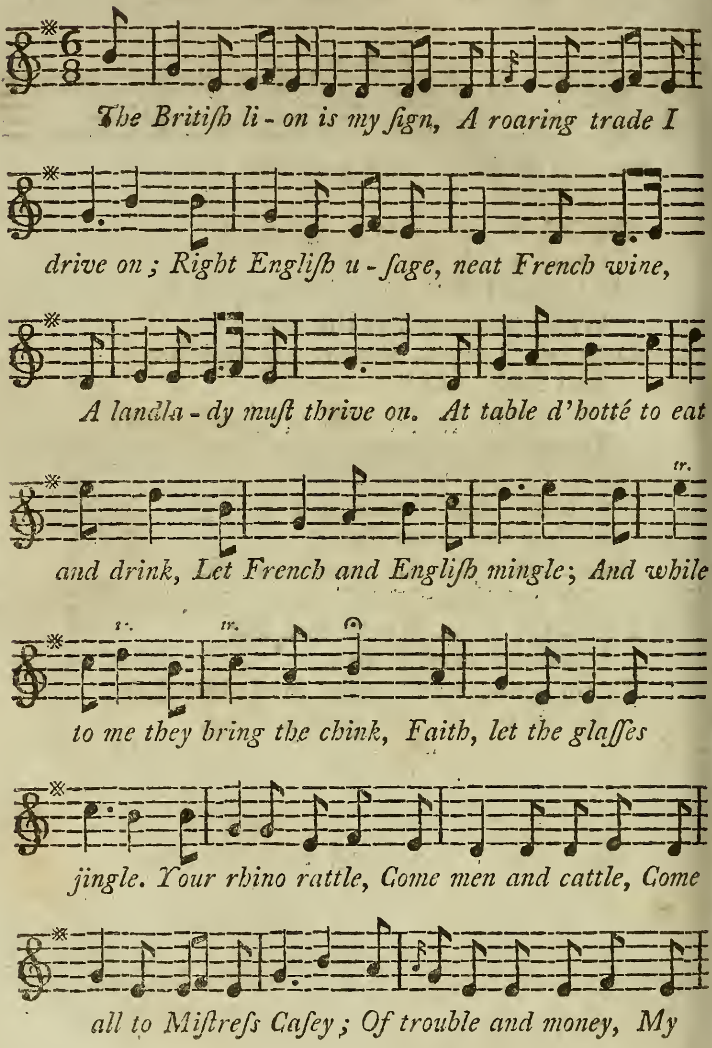

tr.
gang wi' me, To the green wood gang, my laſſy
dear, To the green wood gang wi' me.

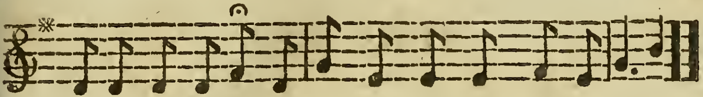
The lad wi' love was ſo oppreſs'd
  I wad na ſay him nay;
My lips he kiſs'd, my hand he preſs'd,
  While tripping o'er the brae:
Dear lad, I cry'd, thou'rt trig and fair,
  And blithe as blithe can be;
To the green wood gang, my laddie dear,
  To the green wood gang wi' me.

The bridal day is come to paſs,
  Sic joy was never ſeen;
Now I am call'd the woodland laſs,
  The woodland laddie's queen:
I bleſs the morn ſo freſh and fair
  I told my mind ſo free,
To the green wood gang, my laddie dear,
  To the green wood gang wi' me.

SONG CCIII.

THE BRITISH LION IS MY SIGN.


The Britiſh li-on is my ſign, A roaring trade I
drive on; Right Engliſh u-ſage, neat French wine,
A landla-dy muſt thrive on. At table d'hotté to eat
and drink, Let French and Engliſh mingle; And while
to me they bring the chink, Faith, let the glaſſes
jingle. Your rhino rattle, Come men and cattle, Come
all to Miſtreſs Caſey; Of trouble and money, My

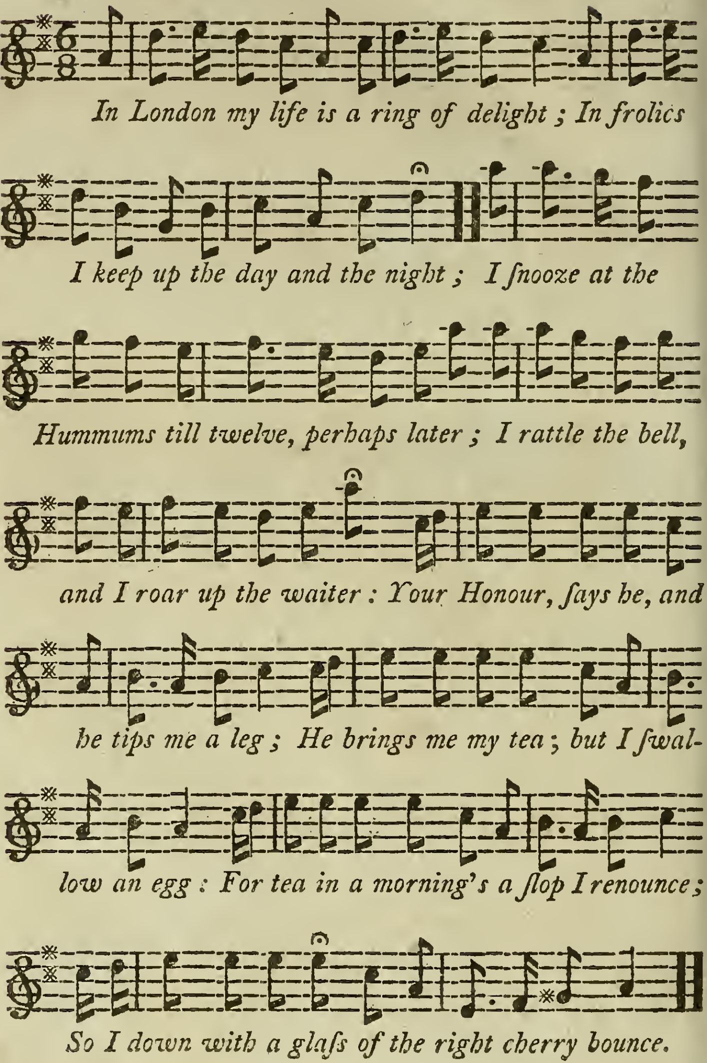


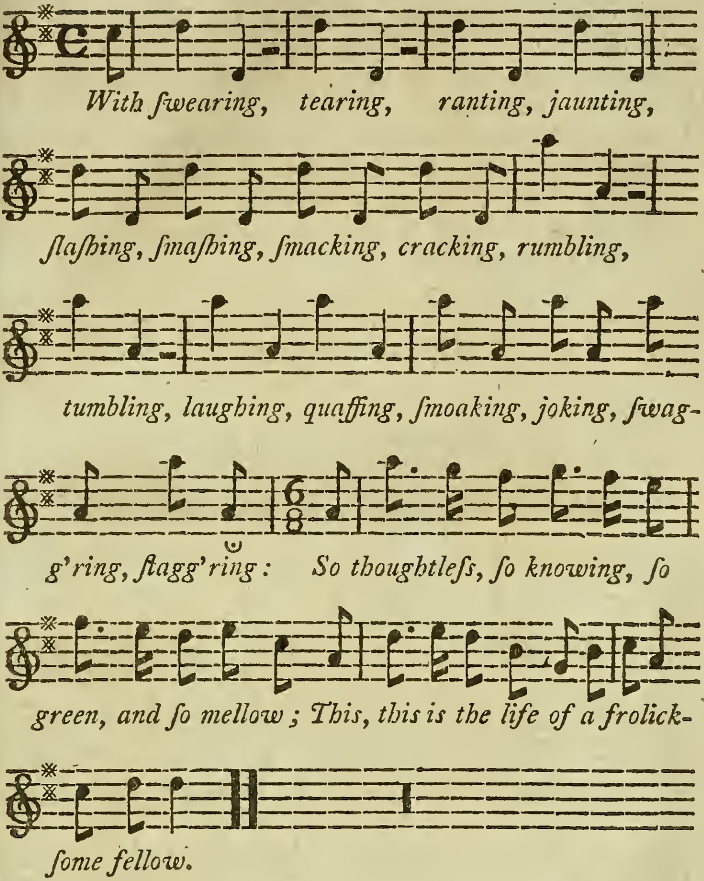
When dreſs'd and ſeated in my bar,
  Let ſquire or beau or belle come;
Let captains kiſs me, if they dare,
  'Tis, Sir, you're kindly welcome!
On ſhuffle, cog, and ſlip, I wink,
  Let rooks and pigeons mingle;
And if to me they bring the chink,
  Faith, let the glaſſes jingle.
    Rhino rattle, &c.

Let love fly here on ſilken wings,
  His tricks I ſtill connive at;
The lover who would ſay ſoft things
  Shall have a room in private.
On pleaſure I am pleas'd to wink,
  So lips in kiſſes mingle;
For while to me they bring the chink,
  Faith, let the glaſſes jingle.
    Your rhino rattle, &c.

SONG CCIV.

THE FROLICKSOME FELLOW.


In London my life is a ring of delight; In frolics
I keep up the day and the night; I ſnooze at the
Hummums till twelve, perhaps later; I rattle the bell,
and I roar up the waiter: Your Honour, ſays he, and
he tips me a leg; He brings me my tea; but I ſwal-
low an egg: For tea in a morning's a ſlop I renounce;
So I down with a glaſs of the right cherry bounce.


With ſwearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting,
ſlaſhing, ſmaſhing, ſmacking, cracking, rumbling,
tumbling, laughing, quaffing, ſmoaking, joking, ſwag-
g'ring, ſtagg'ring: So thoughtleſs, ſo knowing, ſo
green, and ſo mellow; This, this is the life of a frolick-
ſome fellow.

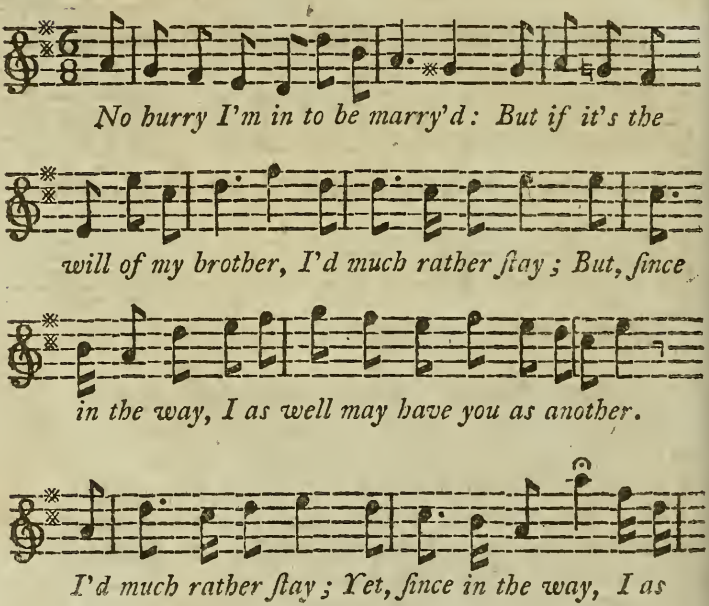
My phaeton I mount, and the plebs they all ſtare;
I handle my reins, and my elbows I ſquare;
My ponies ſo plump and as white as a lilly,
Through Pall-Mall I ſpank it, and up Piccadilly;
Till, loſing a wheel, egad! down come I ſmack,
So at Knightſbridge I throw myſelf into a hack;
At Tatterſal's fling a leg over my nag;
Thus viſit for dinner, then dreſs in a bag.
With ſwearing, &c.

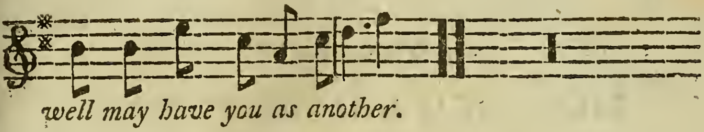
I roll round the garden, and call at the Roſe;
And then at both playhouſes pop in my noſe:
I lounge in the lobby, laugh, ſwear, ſlide, and ſwagger;
Talk loud, take my money, and out again ſtagger:
I meet at the Shakeſpear a good-natur'd ſoul;
Then down to our club at St James's I roll:
The joys of the night are a thouſand at play;
And thus at the finiſh begin the next day.
With ſwearing, &c.

* * *

SONG CCV.

NO HURRY I'M IN TO BE MARRY'D.


No hurry I'm in to be marry'd: But if it's the
will of my brother, I'd much rather ſtay; But, ſince
in the way, I as well may have you as another.
I'd much rather ſtay; Yet, ſince in the way, I as

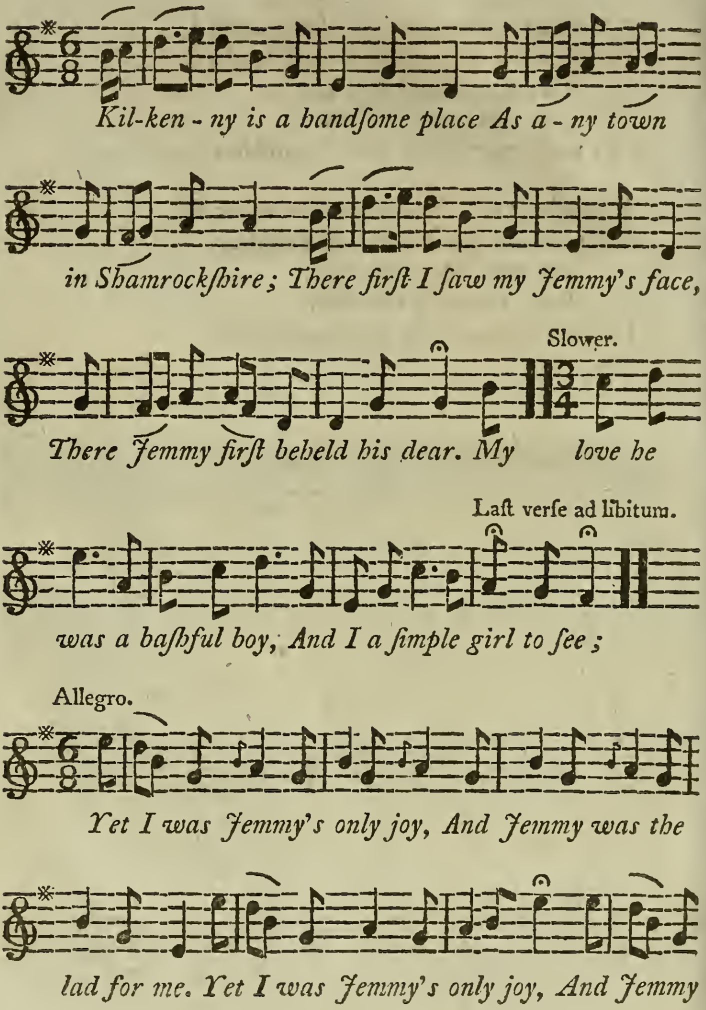


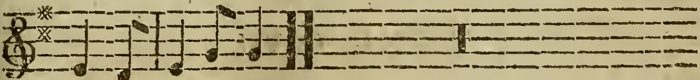
A ſtrange cuſtom this to be marry'd,
Tho' follow'd by father and mother,
The grave and the gay;
But, ſince in the way,
I as well may have you as another.

A prude, tho' ſhe long to be marry'd,
Endeavours her wiſhes to ſmother.
I'd give you her nay;
But, ſince in the way,
I as well may have you as another.

SONG CCVI.

KILKENNY IS A HANDSOME PLACE.


Kil-ken - ny is a handſome place As a - ny town
in Shamrockſhire; There firſt I ſaw my Jemmy's face,
Slower.
There Jemmy firſt beheld his dear. My love he
Laſt verſe ad libitum.
was a baſhful boy, And I a ſimple girl to ſee;
Allegro.
Yet I was Jemmy's only joy, And Jemmy was the
lad for me. Yet I was Jemmy's only joy, And Jemmy

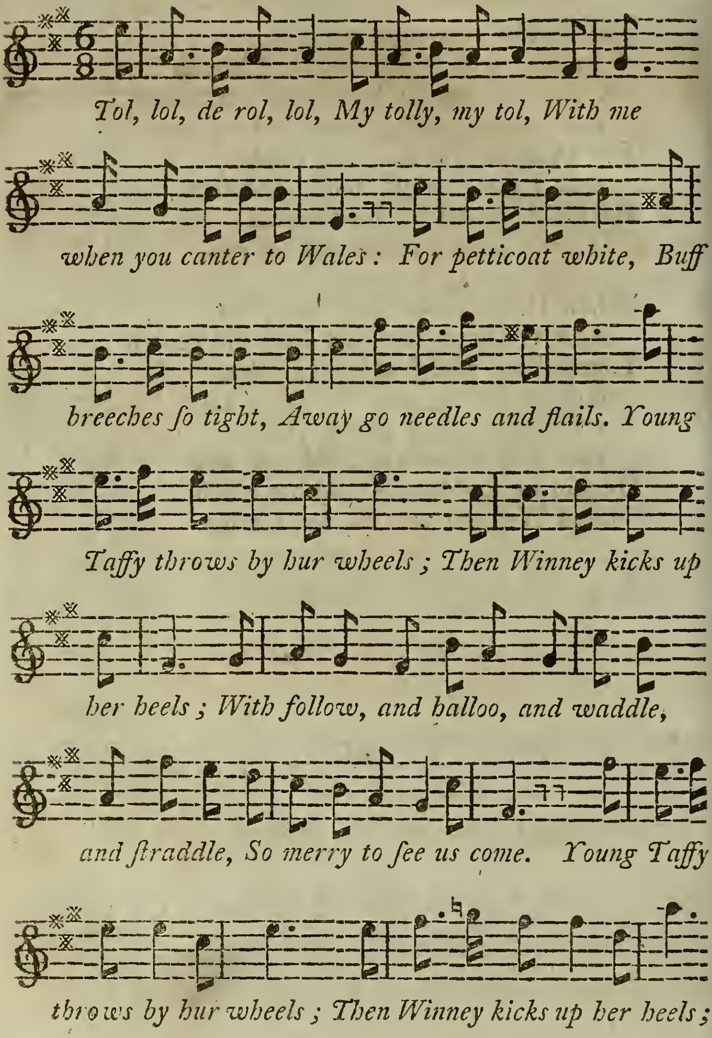


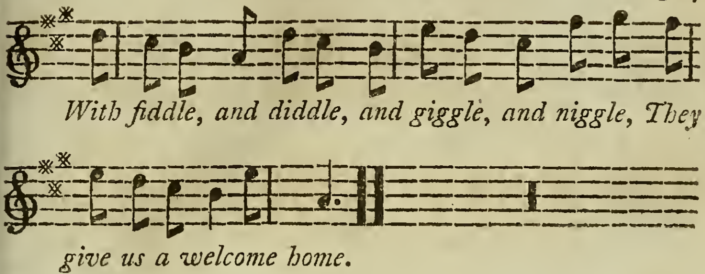
But Dublin city bore the bell,
  In ſtreets, and ſquares, and houſes fine;
Oh, here young Dick his love cou'd tell,
  And there I told young Dicky mine:
For Dick he was a roving blade,
  And I was hearty, bold, and free;
He lov'd, and I his love repaid;
  Then Dicky was the lad for me.

When Dover ſtrand my happy lot,
  And William there my love did crown,
Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,
  Kilkenny fair, and Dublin town:
For William was a gentle youth,
  Too baſhful nor too bold was he;
He ſaid he lov'd, and told me truth,
  And William was the lad for me.

SONG CCVII.

TOL, LOL, DE ROL, LOL.


Tol, lol, de rol, lol, My tolly, my tol, With me
when you canter to Wales: For petticoat white, Buff
breeches ſo tight, Away go needles and flails. Young
Taffy throws by hur wheels; Then Winney kicks up
her heels; With follow, and halloo, and waddle,
and ſtraddle, So merry to ſee us come. Young Taffy
throws by hur wheels; Then Winney kicks up her heels;

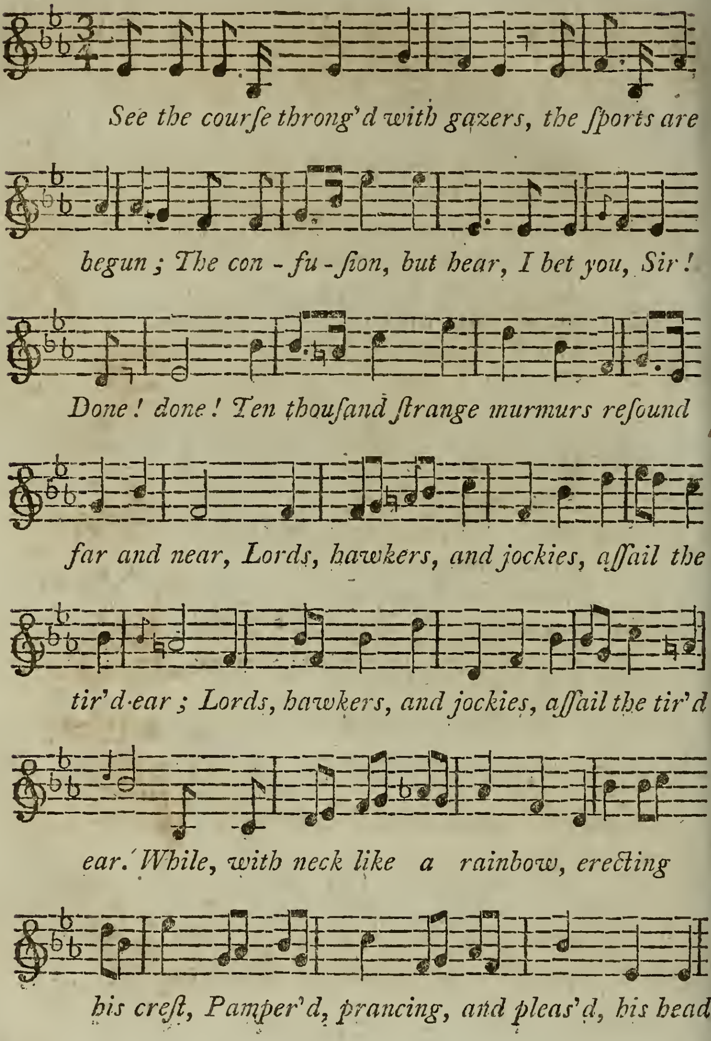

With fiddle, and diddle, and giggle, and niggle, They
give us a welcome home.

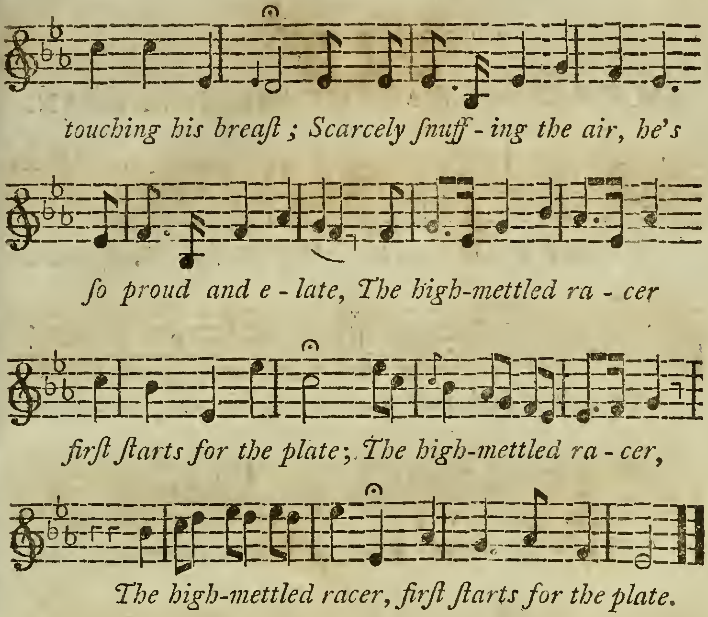
The joy ſo great,
So noble we treat,
An oxen is roaſted whole!
And tho' on the lawn
The ſpiggot is drawn
For punch, you may ſwim in the bowl.
We give the ladies a ball,
We foot it away in the hall,
With follow, &c.

Miſs Howel ſo nice,
And Lady ap Rice,
And couſin Sir Evan ap Lloyd;
Parſon Montgomery,
Counſellor Flummery,
Ap Morgan, ap Williams, ap Floyd;
O, when the ſtocking is thrown,
And lovee and I alone,
Then follow, &c.

SONG CCVIII.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.


See the courſe throng'd with gazers, the ſports are
begun; The con - fu - ſion, but hear, I bet you, Sir!
Done! done! Ten thouſand ſtrange murmurs reſound
far and near, Lords, hawkers, and jockies, aſſail the
tir'd ear; Lords, hawkers, and jockies, aſſail the tir'd
ear. While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting
his creſt, Pamper'd, prancing, and pleas'd, his head

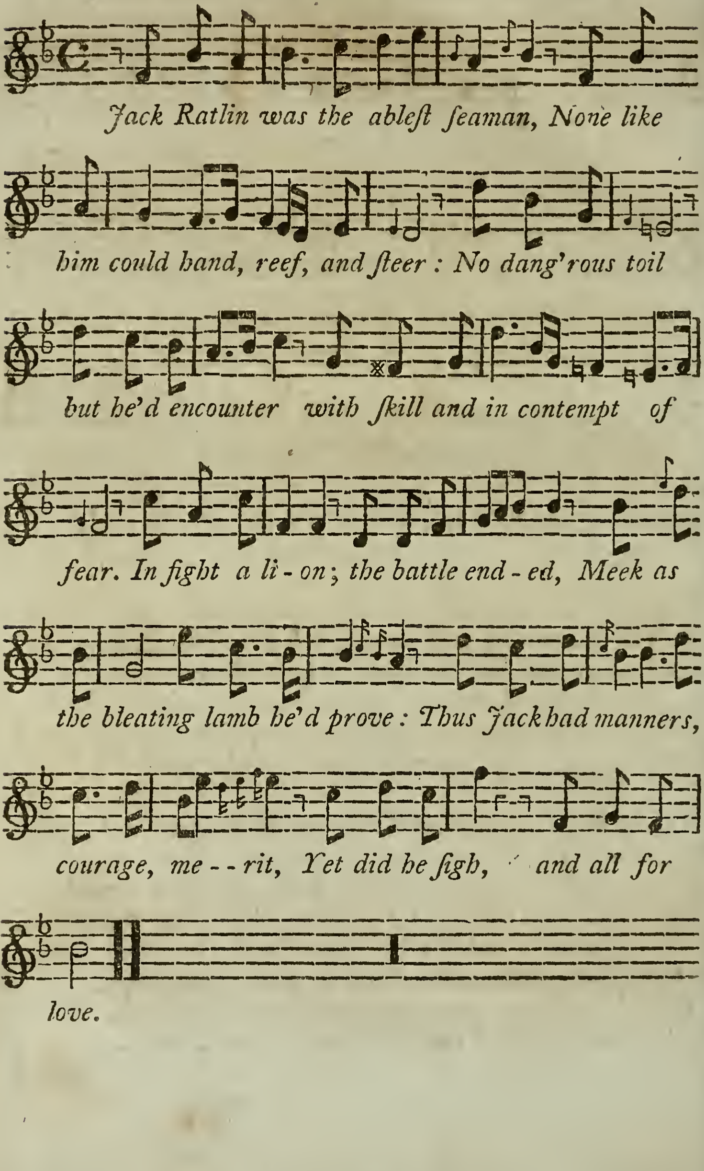

touching his breaſt ; Scarcely ſnuff - ing the air, he's
ſo proud and e - late, The high-mettled ra - cer
firſt ſtarts for the plate ; The high-mettled ra - cer,
The high-mettled racer, firſt ſtarts for the plate.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the ſtud,
Lame, ſpavin'd, and wind-gall'd ; but yet with ſome blood :
While knowing poſtilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won this ſweep, his ſire that race ;
And what matches he won to the hoſtlers count o'er,
As they loiter their time at ſome hedge alehouſe door ;
While the harneſs ſore galls, and the ſpurs his ſides goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.

Till at laſt, having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
Bow'd down by degrees he bends on to his fate ;
Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
Or draws ſand till the ſand of his hour-glaſs ſtands ſtill :
And now cold and lifeleſs, expos'd to the view
In the very ſame cart which he yeſterday drew ;
While a pitying crowd his ſad relics ſurrounds,
The high-mettled racer is ſold for the hounds.

SONG CCIX.

JACK RATLIN WAS THE ABLEST SEAMAN.

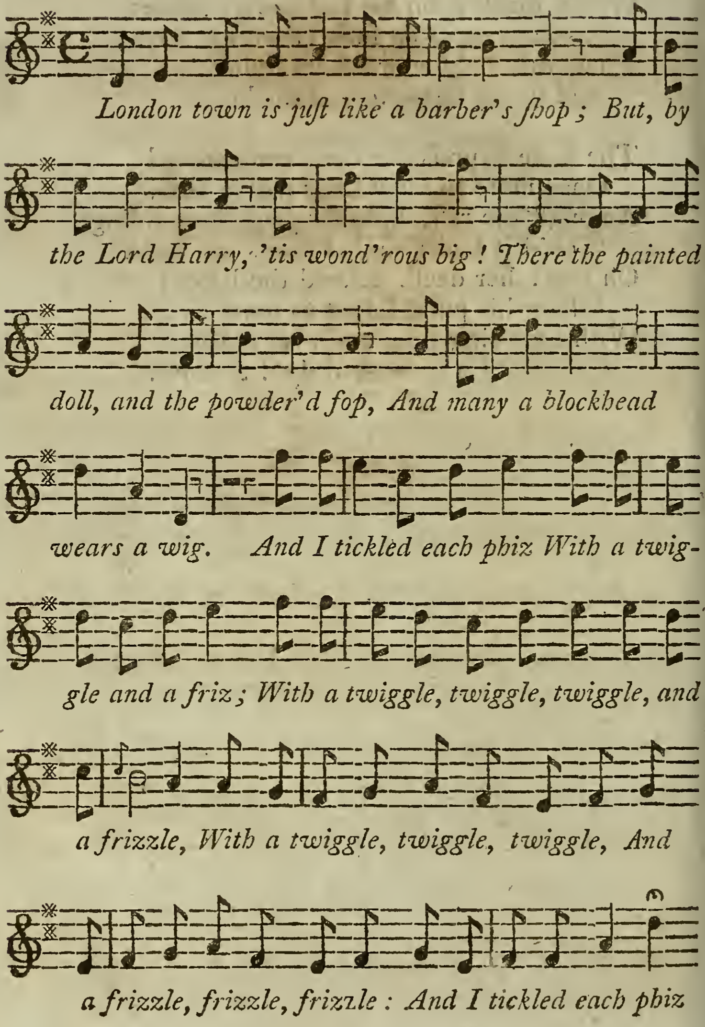

Jack Ratlin was the ableſt ſeaman, None like
him could hand, reef, and ſteer: No dang'rous toil
but he'd encounter with ſkill and in contempt of
fear. In fight a li-on; the battle end-ed, Meek as
the bleating lamb he'd prove: Thus Jack had manners,
courage, me--rit, Yet did he ſigh, and all for
love.

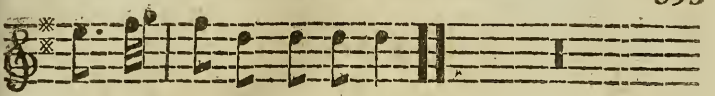
The ſong, the jeſt, the flowing liquor,
For none of theſe had Jack's regard:
He, while his meſſmates were carouſing,
High ſitting on the pendant yard,
Wou'd think upon his fair one's beauties,
Swore never from ſuch charms to rove;
That truly he'd adore them living,
And dying ſigh—to end his love.

The ſame expreſs the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Amongſt the reſt, brought Jack ſome tidings,
Wou'd it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh fate! her death defac'd the letter;
Inſtant his pulſe forgot to move;
With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
He heav'd a ſigh—and dy'd for love.

SONG CCX.

TWIGGLE AND A FRIZ.


London town is juſt like a barber's ſhop; But, by
the Lord Harry, 'tis wond'rous big! There the painted
doll, and the powder'd fop, And many a blockhead
wears a wig. And I tickled each phiz With a twig-
gle and a friz; With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle, and
a frizzle, With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle, And
a frizzle, frizzle, frizzle: And I tickled each phiz



With a twiggle and a friz.

A captain of horſe I went for to ſhave;
O, damme! ſays he, with a martial frown;
I pois'd my razor like a barber brave;
I took him by the noſe; but he knock'd me down.
But I tickled, &c.

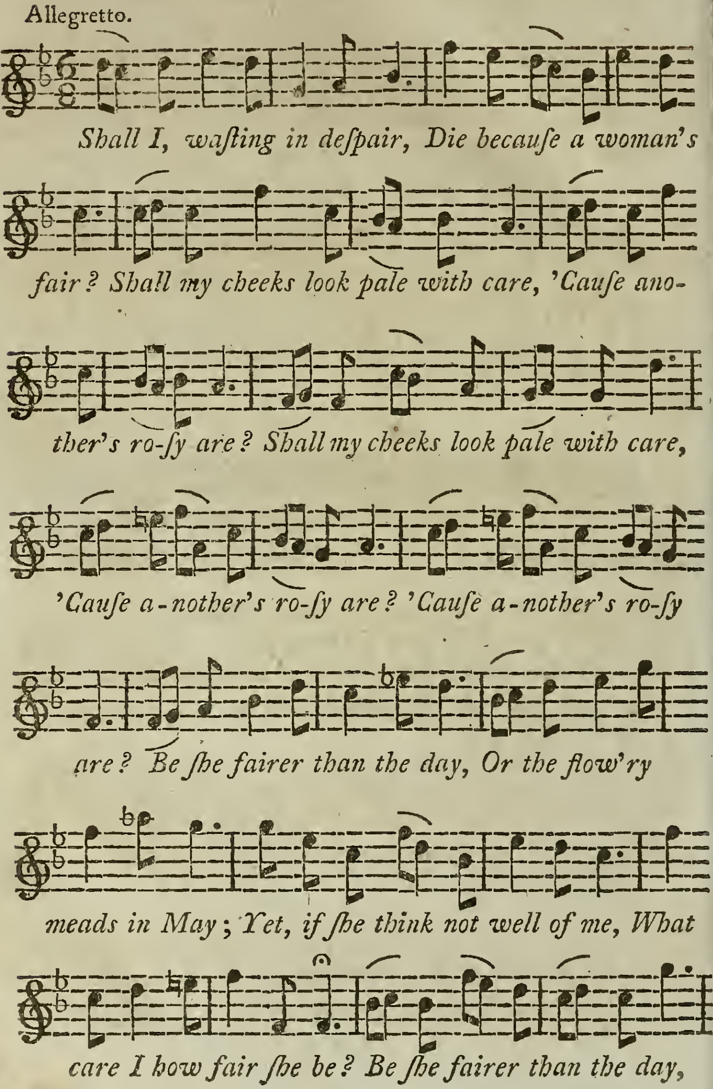
I next went to dreſs up a fine gallant miſs;
Down the lady ſits and her boſom bares;
Cupid or the devil made me ſeize a kiſs;
But ere my iron cool'd I was kick'd down ſtairs.
But I tickled, &c.

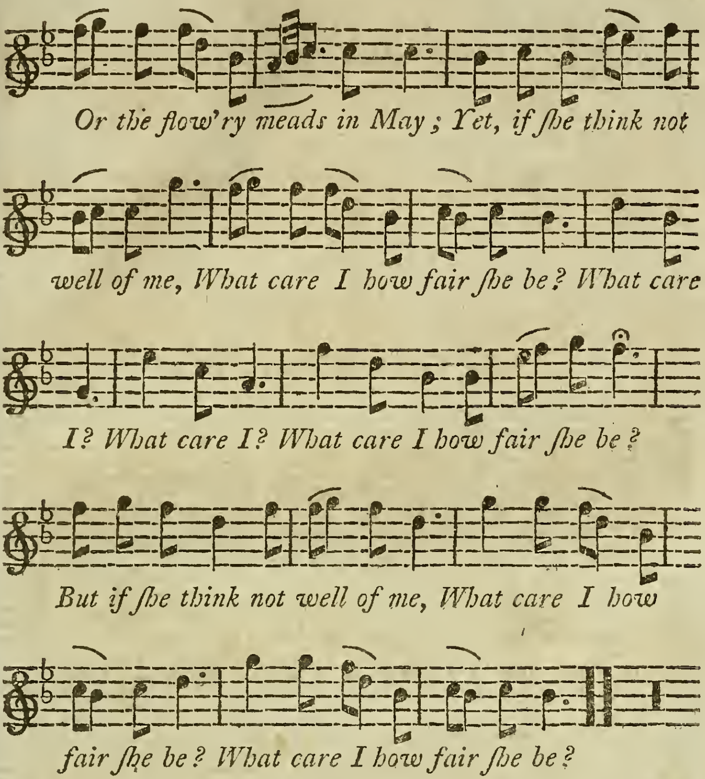
I went to dreſs a lawyer; O rare ſport!
Who had a falſe oath that day for to ſwear.
By my ſkill ſore trouble I ſpar'd the court;
For my iron burnt Six-and-eight-pence's ear.
So I tickled, &c.

I went for to dreſs up an old maid's hair,
Wrinkl'd and bald as a ſcalded pig;
As ſhe led the dance down with a ſwimming air,
The poor old lady dropp'd her wig.
So I tickled, &c.

SONG CCXI.

WHAT CARE I FOR WHOM SHE BE?


Allegretto.
Shall I, waſting in deſpair, Die becauſe a woman's
fair? Shall my cheeks look pale with care, 'Cauſe ano-
ther's ro-ſy are? Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cauſe a-nother's ro-ſy are? 'Cauſe a-nother's ro-ſy
are? Be ſhe fairer than the day, Or the flow'ry
meads in May; Yet, if ſhe think not well of me, What
care I how fair ſhe be? Be ſhe fairer than the day,


Or the flow'ry meads in May; Yet, if ſhe think not
well of me, What care I how fair ſhe be? What care
I? What care I? What care I how fair ſhe be?
But if ſhe think not well of me, What care I how
fair ſhe be? What care I how fair ſhe be?

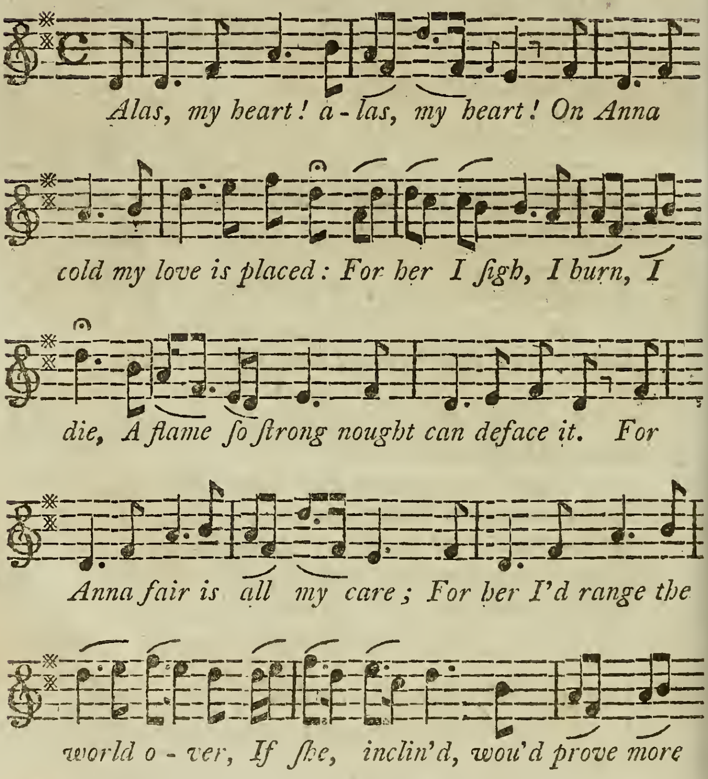
Shall a woman's goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her love?
Or. her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be ſhe with that goodneſs bleſt
As may merit name the beſt;
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhe be?

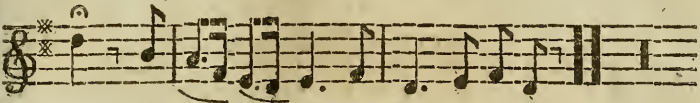
Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more deſpair;

If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die 'ere ſhe ſhall grieve;
If ſhe ſlight me when I woo,
I will ſcorn and let her go.
So if ſhe be not fit for me,
What care I for whom ſhe be?

SONG CCXII.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER.


Alas, my heart! a - las, my heart! On Anna
cold my love is placed: For her I ſigh, I burn, I
die, A flame ſo ſtrong nought can deface it. For
Anna fair is all my care; For her I'd range the
world o - ver, If ſhe, inclin'd, wou'd prove more



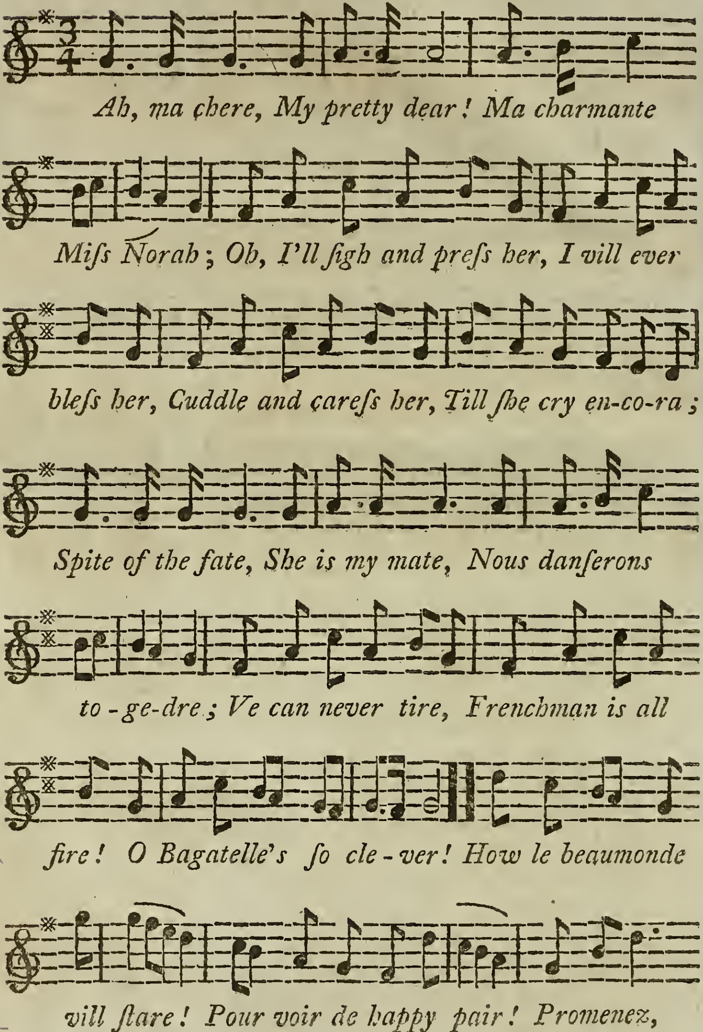
My friend and pot I've quite forgot,
My dreſs, nay more, my golden treaſure;
With hands o'erlaid I walk the ſhade;
In ſolitude is all my treaſure.
Chor. For Anna fair, &c.

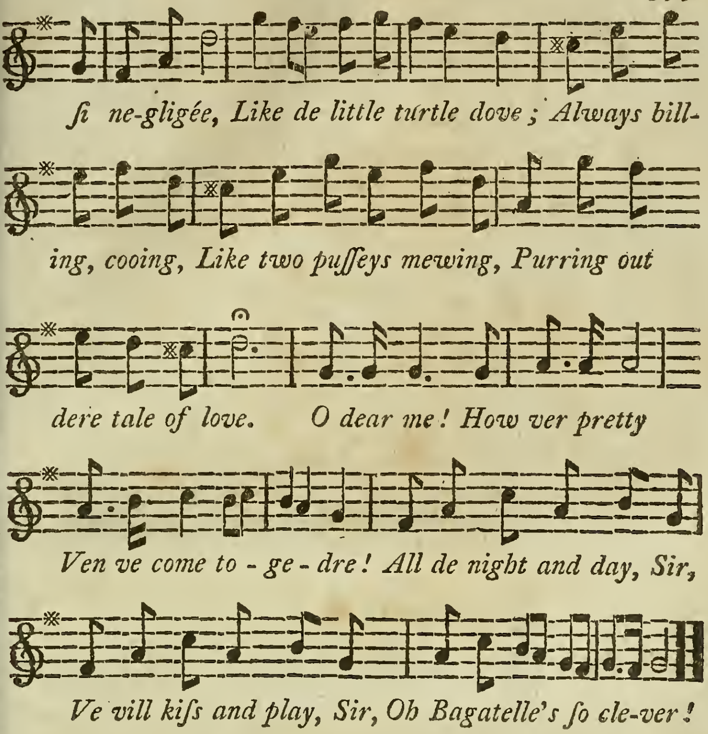
Her ſhape ſo neat, in all complete,
And lover, ſure, ſhe ne'er had truer;
Since love her heart with pangs can't ſmart,
Let gratitude at laſt ſubdue her.
Chor. For Anna fair, &c.

What tho' I've rang'd, and mind oft chang'd,
And many a dazzling beauty prais'd;
Now nought my love from her can move,
'Tis here, and ne'er can be eras'd.
Chor. For Anna fair, &c.

SONG CCXIII.

BAGATELLE's SO CLEVER.


Ah, ma chere, My pretty dear! Ma charmante
Miſs Norah; Oh, I'll ſigh and preſs her, I vill ever
bleſs her, Cuddle and careſs her, Till ſhe cry en-co-ra;
Spite of the fate, She is my mate, Nous danſerons
to-ge-dre; Ve can never tire, Frenchman is all
fire! O Bagatelle's ſo cle-ver! How le beaumonde
vill ſtare! Pour voir de happy pair! Promenez,

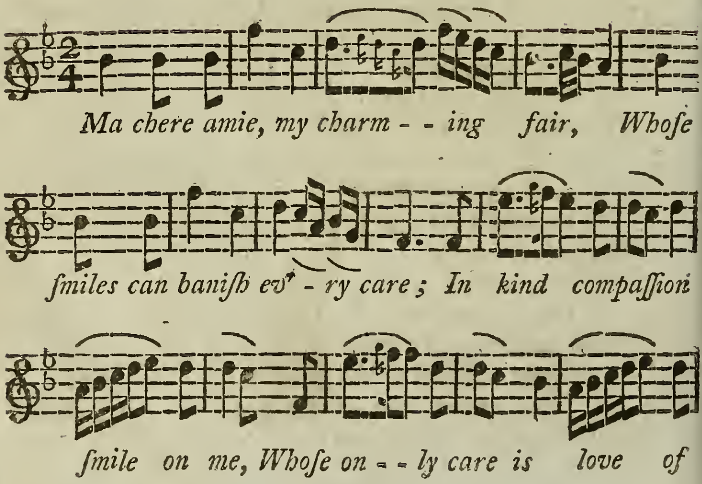

ſi ne-gligée, Like de little turtle dove; Always bill-
ing, cooing, Like two puſſeys mewing, Purring out
dere tale of love. O dear me! How ver pretty
Ven ve come to - ge - dre! All de night and day, Sir,
Ve vill kiſs and play, Sir, Oh Bagatelle's ſo cle-ver!

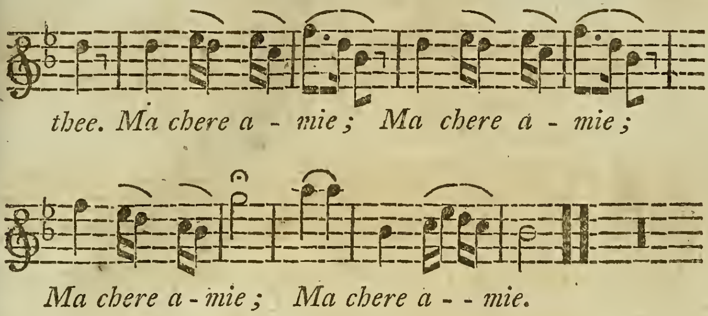
Vat grand bliſs
To toy and kiſs
Vid my dear Miſs Norah!
O ſhe be ſo pretty,
And ſo very vitty,
It wou'd be much pity
Not to cry encora!
Oh, mon Dieu!
Oh, ſacre bleu!
Nous baiſerons for ever;
Love can never tire,
Nought can quench his fire,
Oh, Bagatelle's ſo clever!

Ven ve go to de play,
Habillez ſo fine and gay,
    Si bien jantée,
    Oh tout a fait,
In our air no embarras ;
    Like de grande nobleſſe
    Ve ſal be careſſe,
It vil make grand coup d' eclat.
    How I wiſh
    Vid pretty Miſs
To tie de knot for ever !
    I ſal live in clover
    Ven it is all over,
Oh, Bagatelle's ſo clever !

SONG CCXIV.

MA CHERE AMIE.


Ma chere amie, my charm - - ing fair, Whoſe
ſmiles can baniſh ev' - ry care ; In kind compaſſion
ſmile on me, Whoſe on - - ly care is love of

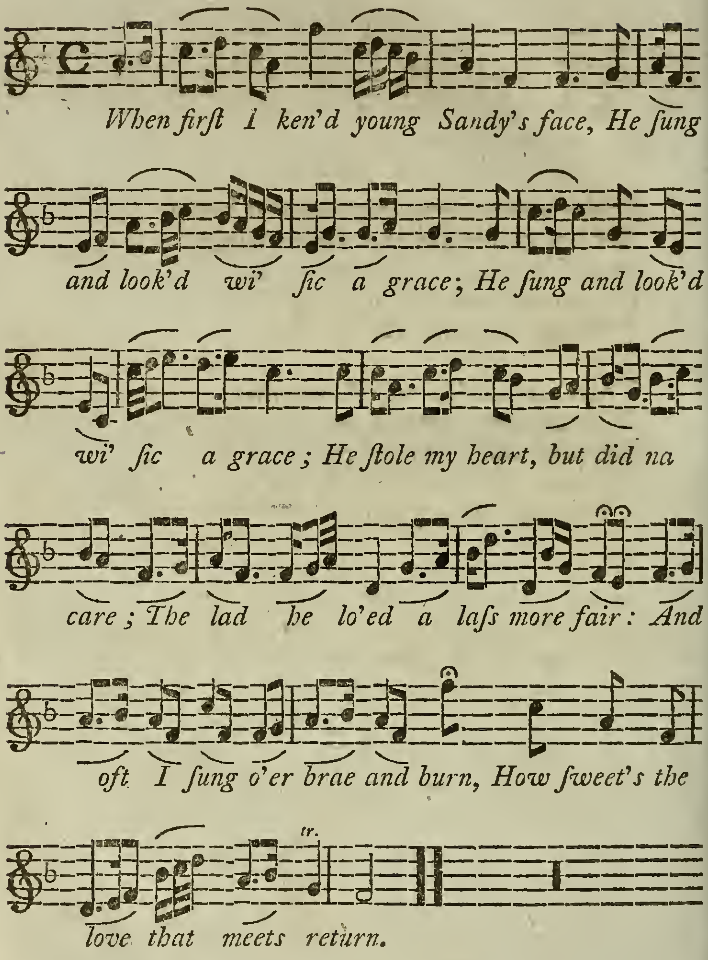

thee. Ma chere a - mie ; Ma chere a - mie ;
Ma chere a - mie ; Ma chere a - - mie.

Under ſweet friendſhip's ſacred name
My boſom caught the tender flame.
May friendſhip in thy boſom be
Converted into love for me !
Ma chere amie, &c.

Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one !
Let pity ſoften thy decree !
I droop, dear maid ; I die for thee !
Ma chere amie, &c.

SONG CCXV.

HOW SWEET's THE LOVE.


When firſt I ken'd young Sandy's face, He ſung
and look'd wi' ſic a grace; He ſung and look'd
wi' ſic a grace; He ſtole my heart, but did na
care; The lad he lo'ed a laſs more fair: And
oft I ſung o'er brae and burn, How ſweet's the
love that meets return.
tr.

He lo'ed a laſs wi' fickle mind,
Was ſometimes cauld and ſometimes kind;
Which made the love-ſick laddie rue;
For ſhe was cauld when he was true:
He mourn'd and ſung, o'er brae and burn,
How ſweet's the love that meets return!

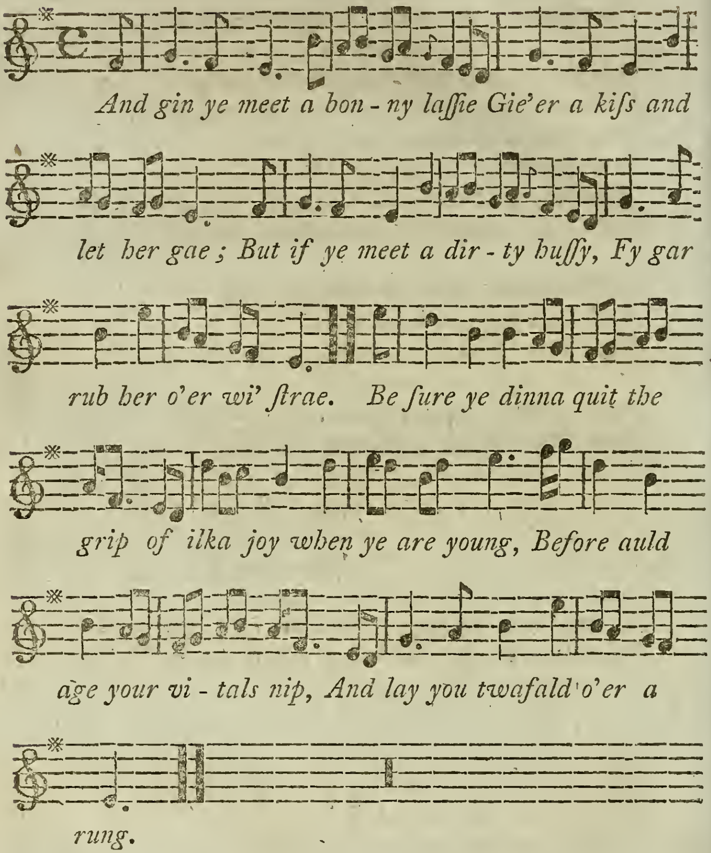
One day a pretty wreath he twin'd,
Where lilacks with ſweet cowſlips join'd,
To make a garland for her hair;
But ſhe refus'd a gift ſo fair.
This ſcorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be borne;
But ſweet's the love that meets return.

Juſt then he met my tell-tale een,
And love ſo true is ſooneſt ſeen:
Dear laſs, ſaid he, my heart is thine;
For thy ſoft wiſhes are like mine:
Now Jenny, in her turn, may mourn,
How ſweet's the love that meets return!

My anſwer was both frank and kind;
I lo'ed the lad, and tell'd my mind:
To kirk we went wi' hearty glee;
And wha ſae bleſt as he and me!
Now blithe we ſing, o'er brae and burn,
How ſweet's the love that meets return!

SONG CCXVI.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.


And gin ye meet a bon - ny laſſie Gie'er a kiſs and
let her gae; But if ye meet a dir - ty huſſy, Fy gar
rub her o'er wi' ſtrae. Be ſure ye dinna quit the
grip of ilka joy when ye are young, Before auld
age your vi - tals nip, And lay you twafald o'er a
rung.

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartſome time;
Then, lads and laſſes, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in it's prime
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaft minutes of delyte
  When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
  On you if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
  Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook:
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
  And hide herſelf in ſome dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
  Where lies the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face
  Nineteen na-ſays are ha'f a grant.

Now to her heaving boſom cling
  And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs:
Upon her finger whoop a ring
  As taiken of a future bliſs.
Theſe benniſons, I'm very ſure,
  Are of the gods indulgent grant:
Then, ſurly carls, whiſht, forbear
  To plague us with your whining cant.

* * *

SONG CCXVII.

To the foregoing Tune.

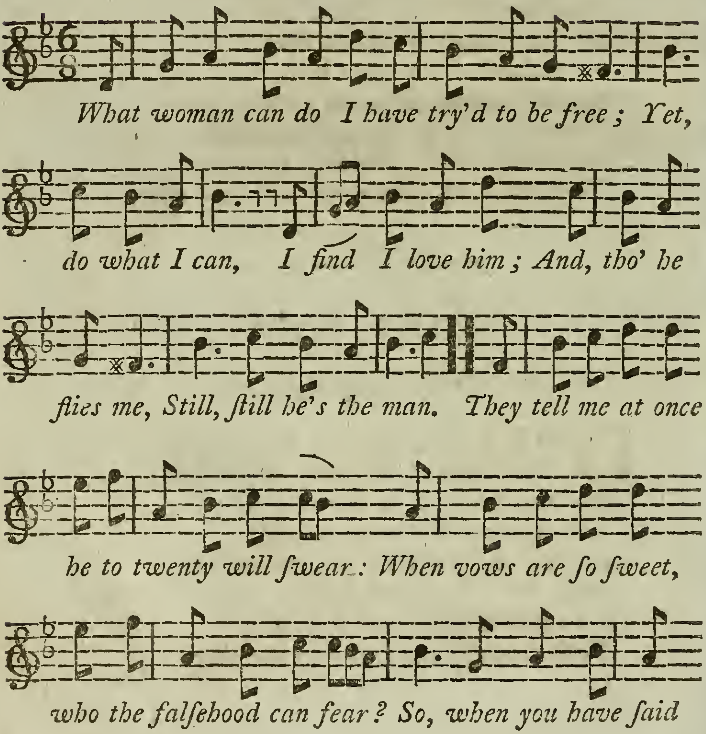
DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck
  And anſwer kindneſs wi' a ſlight,
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect;
  For women in a man delight:
But them deſpiſe who're ſoon defeat,
  And wi' a ſimple face give way:
To a repulſe then be not blate;
  Puſh bauldly on and win the day.

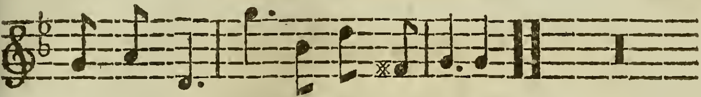
When maidens, innocently young,
  Say aften what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
  But tent the language of their een:
If theſe agree, and ſhe perſiſt
  To anſwer a' your love with hate,
Seek elſewhere to be better bleſt,
  And let her ſigh when its too late.

* * *

SONG CCXVIII.

WHAT WOMAN CAN DO.


What woman can do I have try'd to be free; Yet,
do what I can, I find I love him; And, tho' he
flies me, Still, ſtill he's the man. They tell me at once
he to twenty will ſwear: When vows are ſo ſweet,
who the falſehood can fear? So, when you have ſaid

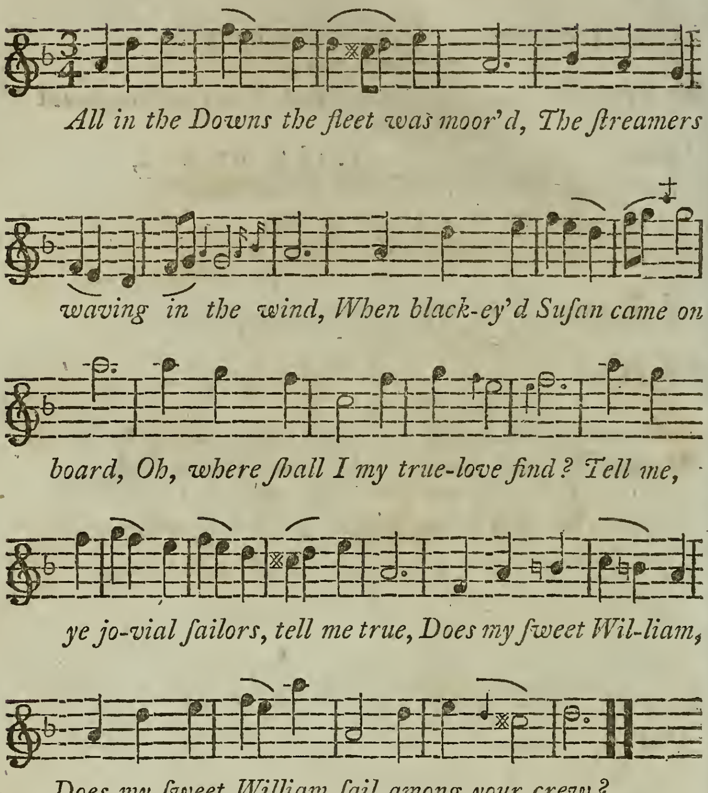


I caught him once making love to a maid,
When to him I ran;
He turn'd and he kiſs'd me, then who could upbraid
So civil a man?
The next day I found to a third he was kind,
I rated him ſoundly, he ſwore I was blind;
So, let me do what I can,
Still, ſtill he's the man.

All the world bids me beware of his art:
I do what I can;
But he has taken ſuch hold of my heart
I doubt he's the man.
So ſweet are his kiſſes, his looks are ſo kind,
He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
Who can do more than they can?
He ſtill is the man.

SONG CCXIX.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.


All in the Downs the ſleet was moor'd, The ſtreamers
waving in the wind, When black-ey'd Suſan came on
board, Oh, where ſhall I my true-love find? Tell me,
ye jo-vial ſailors, tell me true, Does my ſweet Wil-liam,
Does my ſweet William ſail among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd and caſt his eyes below:
The cord glides ſwiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he ſtands.

2

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
If chance his mate's ſhrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her neſt.
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear,
My vows ſhall ever true remain!
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye liſt, ye winds, my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell thee, ſailors, when away,
In ev'ry port a miſtreſs find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo;
For thou art preſent whereſoe'er I go.

If to far India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale;
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white.
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charm of lovely Sue.

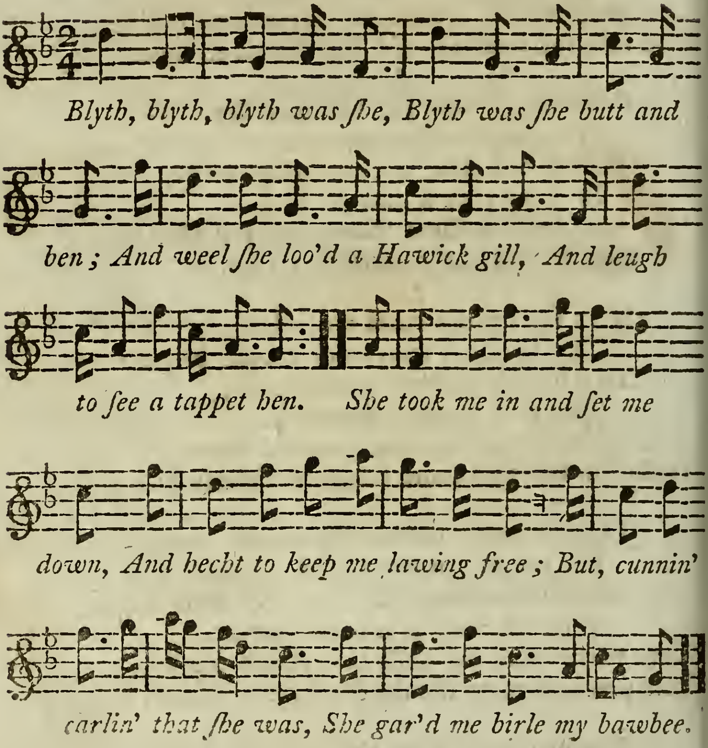
Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Suſan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, ſafe from harms,
William ſhall to his dear return.
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Suſan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread;

No longer muſt ſhe ſtay aboard:
They kiſs'd, ſhe ſigh'd, - he hung his head.
Her leſs'ning boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu, ſhe cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

SONG CCXX.

ANDRO WI' HIS CUTTY GUN.


Blyth, blyth, blyth was ſhe, Blyth was ſhe butt and
ben; And weel ſhe loo'd a Hawick gill, And leugh
to ſee a tappet hen. She took me in and ſet me
down, And hecht to keep me lawing free; But, cunnin'
carlin' that ſhe was, She gar'd me birle my bawbee.

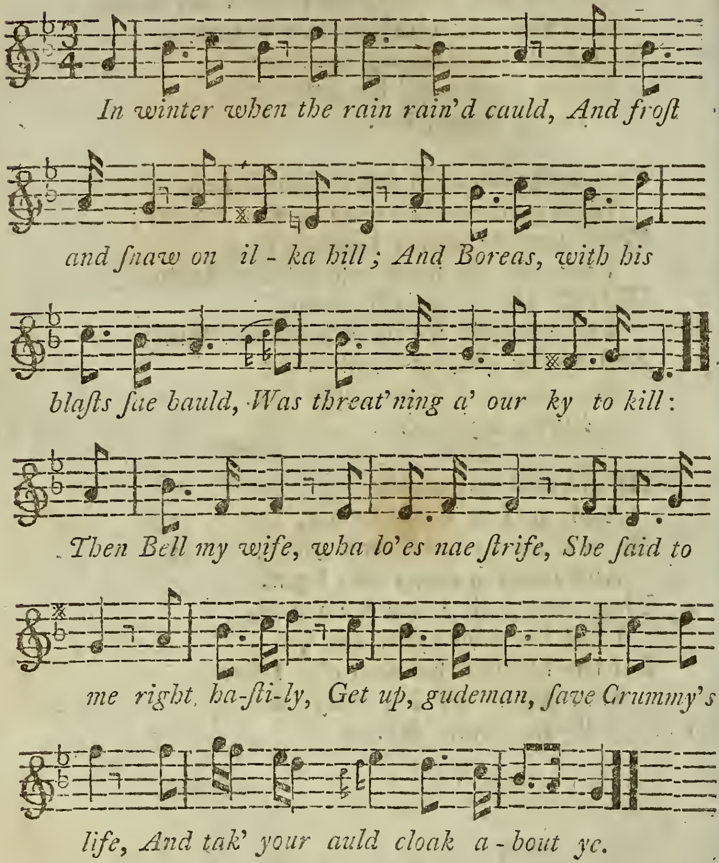
We loo'd the liquor weel enough,
  But, wae's my heart! my caſh was done
Before that I had quench'd my drouth,
  And laith I was to pawn my ſhoon.
When we had three times toom'd our ſtoup,
  And the neiſt chappin new begun,
In ſtarted, to heeze up our hope,
  Young Andro wi' his cutty gun.
    Blyth, blyth, &c.

The carlin brought her kebbuck ben,
  With girdle-cakes weel toaſted brown;
Weel does the canny kimmer ken
  They gar the ſcuds gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about,
  Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bum;
And ay the cleareſt drinker out
  Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.
    Blyth, blyth, &c.

He did like ony mavis ſing;
  And, as I in his oxter ſat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
  And mony a ſappy kiſs I gat.
I hae been eaſt, I hae been weſt,
  I hae been far ayont the ſun;
But the blytheſt lad that e'er I ſaw
  Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.
    Blyth, blyth, &c.

SONG CCXXI.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.


In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, And froſt
and ſnaw on il - ka hill; And Boreas, with his
blaſts ſae bauld, Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell my wife, wha lo'es nae ſtrife, She ſaid to
me right ha-ſti-ly, Get up, gudeman, ſave Crummy's
life, And tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.

My Crummy is a uſeful cow,
  And ſhe is come of a good kyne;
Aft has ſhe wet the bairns' mou',
  And I am laith that ſhe ſhould tyne;

Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its ſcantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year.
Let's ſpend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll dee;
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they coſt but half-a-crown;
He ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the tailor thief and lown.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule,
Do ye not ſee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly?
While I ſit hurklen in the aſe,
I'll have a new cloak about me.

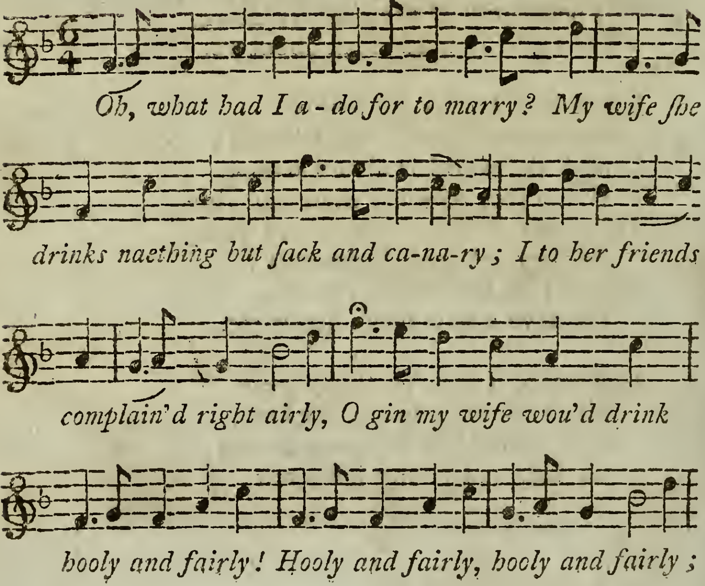
Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa
Of lads and bonny laſſes ten;

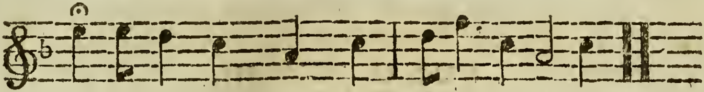
Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be!
And if you prove a good huſband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife ſhe lo'es nae ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me if ſhe can:
And, to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm gudeman.
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye give her a' the plea:
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

SONG CCXXII.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.


Oh, what had I a-do for to marry? My wife ſhe
drinks naething but ſack and ca-na-ry; I to her friends
complain'd right airly, O gin my wife wou'd drink
hooly and fairly! Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly;



O gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly!

Firſt ſhe drank Crummie, and ſyne ſhe drank Garie,
Now ſhe has drunken my bonny gray marie
That carried me thro' the dub and the larie.
O gin my wife, &c.

If ſhe'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care;
She drinks my claiths I canna weel ſpare;
To the kirk and the market I gang fu' barely.
O gin my wife, &c.

If there's ony ſiller ſhe maun keep the purſe;
If I ſeek but a bawbee ſhe'll ſcald and ſhe'll curſe;
She gangs like a queen, I ſcrimpet and ſparely.
O gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor ſtrife,
Nor e'er did refuſe her the comforts of life;
E'er it come to a war I am ay for a parley.
O gin my wife, &c.

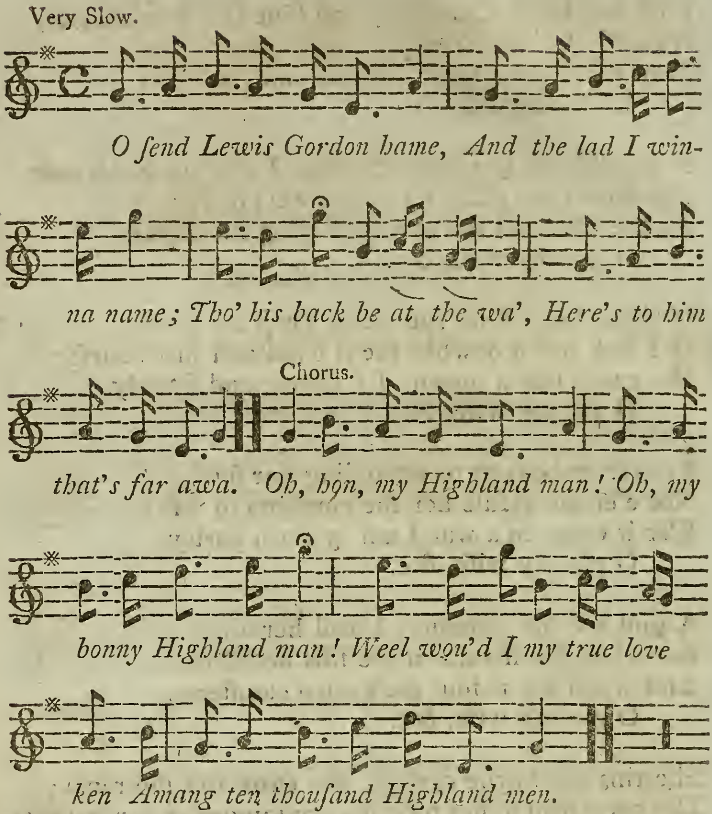
A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow;
But when ſhe ſits down ſhe fills herſel fou';
And when ſhe is fou' ſhe's unco camſterie.
O gin my wife, &c.

She rins out to the cawſey, ſhe roars and ſhe rants;
Has nae dread o' her nibours, nor minds the houſe wants;
But ſings ſome fool-ſang, Cock up your heart, Charlie.
O gin my wife, &c.

And when ſhe comes hame ſhe lays on the lads,
She ca's the laſſes baith limmers and jades,
And I my ainſel an auld cuckold carlie.
O gin my wife, &c.

SONG CCXXIII.

LEWIS GORDON.


Very Slow.
O ſend Lewis Gordon hame, And the lad I win-
na name; Tho' his back be at the wa', Here's to him
Chorus.
that's far awa. Oh, hon, my Highland man! Oh, my
bonny Highland man! Weel wou'd I my true love
ken Amang ten thouſand Highland men.

O to ſee his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd ſhoes,
Philibeg aboon his knee!
That's the lad that I'll gang wi':

The princely youth that I do mean
Is fitted for to be a king:
On his breaſt he wears a ſtar:
You'd take him for the god of war.

Oh, to ſee this princely one
Seated on his father's throne!
Diſaſters a' wou'd diſappear;
Then begins the jub'lee here!

* * *

SONG CCXXIV.

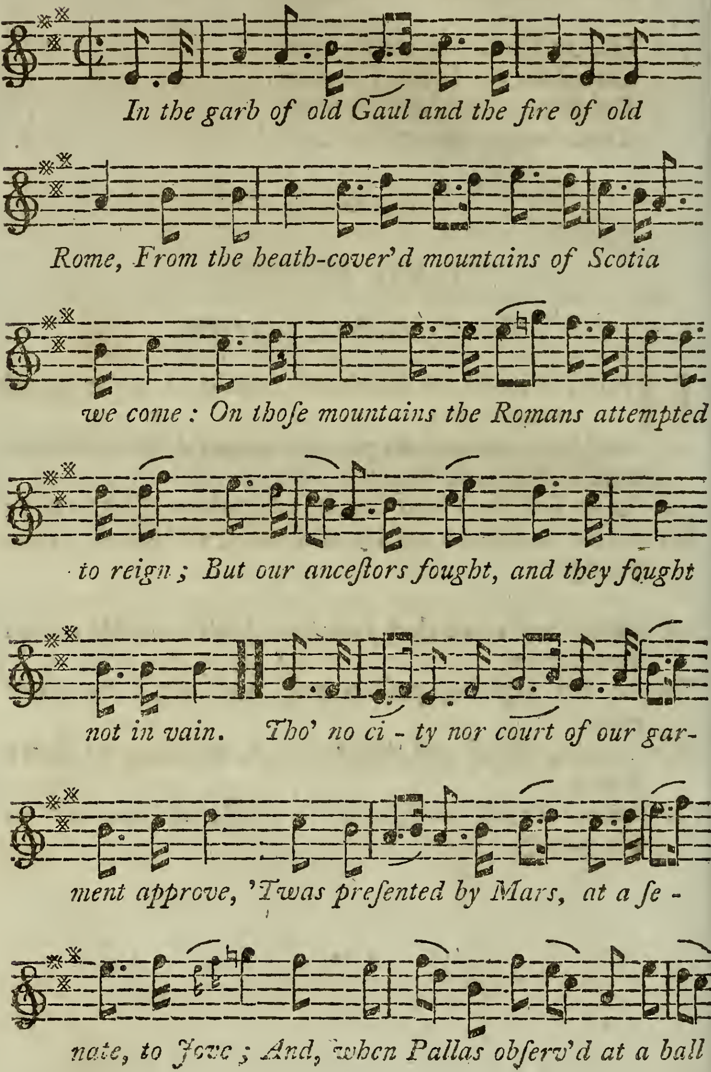
Tune Gramachree, page 259.

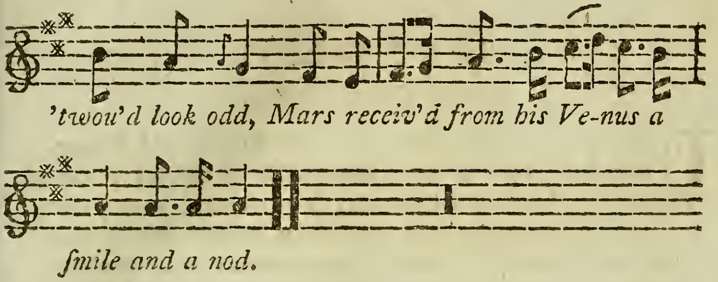
HAD I a heart for falſehood fram'd, I ne'er could injure you;
For, tho' your tongue no promiſe claim'd, your charms wou'd make me true:
To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit, no ſtranger offer wrong;
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have bleſs'd another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſion reſt, and act a brother's part:
Then, lady, dread not their deceit, nor fear to ſuffer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, and brothers in the young.

SONG CCXXV.

HIGHLAND MARCH.


In the garb of old Gaul and the fire of old
Rome, From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia
we come : On thoſe mountains the Romans attempted
to reign ; But our anceſtors fought, and they fought
not in vain. Tho' no ci - ty nor court of our gar-
ment approve, 'Twas preſented by Mars, at a ſe -
nate, to Jove ; And, when Pallas obſerv'd at a ball



No intemperate tables our ſinews unbrace;
Nor French faith nor French foppery our country diſgrace:
Still the hoarſe-ſounding pipe breathes the true martial ſtrain,
And our hearts ſtill the true Scottiſh valour retain.
'Twas with anguiſh and woe that, of late, we beheld
Rebel forces ruſh down from the hills to the field;
For our hearts are devoted to George and the laws;
And we'll fight, like true Britons, in liberty's cauſe.

But ſtill, at a diſtance from Britain's lov'd ſhore,
May her foes, in confuſion, her mercy implore!
May her coaſts ne'er with foreign invaſions be ſpread!
Nor deteſted rebellion again raiſe its head!
May the fury of party and faction long ceaſe!
May our councils be wiſe, and our commerce increaſe!
And, in Scotia's cold climate, may each of us find
That our friends ſtill prove true, and our beauties prove kind!

SONG CCXXVI.

To the foregoing Tune.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come;
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain;
But our anceſtors fought, and they fought not in vain.
Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our anceſtors of old, we ſtand by freedom's cauſe;
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and applauſe,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our our laws.

No effeminate cuſtoms our ſinews unbrace;
No luxurious tables enervate our race;
Our loud-ſounding pipe bears the true martial ſtrain;
So do we the old Scottiſh valour retain.
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Are ſwift as the roe which the hind doth aſſail:
As the full moon in autumn our ſhields do appear;
Minerva would dread to encounter our ſpear.
Such our love, &c.

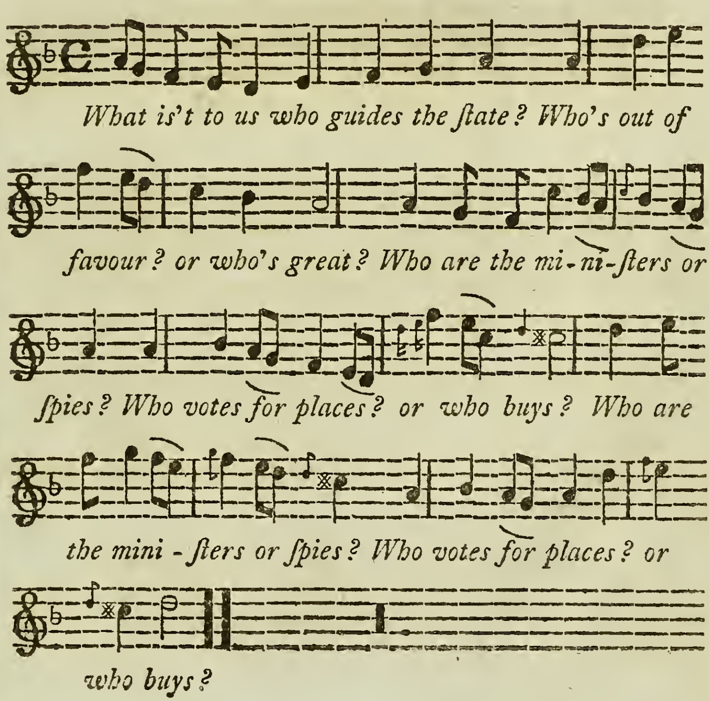
As a ſtorm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we ruſh on our foes;
We ſons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Daſh the force of our foes with our thundering ſtrokes.
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boaſted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they ſaw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they ſu'd for a truce.
Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long ceaſe!
May our councils be wiſe, and our commerce increaſe!
And, in Scotia's cold climate, may each of us find
That our friends ſtill prove true, and our beauties prove kind!
Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late poſterity to fight in freedom's cauſe;
That they, like our anceſtors bold, for honour and applauſe,
May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

SONG CCXXV.

WHAT IS'T TO US.


What is't to us who guides the ſtate? Who's out of
favour? or who's great? Who are the mi-ni-ſters or
ſpies? Who votes for places? or who buys? Who are
the mini-ſters or ſpies? Who votes for places? or
who buys?

The world will ſtill be rul'd by knaves,
And fools contending to be ſlaves;
Small things, my friend, ſerve to ſupport
Life, troubleſome at beſt and ſhort.

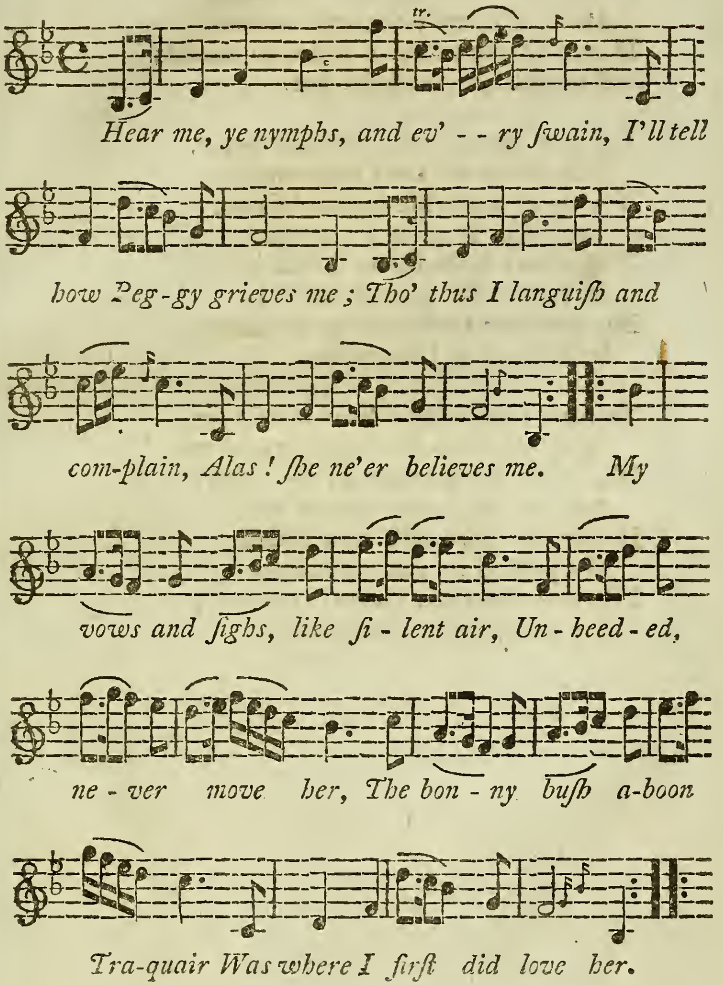
Our youth runs back, occaſion flies,
Grey hairs come on, and pleaſure dies:
Who would the preſent bleſſing loſe
For empire which he cannot uſe?

Kind providence has us ſupply'd
With what to others is deny'd;
Virtue, which teaches to condemn
And ſcorn ill actions and ill men.

Beneath this lime-tree's fragrant ſhade,
On beds of flow'rs ſupinely laid,
Let's then all other cares remove,
And drink and ſing to thoſe we love.

SONG CCXXVI.

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.


tr.
Hear me, ye nymphs, and ev' - - ry ſwain, I'll tell
how Peg-gy grieves me; Tho' thus I languiſh and
com-plain, Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me. My
vows and ſighs, like ſi - lent air, Un - heed - ed,
ne - ver move her, The bon - ny buſh a-boon
Tra-quair Was where I firſt did love her.

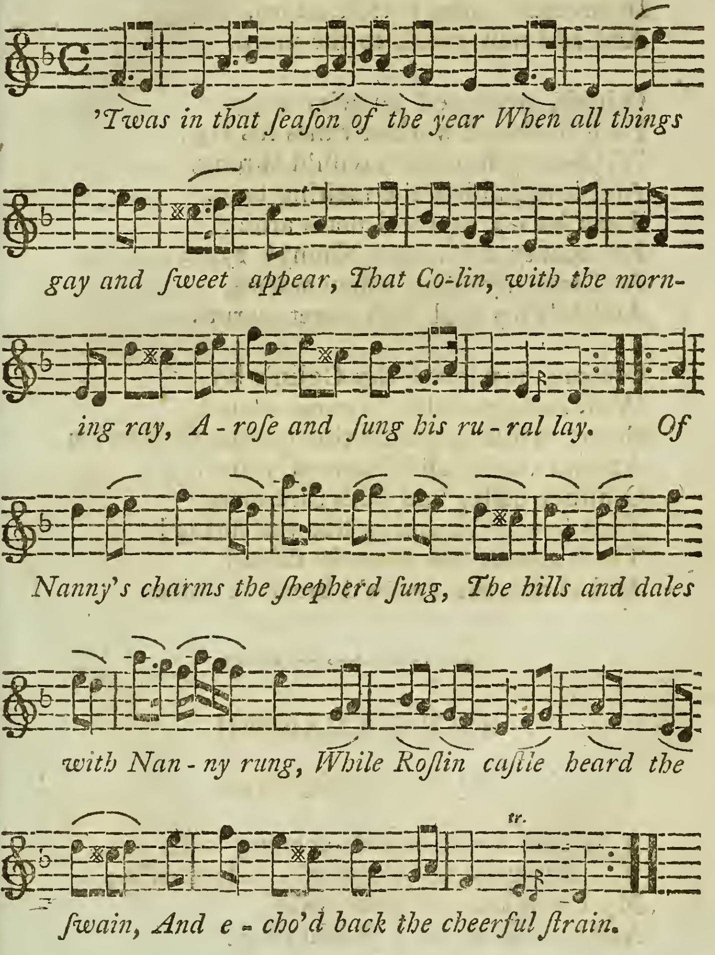
That day ſhe ſmil'd and made me glad;
No maid ſeem'd ever kinder:
I thought myſelf the luckieſt lad
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſoothe my am'rous flame
In words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd I'm not to blame;
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet ſhe ſhows diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny buſh bloom'd fair in May,
Its ſweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay;
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs who hear my ſtrains,
Why thus ſhould Peggy grieve me?
Oh, make her partner in my pains!
And let her ſmiles relieve me!
If not, my love will turn deſpair;
My paſſion no more tender;
I'll leave the buſh aboon Traquair;
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

SONG CCXXVII.

ROSLIN CASTLE.


'Twas in that ſeaſon of the year When all things
gay and ſweet appear, That Co-lin, with the morn-
ing ray, A-roſe and ſung his ru-ral lay. Of
Nanny's charms the ſhepherd ſung, The hills and dales
with Nan-ny rung, While Roſlin caſtle heard the
ſwain, And e-cho'd back the cheerful ſtrain.
tr.

Awake, ſweet muſe! the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms; awake and ſing!
Awake and join the vocal throng
Who hail the morning with a ſong!
To Nanny raiſe the cheerful lay;
O, bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on ev'ry ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay!
'Tis beauty fires the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong.
Then let my raptur'd notes ariſe:
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls; O come away!
Come, while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine
Around that modeſt brow of thine!
O hither haſte, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the ſpring!
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine!
And charm this raviſh'd breaſt of mine.

⁂

SONG CCXXVIII.

To the foregoing Tune.

FROM Roſlin caſtle's echoing walls
Reſounds my ſhepherd's ardent calls;
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I ſhould obey.

His melting ſtrain and tuneful lay
So much the charms of love diſplay,
I yield—nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and bleſs my ſwain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful pleaſing flame I feel;
My ſoul retorts the am'rous ſtrain,
And echoes back in love again.
Where lurks my ſongſter? from what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bow'r
Where mutual love may bliſs ſecure!

Ye vocal hills that catch the ſong,
Repeating, as it flies along,
To Colin's ear my ſtrain convey,
And ſay, I haſte to come away.
Ye zephyrs ſoft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the ſoothing tale;
In whiſpers all my ſoul expreſs,
And tell, I haſte his arms to bleſs.

* * *

SONG CCXXIX.

Tune, From the Eaſt breaks the Morn, page 230.

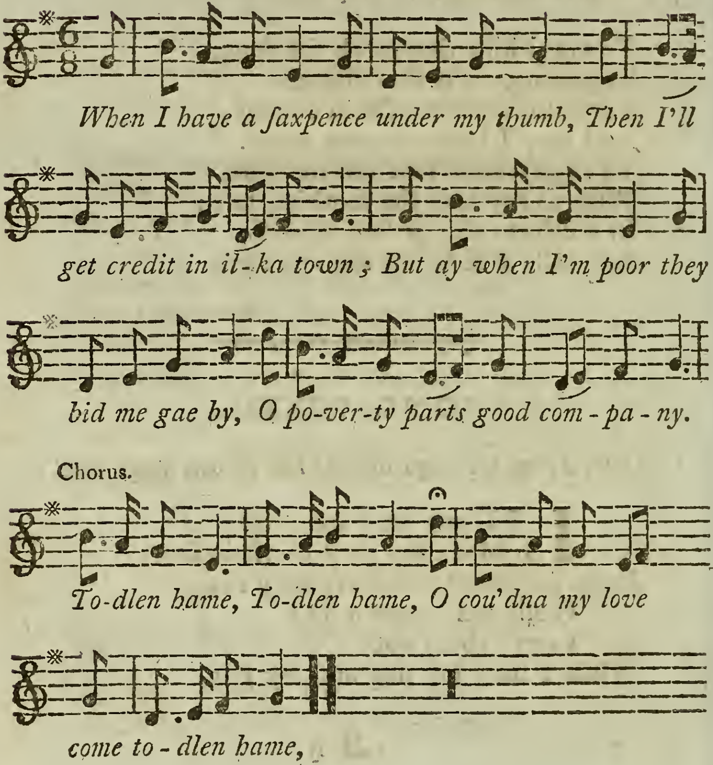
LET gay ones and great
Make the moſt of their fate;
From pleaſure to pleaſure they run:
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exerciſe air
To the field I repair,
With ſpirits unclouded and light:
The bliſſes I find
No ſtings leave behind,
But health and diverſion unite.

* * *

SONG CCXXX.

TODLEN HAME.


When I have a ſaxpence under my thumb, Then I'll
get credit in il-ka town; But ay when I'm poor they
bid me gae by, O po-ver-ty parts good com-pa-ny.
Chorus.
To-dlen hame, To-dlen hame, O cou'dna my love
come to-dlen hame,

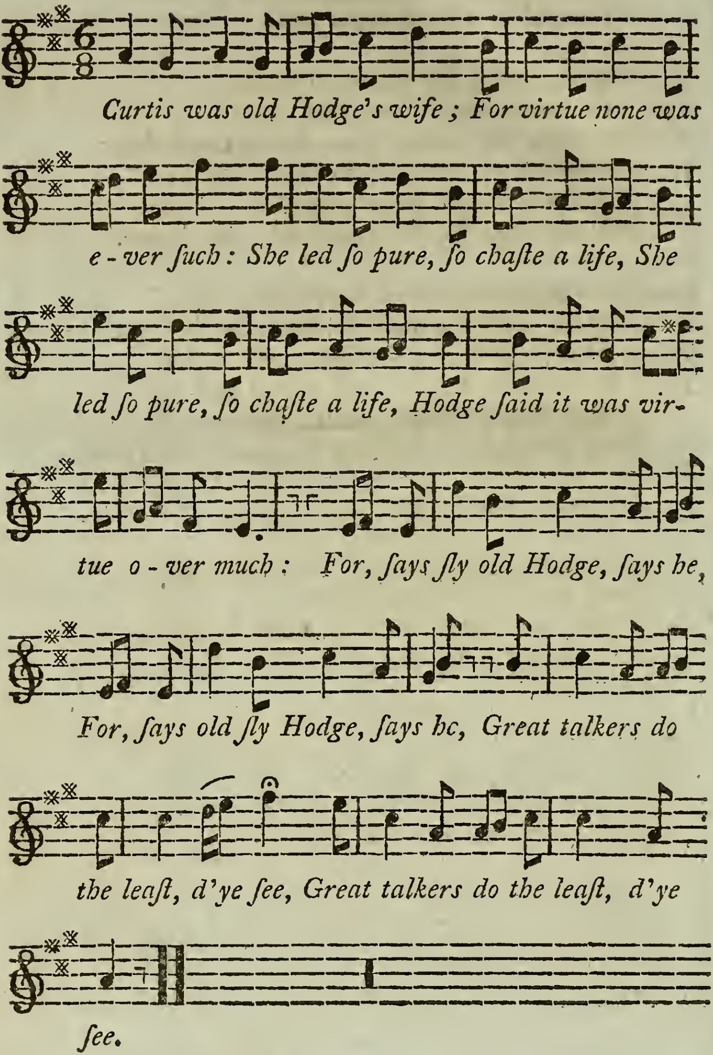
Fair fa' the goodwife, and ſend her good ſale!
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale;
Syne if that her tippony chance to be ſma'
We'll tak' a good-ſcour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to ſleep
And twa pint-ſtoups at our bed's feet;
And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen butt and todlen ben,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay ſae good-humour'd when weeting your mou';
When ſober, ſae ſour ye'll fight with a flee,
That 'tis a blithe ſight to the bairns and me
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep you come todlen hame.

SONG CCXXXI.

OLD SLY HODGE.


6/8
Curtis was old Hodge's wife; For virtue none was
e-ver ſuch: She led ſo pure, ſo chaſte a life, She
led ſo pure, ſo chaſte a life, Hodge ſaid it was vir-
tue o-ver much: For, ſays ſly old Hodge, ſays he,
For, ſays old ſly Hodge, ſays hc, Great talkers do
the leaſt, d'ye ſee, Great talkers do the leaſt, d'ye
ſee.

Curtis ſwore, if men were rude,
  She'd pull their eyes out, tear their hair;
My dear, ſays Hodge, you're wond'rous good,
My dear, &c.
  However, let us nothing ſwear:
For, ſays ſly old Hodge, &c.

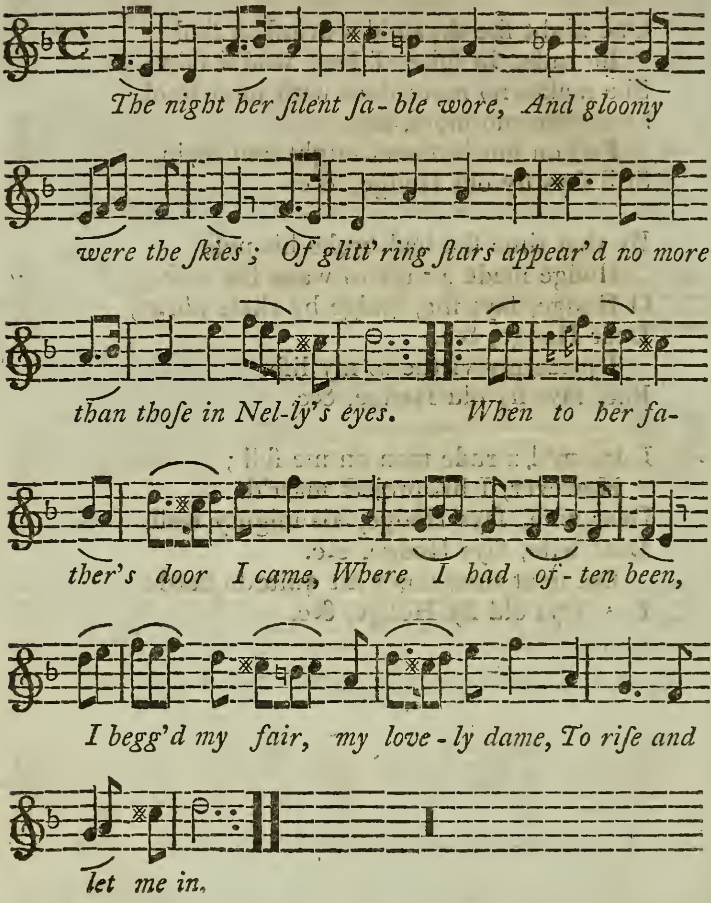
One night ſhe dream'd a drunken fool
  Be rude, in ſpite of her, wou'd fain;
She makes no more than with joint ſtool,
She makes no more, &c.
  Fell on her huſband might and main.
Still ſays ſly old Hodge, &c.

By that time ſhe had broke his noſe
  Hodge made a ſhift to wake his wife;
O Hodge, ſays ſhe, judge by theſe blows,
Dear Hodge, &c.
  I prize my virtue as my life.
But, ſays ſly old Hodge, &c.

I dream'd a rude man on me fell;
  However, I his project marr'd.
Dear wife, ſays Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
Dear wife, ſays Hodge, &c.
  But next time don't hit quite ſo hard:
For, ſays old ſly Hodge, &c.

SONG CCXXXII.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.


The night her ſilent ſa-ble wore, And gloomy
were the ſkies; Of glitt'ring ſtars appear'd no more
than thoſe in Nel-ly's eyes. When to her fa-
ther's door I came, Where I had of-ten been,
I begg'd my fair, my love-ly dame, To riſe and
let me in.

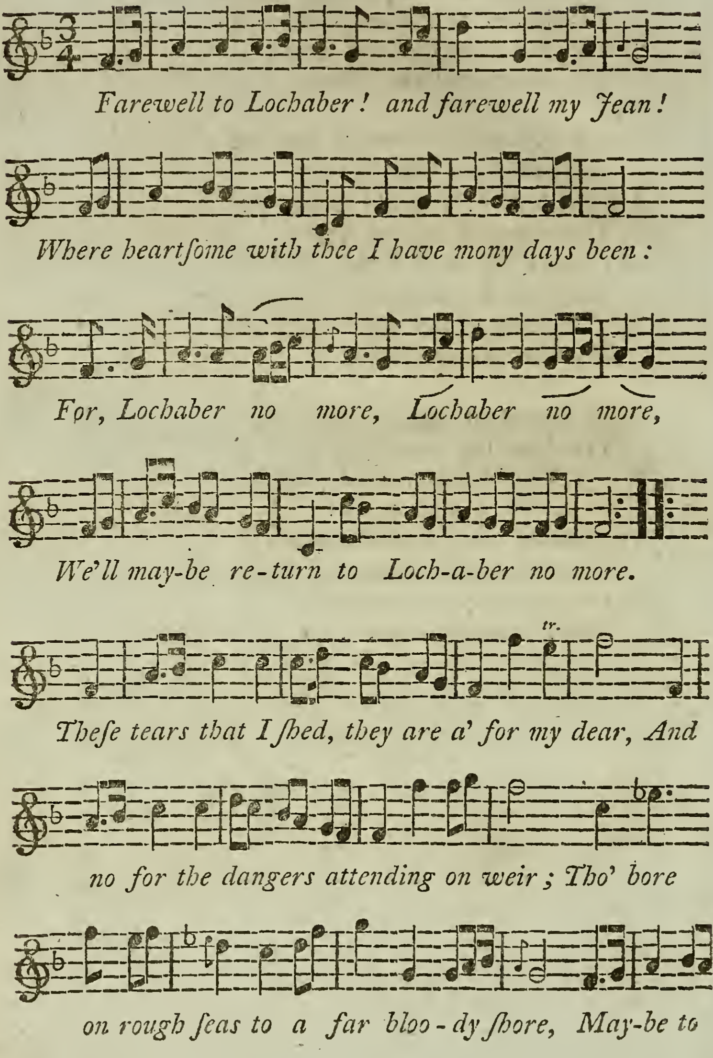
But ſhe, with accents all divine,
Did my fond ſuit reprove;
And while ſhe chid my raſh deſign,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll:
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very ſoul.

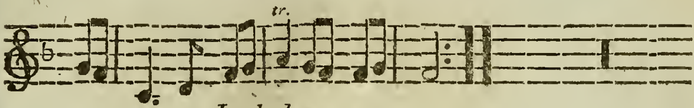
Then who wou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart.
My eager fondneſs I obey'd,
Reſolv'd ſhe ſhould be mine,
Till Hymen to my arms convey'd
My treaſure ſo divine.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Tranſporting is my joy:
No greater bleſſing can I prove,
So bleſs'd a man am I:
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart;
But virtue only is the chain
Holds never to depart.

SONG CCXXXIII.

LOCHABER NO MORE.


Farewell to Lochaber! and farewell my Jean!
Where heartſome with thee I have mony days been:
For, Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may-be re-turn to Loch-a-ber no more.
tr.
Theſe tears that I ſhed, they are a' for my dear, And
no for the dangers attending on weir; Tho' bore
on rough ſeas to a far bloo-dy ſhore, May-be to

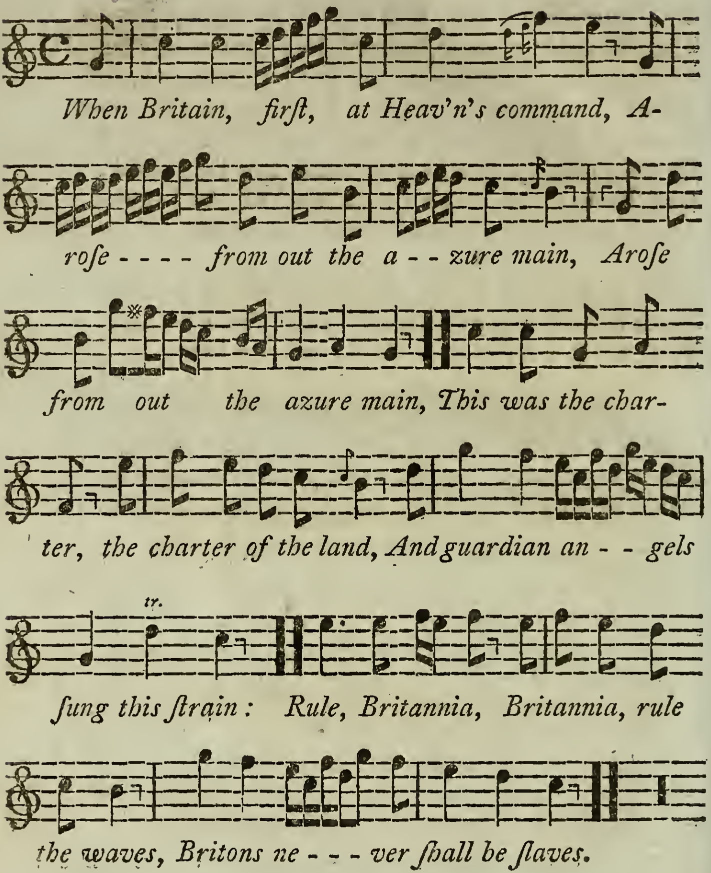


Tho' hurricanes riſe, and riſe ev'ry wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempeſt like that in my mind:
Tho' loudeſt of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the ſhore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is ſair pain'd;
By eaſe that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuſe;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae, then, my laſs, to win honour and fame;
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

SONG CCXXXIV.

RULE, BRITANNIA.


When Britain, firſt, at Heav'n's command, A-
roſe - - - - from out the a - - zure main, Aroſe
from out the azure main, This was the char-
ter, the charter of the land, And guardian an - - gels
tr.
ſung this ſtrain: Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule
the waves, Britons ne - - - ver ſhall be ſlaves.

The nations not ſo bleſt as thee
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
Whilſt thou ſhalt flouriſh—ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful, from each foreign ſtroke;
More dreadful, from each foreign ſtroke;
As the loud blaſt that—loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serve but to root the native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

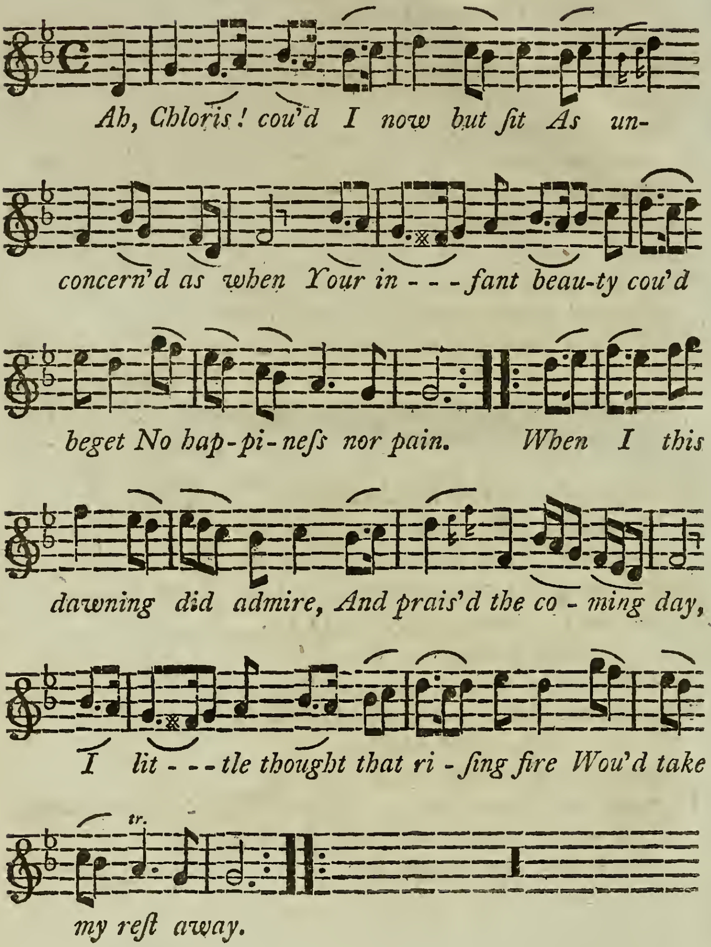
Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy—arouſe thy gen'rous flame,
But work their wo and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
And thine ſhall be the—ſhall be the ſubject main;
And ev'ry ſhore it circles, thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muſes, ſtill with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſts repair:
Shall to thy happy coaſts repair:
Bleſt iſle! with matchleſs—with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

SONG CCXXXV.

AH, CHLORIS!


Ah, Chloris! cou'd I now but ſit As un-
concern'd as when Your in - - - fant beau-ty cou'd
beget No hap-pi-neſs nor pain. When I this
dawning did admire, And prais'd the co - ming day,
I lit - - - tle thought that ri - ſing fire Wou'd take
my reſt away.
tr.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſs'd;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art;
To make a beauty, ſhe.

* * *

SONG CCXXXVI.

Tune, Friend and Pitcher, page 52.

THE ſilver moon that ſhines ſo bright,
I ſwear, with reaſon, is my teacher;
And if my minute-glaſs runs right,
We've time to drink another pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, 'tis not yet day;
Then why ſhould we forſake good liquor?
Until the ſun-beams round us play
Let's jocund puſh about the pitcher.

They ſay that I muſt work all day,
And ſleep at night, to grow much richer;
But what is all the world can ſay,
Compar'd to mirth, my friend, and pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, &c.

Tho' one may boaſt a handſome wife,
Yet ſtrange vagaries may bewitch her;
Unvex'd I live a cheerful life,
And boldly call for t'other pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, &c.

I dearly love a hearty man
(No ſneaking milk-ſop Jemmy Twitcher),
Who loves a laſs and loves a glaſs,
And boldly calls for t'other pitcher.
'Tis not yet day, &c.

* * *

SONG CCXXXVII.

Tune, Corn Rigs are bonny, page 4.

LORD! what care I for mam or dad?
Why, let them ſcold and bellow;
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's ſuch a charming fellow.
The laſt fair day, on yonder green,
The youth he danc'd ſo well, O;
So ſpruce a lad was never ſeen
As my ſweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was ſomewhat mellow;
Says he, my dear, I'll ſee you home;
I thank'd the charming fellow.
You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtopp'd my breath;
Ye bells ring out my knell, O;
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death
With ſuch a charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon ſhone bright;
Says he, my ſweeteſt Nell, O;
I'll kiſs you here by this good light;
Lord, what a charming fellow!
You rogue, ſays I, you've ſtopp'd my breath;
Ye bells ring out my knell, O;
Again I'd die ſo ſweet a death
With ſuch a charming fellow.

* * *

SONG CCXXXVIII.

Tune, Ceaſe, rude Boreas, page 30.

WELCOME, welcome, brother debtor,
To this poor but merry place;
Where no bailiff, dun, or fetter,
Dare to ſhew a frightful face.
But, kind Sir, as you're a ſtranger,
Down your garniſh you muſt lay;
Or your coat will be in danger:
You muſt either ſtrip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement
From your children or your wife:
Wiſdom lies in true reſignment,
Through the various ſcenes of life.
Scorn to ſhow the leaſt reſentment,
Though beneath the frowns of fate;
Knaves and beggars find contentment;
Fears and cares attend the great.

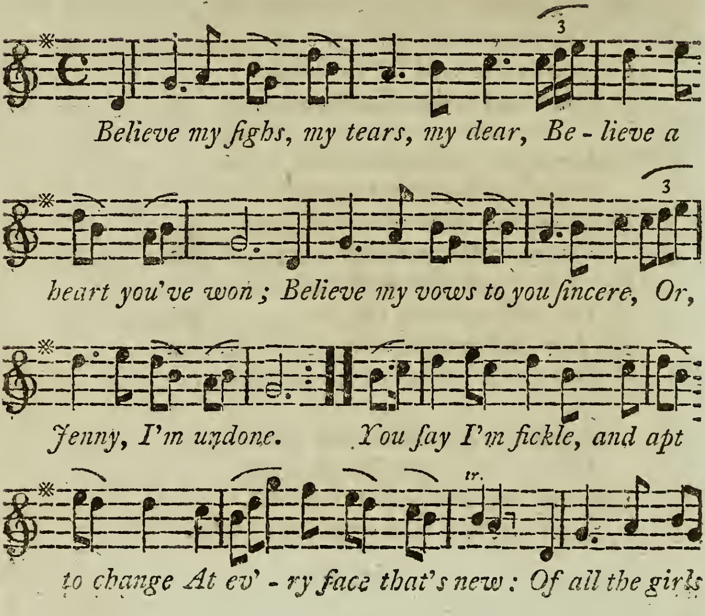
Though our creditors are ſpiteful,
And reſtrain our bodies here;
Uſe will make a jail delightful,
Since there's nothing elſe to fear.

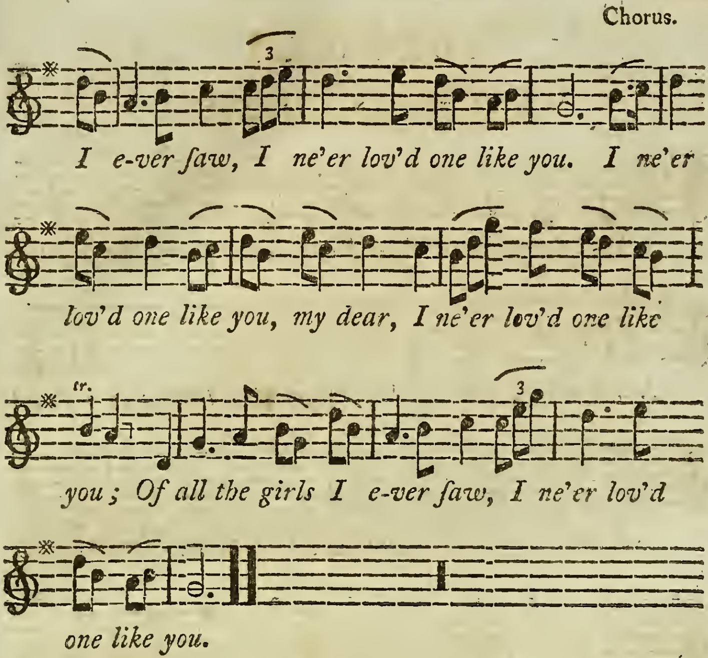
Every iſland's but a priſon,
Strongly guarded by the ſea:
Kings and princes, for that reaſon,
Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was't made great Alexander
Weep at his unfriendly fate?
'Twas becauſe he could not wander
Beyond the world's ſtrong priſon-gate.
The world itſelf is ſtrongly bounded
By the heavens and ſtars above:
Why ſhould we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but love?

SONG CCXXXIX.

BELIEVE MY SIGHS.

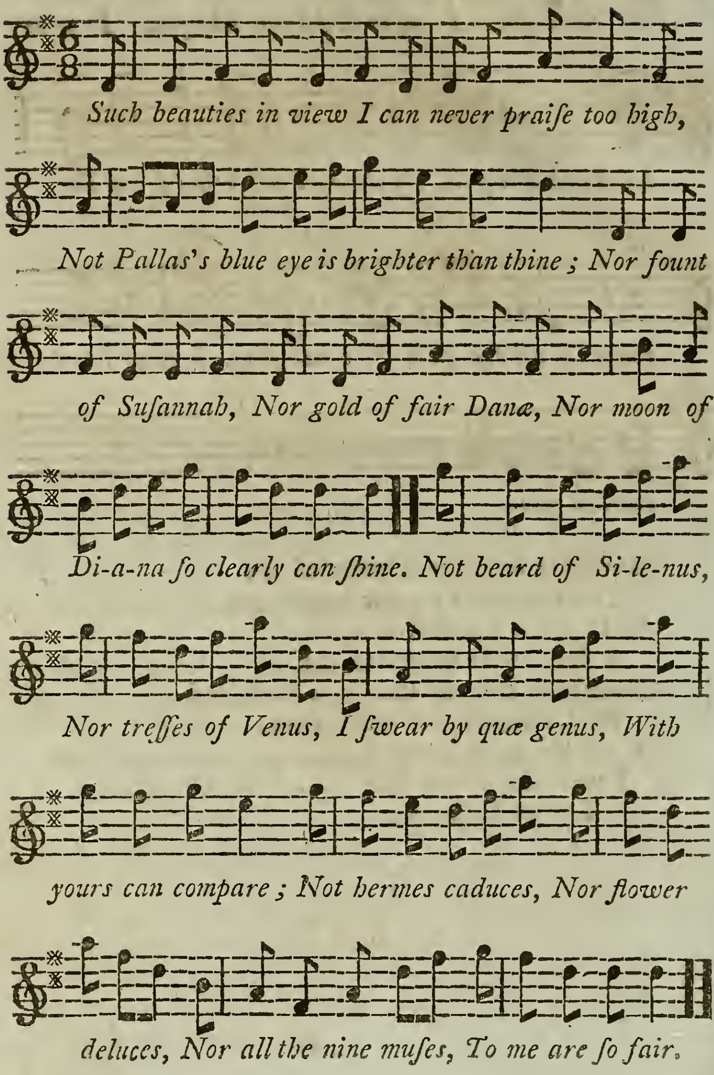

Believe my ſighs, my tears, my dear, Be - lieve a
heart you've won; Believe my vows to you ſincere, Or,
Jenny, I'm undone. You ſay I'm fickle, and apt
to change At ev' - ry face that's new: Of all the girls
3
3
tr.

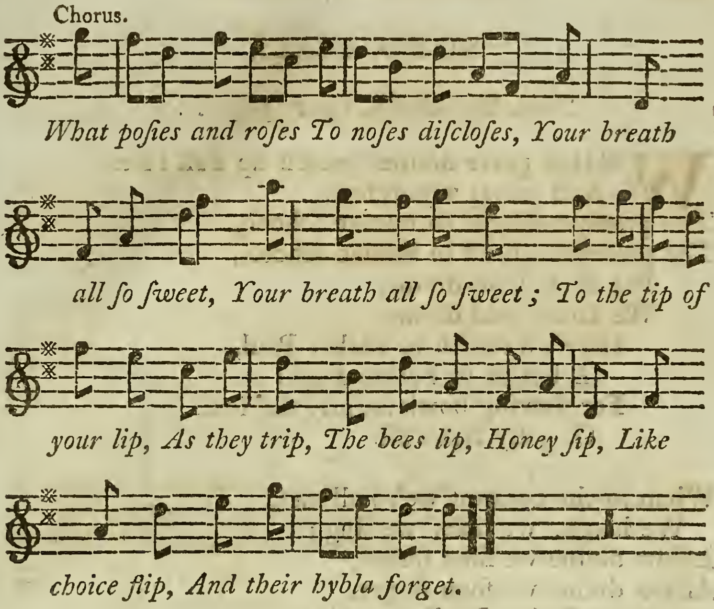

Chorus.
I e-ver ſaw, I ne'er lov'd one like you. I ne'er
lov'd one like you, my dear, I ne'er lov'd one like
tr.
you; Of all the girls I e-ver ſaw, I ne'er lov'd
3
one like you.

My heart was like a lump of ice
  Till warm'd by your bright eye;
And then it kindled in a trice
  A flame that ne'er can die.
Then take and try me, you ſhall find
  That I've a heart that's true;
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
  I ne'er lov'd one like you.
    I ne'er lov'd, &c.

SONG CCXL.

WHAT POSIES AND ROSES.


Such beauties in view I can never praiſe too high,
Not Pallas's blue eye is brighter than thine; Nor fount
of Suſannah, Nor gold of fair Danæ, Nor moon of
Di-a-na ſo clearly can ſhine. Not beard of Si-le-nus,
Nor treſſes of Venus, I ſwear by quæ genus, With
yours can compare; Not hermes caduces, Nor flower
deluces, Nor all the nine muſes, To me are ſo fair.


Chorus.
What poſies and roſes To noſes diſcloſes, Your breath
all ſo ſweet, Your breath all ſo ſweet; To the tip of
your lip, As they trip, The bees lip, Honey ſip, Like
choice ſlip, And their hybla forget.

When girls like you paſs us
I ſaddle Pegaſus,
And ride up Parnaſſus
  To Helicon's ſtream.
Even that is a puddle
Where others may muddle;
My noſe let me fuddle
  In bowls of your cream!
Old Jove the great Hector
May tipple his nectar;
Of gods the director
  And thunder above:
I'd quaff off a full cann,
As Bacchus or Vulcan,
Or Jove, the old bull, can,
  To her that I love.
    What poſies, &c.

SONG CCXLI.

Tune, The Duſky Night, page 250.

WHILE grave divines preach up dull rules,
And moral wits refine,
The precepts taught in human ſchools,
The precepts taught in human ſchools,
We friars hold divine,
We friars hold divine.
Here's a health to Father Paul,
A health to Father Paul;
For flowing bowls inſpire the ſouls
Of jolly friars all.

When in the convent we're all met,
We laugh, we joke, we ſing;
Affairs divine we ſoon forget,
Affairs divine we ſoon forget,
Since Father Paul's our king,
Since Father Paul's our king.
Here's a health, &c.

Our beads and croſs we hold divine;
We pray with fervent zeal
To roſy Bacchus god of wine,
To roſy Bacchus god of wine,
Who does each joy reveal,
Who does each joy reveal.
Here's a health, &c.

Here's abſolution you'll receive,
You blue-ey'd nuns ſo fair;
And benediction we will give,
And benediction we will give;
So baniſh all your cares,
So baniſh all your cares.
Here's a health, &c.

So fill your bumpers, ſons of mirth,
Let Friars be the toaſt;
Long may they all exiſt on earth!
Long may they all-exiſt on earth!
And nuns their order boaſt,
And nuns their order boaſt.
Here's a health, &c.

* * *

SONG CCXLII.

Tune, You the Point may Carry, page 208.

I'M in love with twenty,
I'm in love with twenty,
And could adore as many more;
There's nothing like a plenty.
Variety is charming,
Variety is charming;
A conſtancy is not for me;
So ladies take your warning.

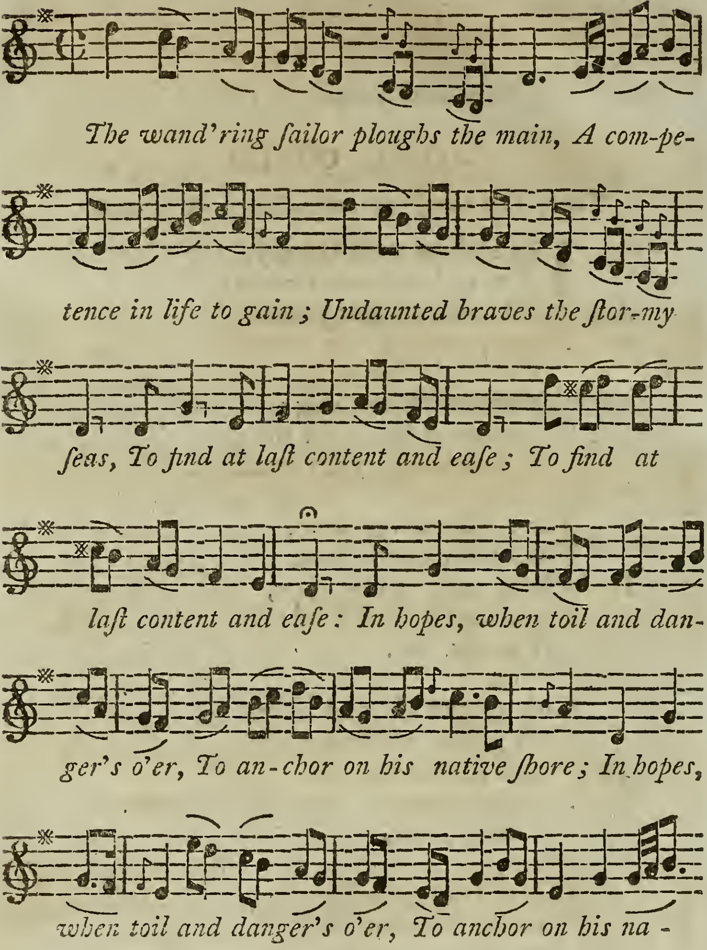
For a man in one love,
For a man in one love,
He looks as poor as any boor,
For a man in one love.
Variety, &c.

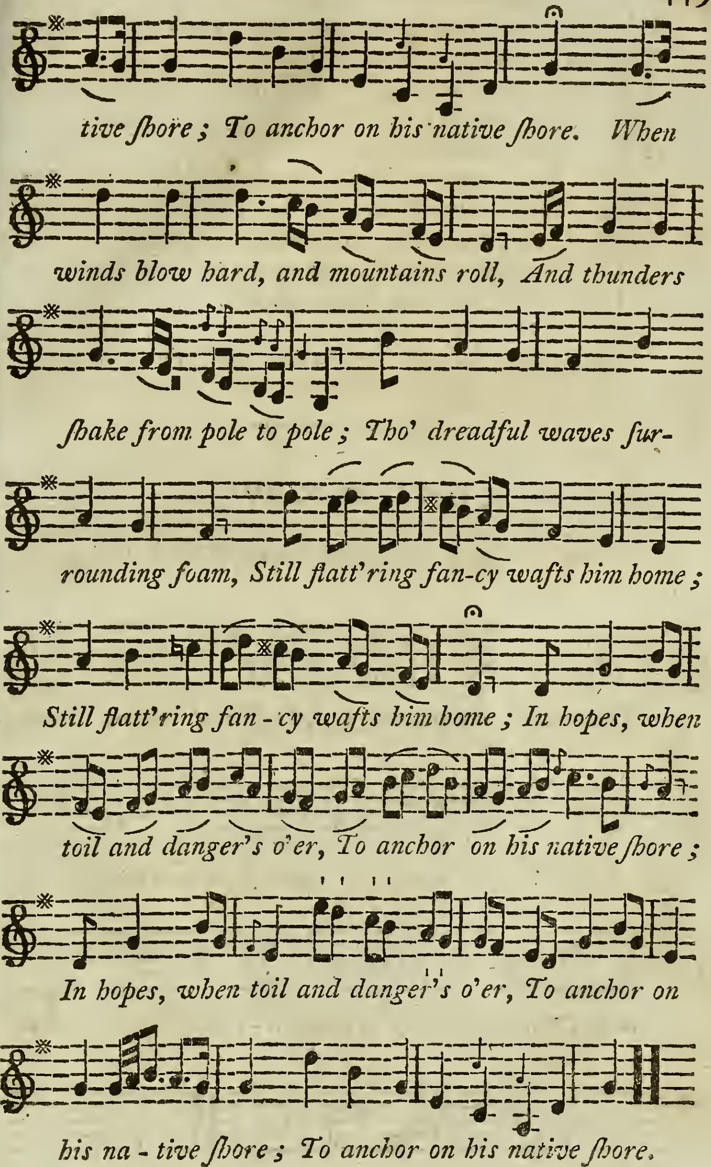
Girls grown old and ugly,
Girls grown old and ugly,
They can't inſpire the ſame deſire
As when they're young and ſmugly.
Variety, &c.

'Tis not the grand regalia,
'Tis not the grand regalia
Of eaſtern kings that poets ſings;
But O the ſweet ſeraglio!
Variety, &c.

SONG CCXLIII.

THE WAND'RING SAILOR.


The wand'ring ſailor ploughs the main, A com-pe-
tence in life to gain; Undaunted braves the ſtor-my
ſeas, To find at laſt content and eaſe; To find at
laſt content and eaſe: In hopes, when toil and dan-
ger's o'er, To an-chor on his native ſhore; In hopes,
when toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on his na -

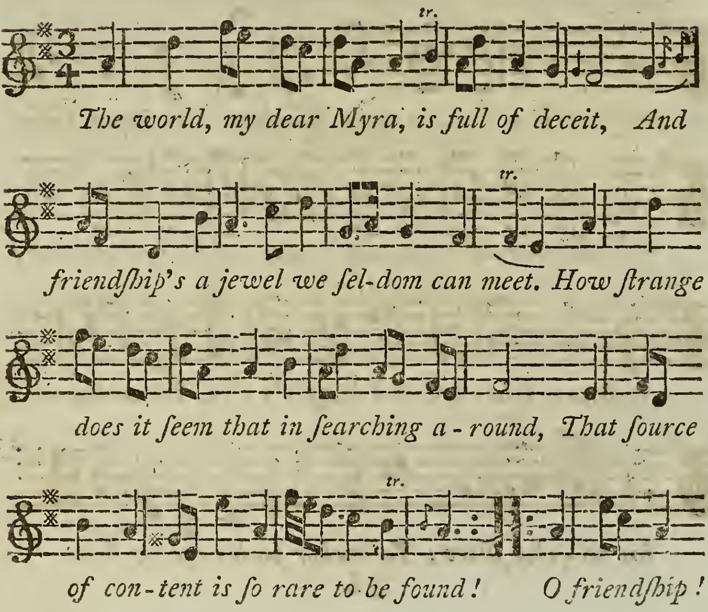

tive ſhore ; To anchor on his native ſhore. When
winds blow hard, and mountains roll, And thunders
ſhake from pole to pole ; Tho' dreadful waves ſur-
rounding foam, Still flatt'ring fan-cy wafts him home ;
Still flatt'ring fan - cy wafts him home ; In hopes, when
toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on his native ſhore ;
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er, To anchor on
his na - tive ſhore ; To anchor on his native ſhore.

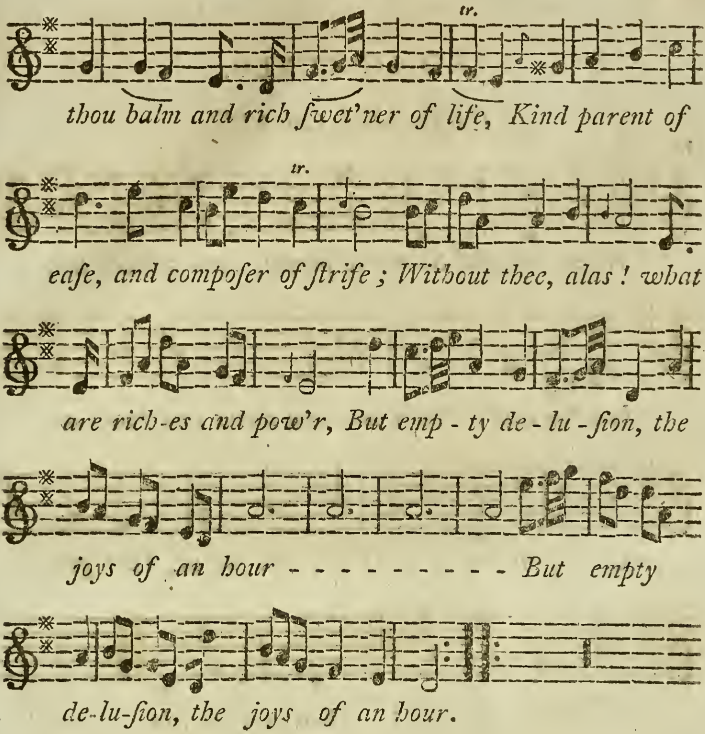
* When round the bowl the jovial crew
The early ſcenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boaſt,
This is the univerſal toaſt:
This is the univerſal toaſt:
  May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
  Caſt anchor on our native ſhore!
  May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
  Caſt anchor on our native ſhore!
  Caſt anchor on our native ſhore!

* Theſe words to be ſung to the firſt part of the tune.

SONG CCXLIV.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

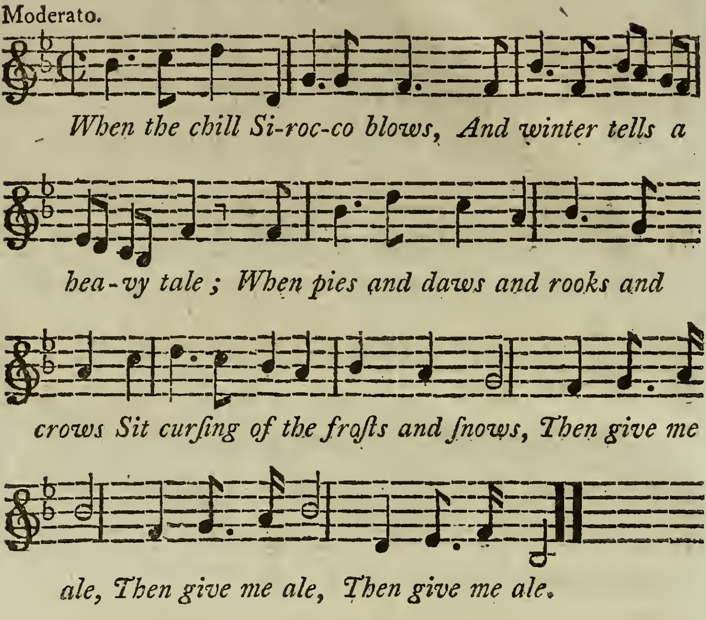

tr.
The world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit, And
tr.
friendſhip's a jewel we ſel-dom can meet. How ſtrange
does it ſeem that in ſearching a-round, That ſource
tr.
of con-tent is ſo rare to be found! O friendſhip!


tr.
thou balm and rich ſwet'ner of life, Kind parent of
tr.
eaſe, and compoſer of ſtrife; Without thee, alas! what
are rich-es and pow'r, But emp - ty de - lu - ſion, the
joys of an hour - - - - - - - - - - But empty
de-lu-ſion, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and eſteem'd is a friend
On whom we may always with ſafety depend;
Our joys, when extended, will always increaſe,
And griefs, when divided, are huſh'd into peace.
When fortune is ſmiling what crowds will appear
Their kindneſs to offer, and friendſhip ſincere;
Yet change but the proſpect and point out diſtreſs,
No longer to court you they eagerly preſs.

SONG CCXLV.

IN PRAISE OF ALE.


Moderato.
When the chill Si-roc-co blows, And winter tells a
hea-vy tale ; When pies and daws and rooks and
crows Sit curſing of the froſts and ſnows, Then give me
ale, Then give me ale, Then give me ale.

Ale in a Saxon rumkin then,
Such as will make Grimalkin prate,
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
Quickens the poets wit and pen,
Deſpiſes fate.

Ale, that the abſent battle fights,
And forms the march of Swediſh drum,
Diſputes with princes, laws, and rights,
What's done and paſt tells mortal wights,
And what's to come.

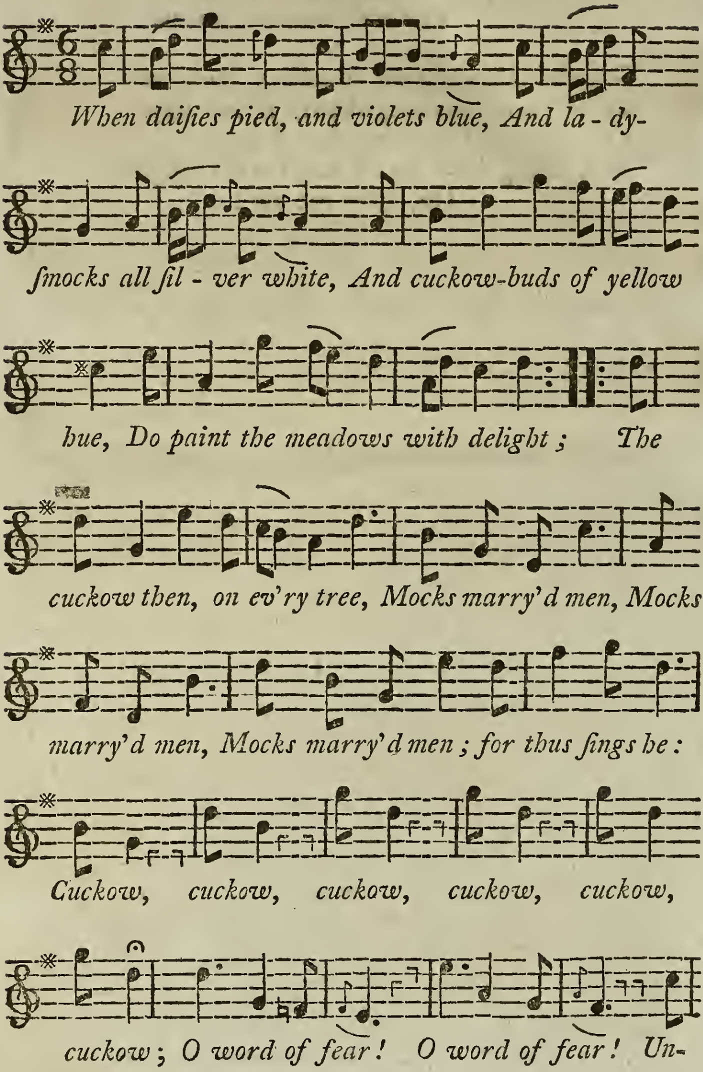
3

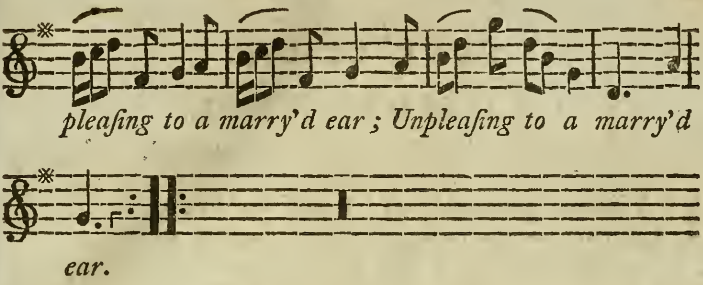
Ale, that the plowman's heart upkeeps,
And equals it to tyrants thrones,
That wipes the eye that over-weeps,
And lulls in ſweet and dainty ſleeps,
The o'er wearied bones.

Grandchild of Ceres, Bacchus' daughter,
Wine's emulous neighbour, if but ſtale,
Ennobling all the nymphs of water,
And filling each man's heart with laughter.
Oh, give me ale !

SONG CCXLVI.

THE CUCKOW SONG.


When daiſies pied, and violets blue, And la - dy-
ſmocks all ſil - ver white, And cuckow-buds of yellow
hue, Do paint the meadows with delight; The
cuckow then, on ev'ry tree, Mocks marry'd men, Mocks
marry'd men, Mocks marry'd men; for thus ſings he:
Cuckow, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow, cuckow,
cuckow; O word of fear! O word of fear! Un-


pleaſing to a marry'd ear; Unpleaſing to a marry'd
ear.

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
  And merry larks are ploughmens clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
  And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus ſings he:
    Cuckow, cuckow;—O word of fear!
    Unpleaſing to a married ear.

SONG CCXLVII.

THE OLD MAN's WISH.

Tune, The Matron's Wiſh, page 58.

IF I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my fate: in a fair country town,
Let me have a warm houſe with a ſtone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald bate.
May I govern my paſſions with an abſolute ſway;
And grow wiſer and better as my ſtrength wears away,
Without gout or ſtone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at diſtance on which I may look;
With a green ſpacious plain, without hedge or ſtile,
And an eaſy pad nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

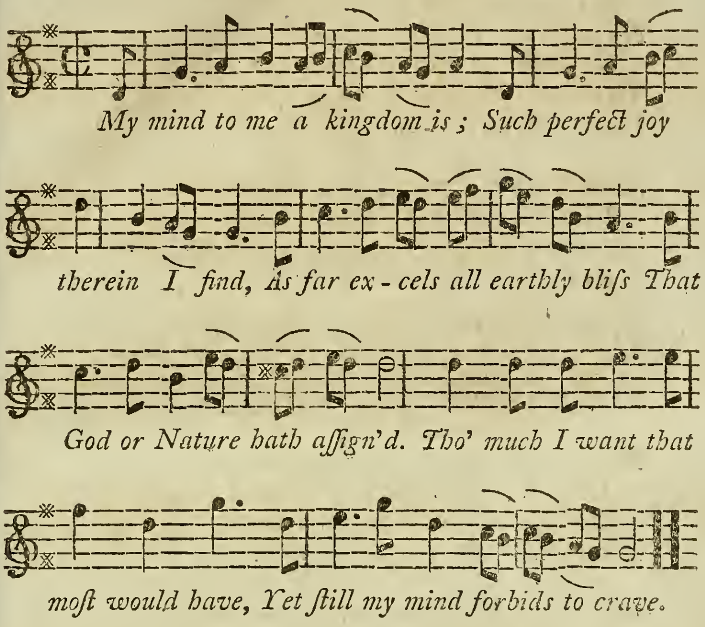
With Horace and Petrarch, and one or two more
Of the beſt wits that liv'd in the ages before;
With a diſh of roaſt mutton, not ven'ſon nor teal,
And clean, though coarſe, linen at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, and ſtout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar;
With a hidden reſerve of good Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as we dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my laſt day!
And, when I am dead, may the better ſort ſay,
In the morning when ſober, in the ev'ning when mellow,
He is gone, and has left not behind him his fellow!
For he govern'd his paſſions with an abſolute ſway;
And grew wiſer and better as his ſtrength wore away,
Without gout or ſtone, by a gentle decay.

SONG CCXLVIII.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.


My mind to me a kingdom is; Such perfect joy
therein I find, As far ex-cels all earthly bliſs That
God or Nature hath aſſign'd. Tho' much I want that
moſt would have, Yet ſtill my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my ſtay;
  I ſeek no more than may ſuffice:
I preſs to bear no haughty ſway;
  Look what I lack my mind ſupplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I ſee how plenty ſurfeits oft,
  And haſty climbers ſooneſt fall:
I ſee that ſuch as ſit aloft
  Miſhap doth threaten moſt of all.

Theſe get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, nor wealthy ſtore,
No force to win a victory,
No wily wit to ſalve a ſore,
No ſhape to win a lover's eye;
To none of theſe I yield as thrall;
For why? my mind deſpiſeth all.

Some have too much, yet ſtill they crave;
I little have, yet ſeek no more:
They are but poor, though much they have;
And I am rich with little ſtore:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loſs;
I grudge not at another's gain:
No worldly wave my mind can toſs;
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health, and perfect eaſe;
My conſcience clear my chief defence:
I never ſeek by bribes to pleaſe,
Nor by deſert to give offence:
Thus do I live, thus will I die:
Would all did ſo as well as I!

I joy not in no earthly bliſs;
I weigh not Creſus' wealth a ſtraw:
For care, I care not what it is;
I fear not Fortune's fatal law.
My mind is ſuch as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

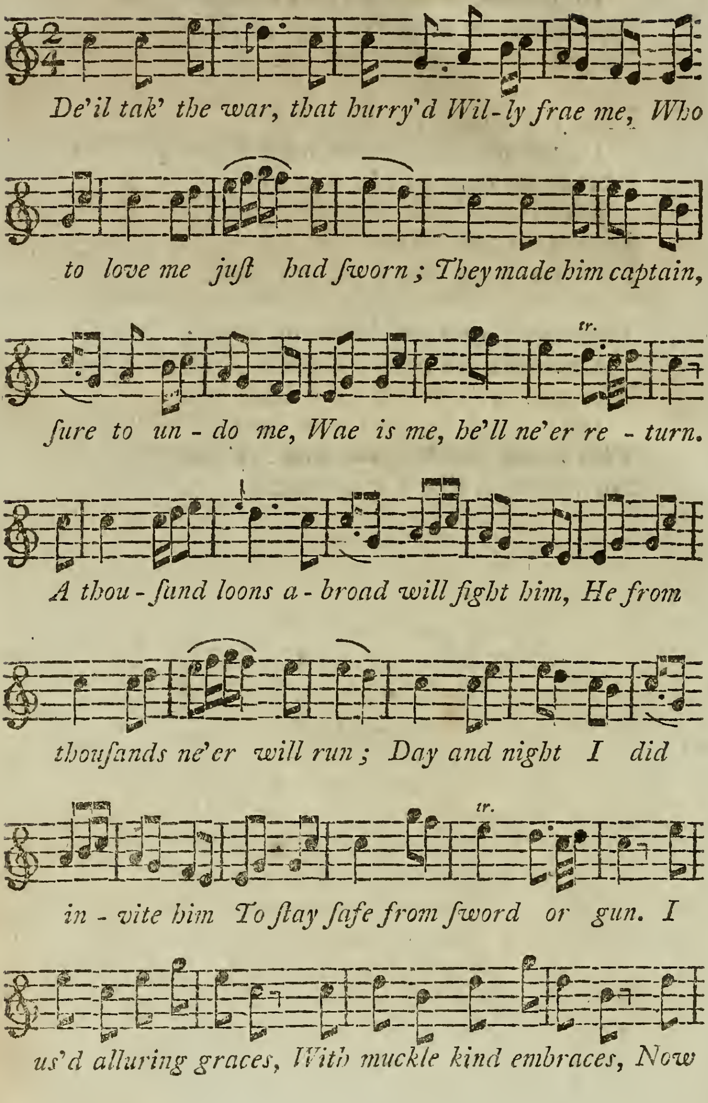
I wiſh but what I have at will;
  I wander not to ſeek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
  In greateſt ſtorms I ſit on ſhore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain
To get what muſt be loſt again.

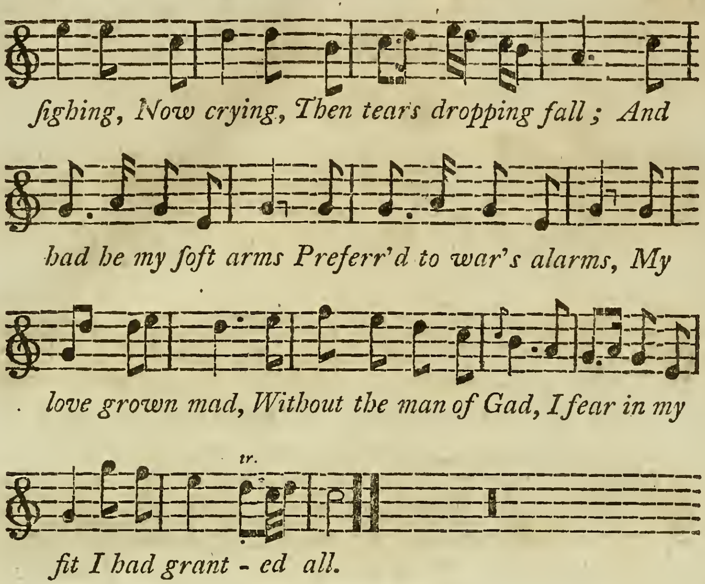
I kiſs not where I wiſh to kill;
  I feign not love where moſt I hate;
I break no ſleep to win my will;
  I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I ſcorn no poor, I fear no rich;
I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like ne loath;
  Extremes are counted worſt of all;
The golden mean betwixt them both
  Doth ſureſt ſit, and fears no fall.
This is my choice: for why? I find
No wealth is like a quiet mind.

SONG CCXLIX.

DE'IL TAK' THE WAR.

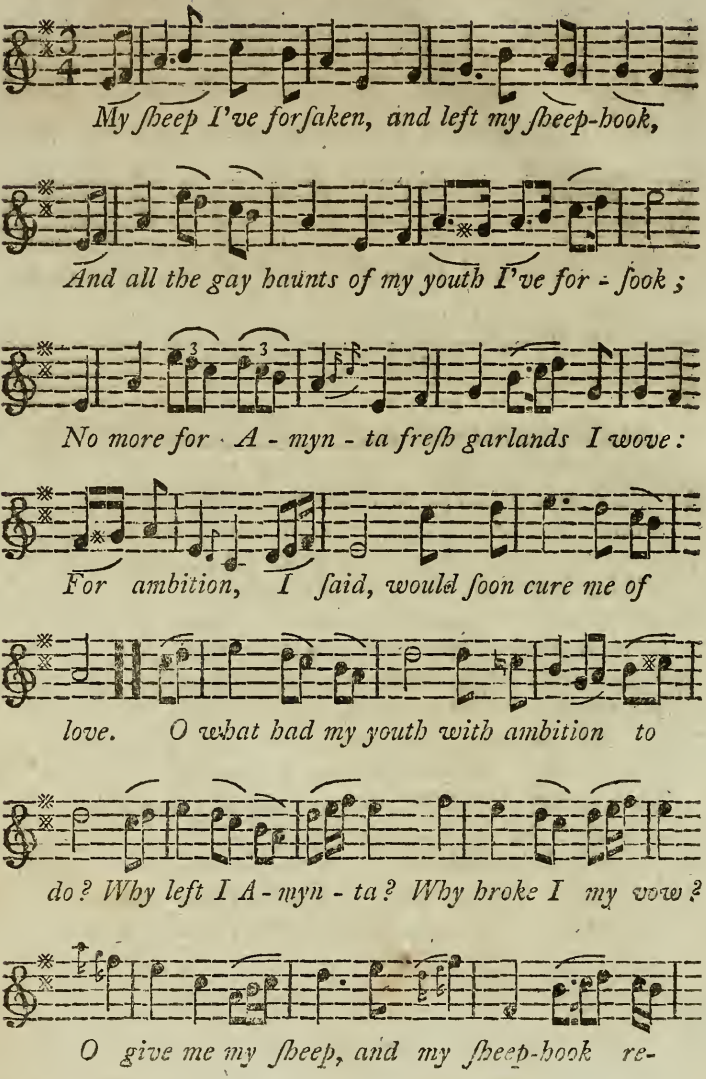

De'il tak' the war, that hurry'd Wil-ly frae me, Who
to love me juſt had ſworn; They made him captain,
ſure to un-do me, Wae is me, he'll ne'er re-turn.
A thou-ſand loons a-broad will fight him, He from
thouſands ne'er will run; Day and night I did
in-vite him To ſtay ſafe from ſword or gun. I
us'd alluring graces, With muckle kind embraces, Now
tr.
tr.

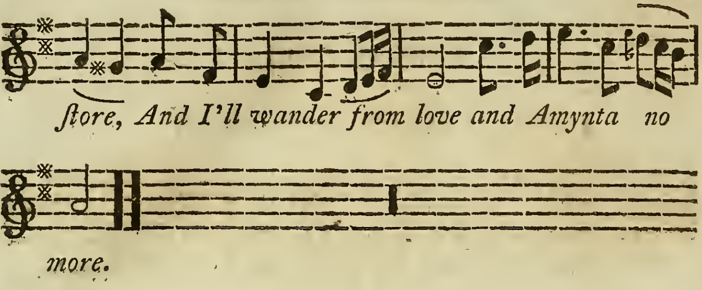

ſighing, Now crying, Then tears dropping fall; And
had he my ſoft arms Preferr'd to war's alarms, My
love grown mad, Without the man of Gad, I fear in my
tr.
fit I had grant - ed all.

I waſh'd and patch'd, to make me look provoking;
  Snares that they told me would catch the men;
And on my head a huge commode ſat poking,
  Which made me ſhew as tall again:
For a new gown, too, I paid muckle money,
  Which with golden flow'rs did ſhine;
My love well might think me gay and bonny,
  No Scots laſs was e'er ſo fine.
    My petticoat I ſpotted,
    Fringe, too, with thread I knotted,
  Lace ſhoes, and ſilk hoſe garter'd o'er the knee;
    But oh, the fatal thought!
    To Billy theſe are nought;
Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
  When he, ſilly loon, might have plunder'd me.

SONG CCL.

AMYNTA.


My ſheep I've forſaken, and left my ſheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I've for - ſook;
No more for A - myn - ta freſh garlands I wove:
For ambition, I ſaid, would ſoon cure me of
love. O what had my youth with ambition to
do? Why left I A - myn - ta? Why broke I my vow?
O give me my ſheep, and my ſheep-hook re-

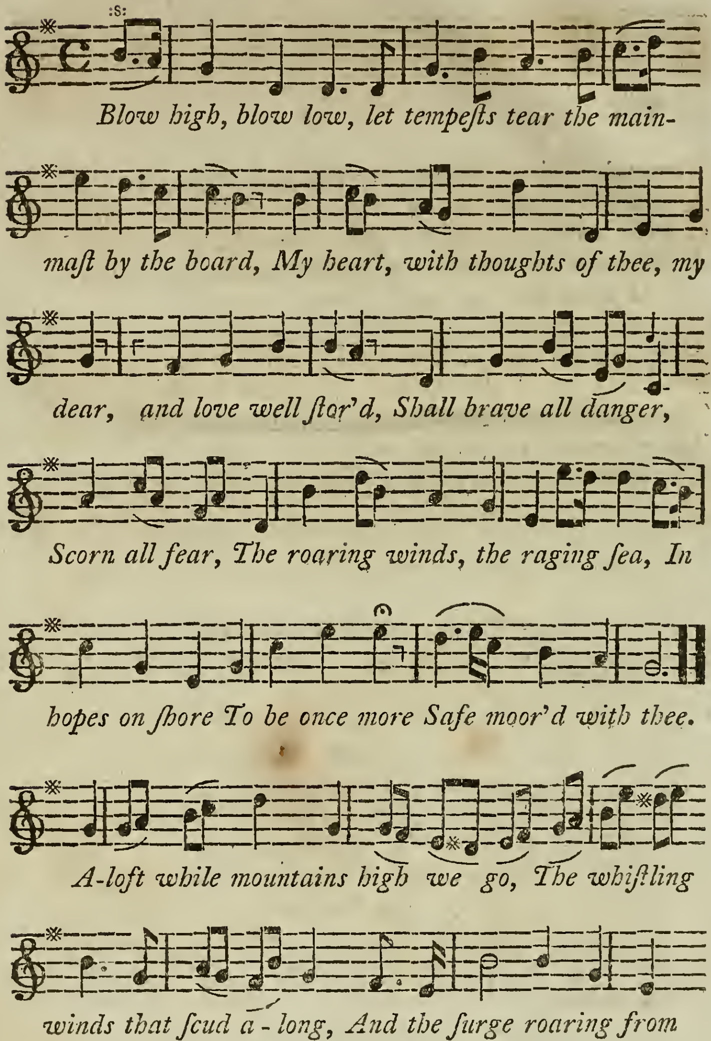

ſtore, And I'll wander from love and Amynta no
more.

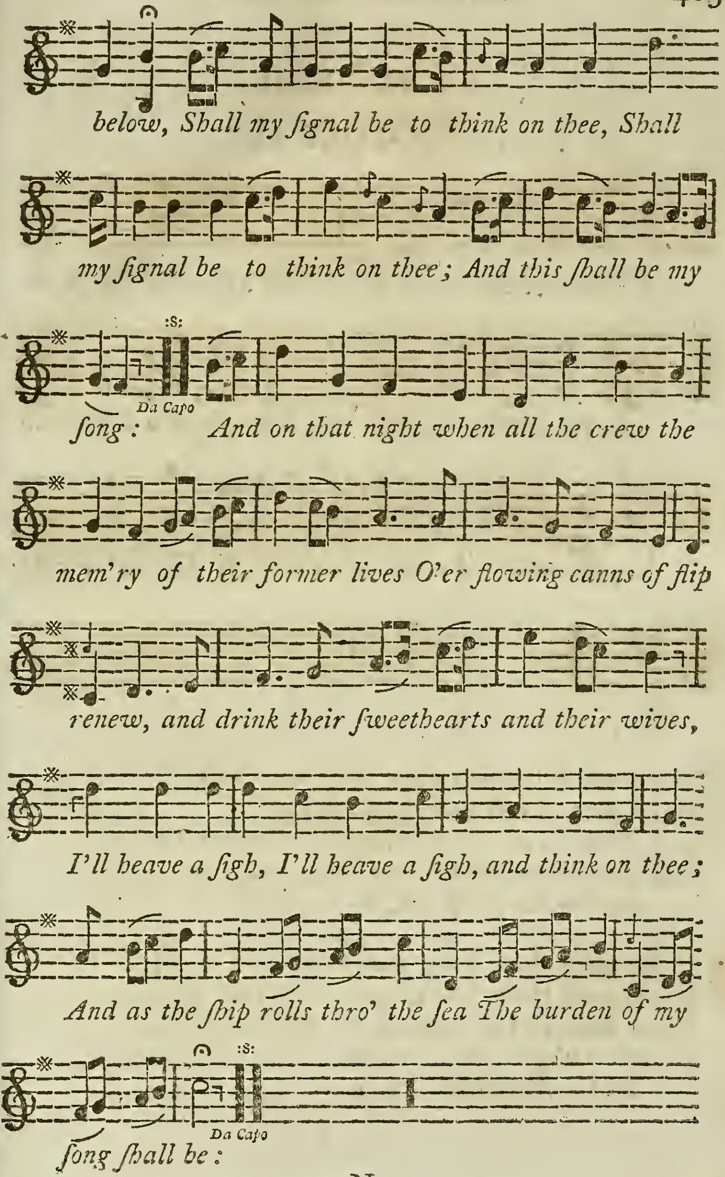
Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean ſecure me of love;
O fool! to imagine that ought can ſubdue
A love ſo well founded, a paſſion ſo true.
O what had my youth, &c.

Alas, 'tis too late at thy fate to repine!
Poor ſhepherd! Amynta no more can be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitleſs, thy wiſhes are vain;
The moments neglected return not again.
O what had my youth, &c.

SONG CCLI.

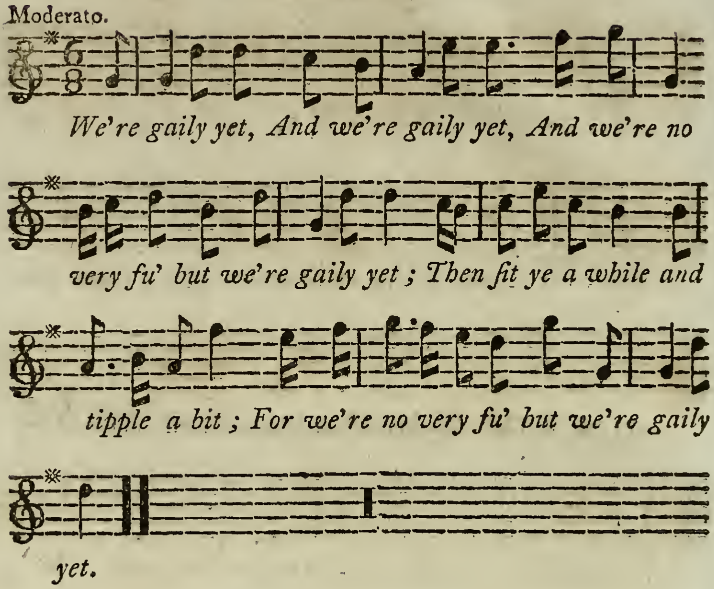
BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.


:S:
Blow high, blow low, let tempeſts tear the main-
maſt by the board, My heart, with thoughts of thee, my
dear, and love well ſtor'd, Shall brave all danger,
Scorn all fear, The roaring winds, the raging ſea, In
hopes on ſhore To be once more Safe moor'd with thee.
A-loft while mountains high we go, The whiſtling
winds that ſcud a-long, And the ſurge roaring from


below, Shall my ſignal be to think on thee, Shall
my ſignal be to think on thee; And this ſhall be my
ſong:
Da Capo
And on that night when all the crew the
mem'ry of their former lives O'er flowing canns of flip
renew, and drink their ſweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a ſigh, I'll heave a ſigh, and think on thee;
And as the ſhip rolls thro' the ſea The burden of my
ſong ſhall be:
Da Capo

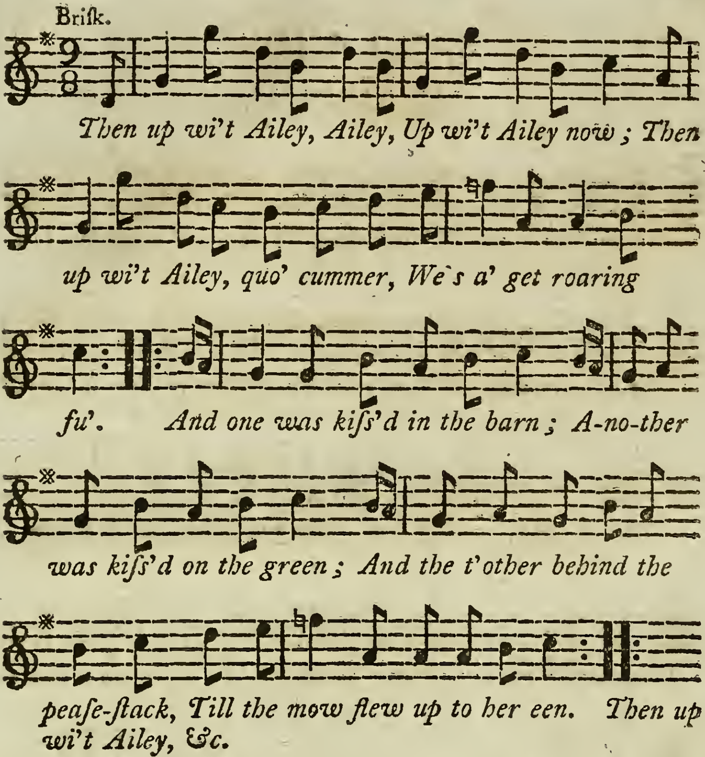
SONG CCLII.

WE'RE GAILY YET.


Moderato.
We're gaily yet, And we're gaily yet, And we're no
very fu' but we're gaily yet; Then ſit ye a while and
tipple a bit; For we're no very fu' but we're gaily
yet.

There was a lad and they ca'd him Dick,
He ga'e me a kiſs and I bit his lip;
And down in the garden he ſhew'd me a trick;
And we're no very fu' but we're gaily yet.
And we're gaily yet, &c.

There were three lads, and they were clad;
There were three laſſes, and them they had;
Three trees in the orchard are newly ſprung;
And we's a' get gear enough, we're but young.
And we're gaily yet, &c.

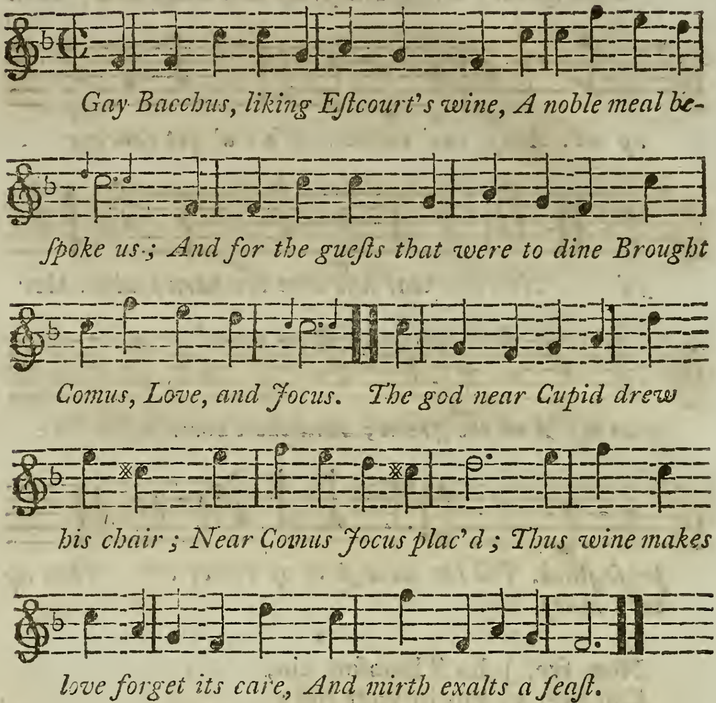

Briſk.
Then up wi't Ailey, Ailey, Up wi't Ailey now; Then
up wi't Ailey, quo' cummer, We's a' get roaring
fu'. And one was kiſs'd in the barn; A-no-ther
was kiſs'd on the green; And the t'other behind the
peaſe-ſtack, Till the mow flew up to her een. Then up
wi't Ailey, &c.

Now fye, John Thomſon, rin,
Gin ever ye ran in your life;
De'il get ye, but hie, my dear Jock,
There's a man got to bed with your wife.
Then up wi't Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thomſon ran,
And I trow he ran with ſpeed;
But before he had run his length
The falſe loon had done the deed.
Then up wi't, Ailey, &c.
(End with the firſt verſe, We're gaily yet, &c.)

SONG CCLIII.

GAY BACCHUS.


Gay Bacchus, liking Eſtcourt's wine, A noble meal be-
ſpoke us; And for the gueſts that were to dine Brought
Comus, Love, and Jocus. The god near Cupid drew
his chair; Near Comus Jocus plac'd; Thus wine makes
love forget its care, And mirth exalts a feaſt.

The more to pleaſe the ſpritely god,
  Each ſweet engaging grace
Put on ſome clothes to come abroad,
  And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry glaſs
  A lady of the ſky;
While Bacchus ſwore he'd drink the laſs,
  And had it bumper high.

Fat Comus toſs'd his brimmer o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more
Whene'er he miſs'd the toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at every touch,
Then fill'd and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid they did ſo then.

Free jeſts run all the table round,
And with the wine conſpire
(While they by ſly reflection wound)
To ſet their heads on fire.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid ſtung,
By reck'ning his deceits;
And Cupid mock'd his ſtamm'ring tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring gaits.

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jeſt;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But waggeries at beſt.

Such talk ſoon ſet them all at odds;
And, had I Homer's pen,
I'd ſing ye how they drank like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray the Graces fly,
Who made them ſoon agree;
And had the Furies ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;
But kept ſome dart to ſtir the cup
Where ſack and ſugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' roſy crown,
  And gaily wore the prize;
And thrice, in mirth, he puſh'd him down,
  As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then Cupid ſought the myrtle grove
  Where Venus did recline,
And beauty cloſe embracing love,
  They join'd to rail at wine.

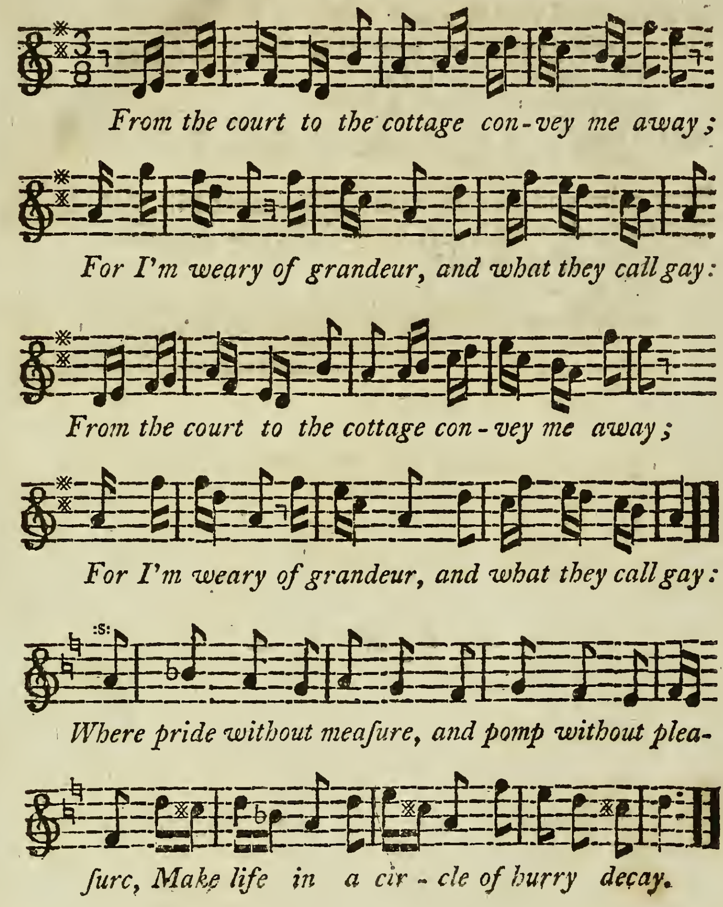
And Comus, loudly curſing wit,
  Roll'd off to ſome retreat,
Where boon companions gravely ſit
  In fat unwieldy ſtate.

Bacchus and Jocus, ſtill behind,
  For one freſh glaſs prepare;
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
  And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
  This our inſtructive ſong;
For though ſuch friendſhips may be dear,
  They can't continue long.

SONG CCLIV.

FROM THE COURT TO THE COTTAGE.


From the court to the cottage con-vey me away;
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay:
From the court to the cottage con-vey me away;
For I'm weary of grandeur, and what they call gay:
:S:
Where pride without meaſure, and pomp without plea-
ſure, Make life in a cir-cle of hurry decay.

Far remote and retir'd from the noiſe of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain ruſſet gown;
My friends ſhall be few,
But well choſen and true;
And ſweet recreation our evening ſhall crown.

With a rural repaſt, a rich banquet for me,
On a moſſy green turf, near ſome ſhady old tree;
The river's clear brink
Shall afford me my drink,
And Temp'rance my friendly phyſician ſhall be.

Ever calm and ſerene, with contentment ſtill bleſs'd,
Not too giddy with joy, or with ſorrow depreſs'd,
I'll neither invoke,
Or repine at Death's ſtroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my reſt.

FINIS.